

P O E M S

O N

DIVINE AND MORAL SUBJECTS.





A  
COLLECTION  
OF  
POEMS  
ON  
DIVINE AND MORAL SUBJECTS,

SELECTED FROM VARIOUS AUTHORS.

BY  
WILLIAM GILES.

L O N D O N :

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## P R E F A C E.

**T**O save from the wreck of time a few of the best poetical compositions on divine and moral subjects, was the intent of this collection. Whether the Editor has been happy in his choice, must be left to the decision of the candid reader.

To render the undertaking worthy the regard of persons seriously disposed, I have taken much pains in selecting pieces both of a pleasing and instructive nature. Some of them it is true, are not, in point of beauty, equal to productions of a different kind that might be mentioned; though I trust, that even those of the lowest rank have some degree of merit. To procure matter every way suited to my wishes, I found extremely difficult: and, after all my searches, was reduced to the necessity of printing several pieces that would have been rejected, had I met with others more deserving.

The scarcity of fine poems on divine subjects, is, I presume, much greater than is generally imagined: and probably this will best account for the rubbish found in almost every collection of this kind, unless we can suppose the Editors destitute both of taste and judgment.

In compiling this volume, I had one difficulty to encounter respecting the right of literary property, which



which few collectors have ever thought of, or at least have not regarded. And had not a due regard to this, limited my enquiries, I might have selected many valuable pieces that would have been acceptable to the christian world. For leave to print those of a modern date, I am indebted to several of my ingenious friends; and even for some, which under the sanction of the law, I might have taken.

One thing very desirable in the pieces I have chosen, was uniformity of sentiment; but this was found impracticable. They are in general therefore printed as I found them, except such inaccuracies as could hardly be excused. In copying the pieces from ARWAKER's translation of HUGO's *PIA DESIDERIA*\*, I have taken uncommon liberty. Some of the lines were very loose, and many of the similies low and trifling.---These I have either wholly omitted or attempted to correct.

A few pieces of my own are thus distinguished \* \*. ---They were written at different times, just as leisure and inclination offered. A love of poetry, I believe, first induced me to attempt any thing in verse; and, as is very common, without a previous enquiry whether I was properly qualified for the undertaking. A due regard to this, and to the many beauties requisite to constitute a fine poem, it is more

\* From this ingenious performance, the celebrated Mr. QUARLES took his emblems; but forgot, as we may charitably suppose, to mention this circumstance in his preface to the book in which they are published.

than probable would have excluded them from a place in this collection. Were it needful to apologize for printing them, I might plead a desire of gratifying the curiosity of my friends, who, from the nature of the undertaking, will no doubt expect some originals from the Editor. However, I cannot wish to avail myself of any excuse, in order to escape the censure they deserve,---Criticisms, if well founded, cannot be too severe; and as we are most likely to profit by a display of failures not suspected, every attempt of that kind cannot but inspire the warmest thankfulness and gratitude.

The poem, entitled *DEITY*, by Mr. *BOYSE*, I esteem a valuable acquisition. It is, perhaps, one of the finest pieces on that subject, in the English language. When it was first published, Mr. *POPE* was asked, whether he was not the author of it? To which he replied, "that he was not indeed the author of it, but that there were many lines in it of which he should not be ashamed." And he might have added, "nor of the whole performance."

The late ingenious Mr. *HERVEY*, in a letter to Mr. *BOYSE*, dated August 8, 1747, says, "Give me leave to add my acknowledgements for the perusal of your poem, entitled *DEITY*. It is a noble piece, quite poetical, truly evangelical, and admirably fitted to alarm and comfort the heart, to delight and improve the reader---I must desire to read it again." And in a letter to a friend, dated June 7, 1759, speaking of the same poem, he says, "I really think

think it is as useful and fine a piece of poetry as most in the English language.---I so much admire it, that I have insensibly as it were got it by heart. God grant that it may be influential on every reader."

Mr. BOYSE was the son of a dissenting minister at DUBLIN. He was born in the year 1708. As he was intended for the ministry, he was sent at the age of eighteen, to the University of GLASGOW. But in less than a year he married a tradesman's daughter of that city. This interrupted his studies, and immediately after he became wholly dependent on his father. By a series of extravagancies, he soon squandered away a little estate which had supported his father and family, so that the old man in his last sickness was intirely supported by presents from his congregation, and buried after his death at their expence. In 1726, and 1731, Mr. BOYSE wrote several poems which gained him much credit. He was caressed by some of the first families in Scotland, and by them recommended to the patronage of several noblemen of the first rank in England. Among other men of learning, Mr. POPE was one to whom he was strongly recommended. However, by neglecting the many favorable opportunities he had of preferment, and by a life of indolence and extravagance, he was, about the year 1740, reduced to such an extremity of human wretchedness, that he had neither shirt, coat, nor any other kind of apparel to put on. The sheets in which he lay were carried to the pawnbroker's; and he was obliged to be confined to his bed with no

other

other covering than a blanket. He supported himself six weeks in this distressful situation, by writing verses for the magazines; and must certainly have continued in it much longer, if he had not been relieved by the generosity of some gentlemen who knew him to be a man of parts. In the latter part of his life, his behavior was more decent than it had formerly been, which induced his friends to hope, that in the evening of life a reformation might be expected.

Among the many friends who generously contributed to his relief, he was in a peculiar manner indebted to the liberality of Mr. SANDBY, who, in order to make provision for his future wants, employed him to translate a treatise on the EXISTENCE of GOD, written in French by the ARCHBISHOP of CAMBRAY. Mr. BOYSE, however, did not live to complete his undertaking, as he left behind him three sheets unfinished. He died in the performance of this work with a pen in his hand, as he sat in his bed in a garret in White Friars, and was afterwards buried at the expence of the parish †.

Thus, after many years spent in indolence and extravagance, this unhappy man was reduced to the lowest ebb of human wretchedness. In the early and middle part of life, he had many pleasing prof-

† For this account, I am partly indebted to the writer of the Biographical Dictionary, and partly to Mr. Sandby, who was well acquainted with Mr. Boyse, and a witness of that wretchedness and misery to which he was at last reduced.



pects of advantage. His friends were numerous and respectable; but his extreme indolence was such, that it induced him to neglect those favorable opportunities which providence pointed out for his assistance and relief. This was certainly the surest way to forfeit the regard of those who had been his warmest friends; and no doubt, the loss of their favors, added to his own imprudent conduct, reduced him to the state we have described.

In these circumstances, it is probable, he was first brought to lament the follies of his life. Adversity, though a hard, is yet a kind instructor. Prosperity, though calculated to excite our gratitude and promote our happiness, is not in general so successful. And a consideration similar to this might induce the Lord once to say, "I will go and return to my place, till they acknowledge their offence and seek my face;" and then to add "in their affliction they will seek me early." I trust this was indeed the case with Mr. Boyse: but that the candid reader may be enabled to determine for himself, I will transcribe a letter which he wrote a little before his death to Mr. Hervey.

Reverend and dear Sir,

"**F**OR your tender admonitions and excellent advice, I am truly indebted to you; as they discover a generous and compassionate concern for my better part.—I bless God I have reason to hope, that great work is not to do; for of all the marks  
" of

“ of infatuation I know amongst men, there can be  
 “ none equal to that of trusting to a death-bed re-  
 “ pentance.

“ I do not pretend to vindicate my own conduct—  
 “ nor can I ever forget the very christian sense of my  
 “ condition and misfortunes, which (notwithstand-  
 “ ing all my misbehavior) you have so pathetically  
 “ expressed.—The follies of my youth have furnished  
 “ a plentiful harvest of reflection for my latter years;  
 “ as I have now been for a long time in a manner  
 “ buried from the world, so it has been my endeavor  
 “ to spend that time in lamenting my past errors, and  
 “ in pursuing a course of life void of offence towards  
 “ God and man.

“ I have learnt to trust in God as my only portion,  
 “ to bless him for his Fatherly corrections, which  
 “ have been much gentler than my demerit; and by  
 “ which I have been taught to know him and myself;  
 “ his infinite mercy and goodness; my own ingrati-  
 “ tude and unworthiness, so that I may truly say  
 “ with the returning prodigal, “ Father, I have  
 “ sinned against heaven, and against thee, and am  
 “ not worthy to be called thy son.”

“ My health is in a very precarious state; and the  
 “ greatest hopes of recovery I have (which are very  
 “ small) arise from warm weather and the country  
 “ air.—I thank God I am absolutely resigned to his  
 “ holy and blessed will. I have seen enough of the  
 “ vanity and folly of earthly things, and how insuf-  
 “ ficient they are to satisfy the desires of an immor-

“ tal



“tal soul. I am sensible of my own wretchedness  
 “and nothingness, and that my only hope of salva-  
 “tion is through that blessed Redeemer, who died to  
 “save lost sinners.—This is my rock of hope against  
 “an approaching eternity.

“May you long, Sir, taste those true and unfad-  
 “ing pleasures, which attend the practice of reli-  
 “gion and virtue; and may you, by your shining  
 “example, be a means of turning many to righte-  
 “ousness: this is the sincere and ever grateful wish  
 “of

“Your most obliged, and

“faithful servant,

“S. BOYSE.”

Any inaccuracies in the course of this work, that  
 have escaped my notice, I must intreat the candid  
 and impartial reader to excuse. To convey pleasure  
 and instruction in the dress of poetry, was my design  
 in making this collection. And if my endeavors are  
 successful, I shall think myself more than paid for  
 all my trouble.---The whole I commit into the hands  
 of God; praying that it may be instrumental for the  
 promotion of his glory in the spread of religion and  
 virtue.

P O E M S

O N

DIVINE AND MORAL SUBJECTS.

D E I T Y. A P O E M.

BY THE LATE MR. SAMUEL BOYSE.

FROM earth's low prospects, and deceitful aims,  
From wealth's allurements, and ambition's  
The lover's raptures, and the hero's views, [dreams,  
All the false joys mistaken man pursues,  
The schemes of science, the delights of wine,  
Or the more pleasing follies of the Nine!  
Recall, fond bard, thy long enchanted sight,  
Deluded with the visionary light!  
A nobler theme demands thy sacred song,  
A theme beyond or man's or angel's tongue!  
A theme! that should the noblest warmth impart  
To animate the soul, and warm the heart!  
But oh, alas! unhallow'd and profane,  
How shalt thou dare to raise the heavenly strain?  
Do thou, who from the altar's living fire  
Isaiah's tuneful lips didst once inspire,  
Come to my aid, celestial spirit, come;  
From my dark mind dispel the dubious gloom;

A

My

My passions still, my purer breast inflame,  
 To sing that God from whom existence came;  
 Till heaven and nature in the concert join,  
 And own the author of their birth divine.

## I. ETERNITY.

Whence sprung this glorious frame, or whence  
 The various forms the universe compose? [arose  
 From what almighty cause, what mystic springs  
 Shall we derive the origin of things?  
 Sing heavenly guide! whose all-efficient light  
 Drew dawning planets from the womb of night!  
 Since reason, by thy sacred dictates taught,  
 Adores a power beyond the reach of thought.  
 First cause of causes! fire supreme of birth!  
 Sole light of heaven! acknowledg'd life of earth!  
 Whose word from nothing call'd this beauteous whole,  
 This wide-expanded all from pole to pole!  
 Who shall prescribe the boundary to thee?  
 Or fix the æra of eternity!  
 Should we, deceiv'd by error's sceptic glass,  
 Admit the thought absurd—that nothing was!  
 Thence would this wild, this false conclusion flow,  
 That nothing rais'd this beauteous all below!  
 When from disclosing darkness splendor breaks,  
 Associate atoms move, and matter speaks!  
 When non-existence bursts its close disguise,  
 How blind are mortals?—not to own the skies!

If one vast void eternal held its place,  
 Whence started time ? or whence expanded space !  
 What gave the slumbering mass to feel a change ?  
 Or bid consenting worlds harmonious range !  
 Could nothing link the universal chain ?  
 No, 'tis impossible, absurd and vain !  
 Here reason its eternal author finds,  
 The whole who regulates, unites, and binds, }  
 Enlivens matter, and produces minds !  
 Inactive chaos sleeps in dull repose,  
 Nor knowledge thence, nor free volition flows !  
 A nobler source those powers ethereal show,  
 By which we think, design, reflect, and know ;  
 These from a cause superior date their rise,  
 " Abstract in essence from material ties."  
 An origin immortal, as supreme,  
 From whose pure day, celestial rays ! they came :  
 In whom all possible perfections shine,  
 Eternal, self-existent, and divine !  
 From this great spring of uncreated might !  
 This all-resplendent orb of vital light !  
 Whence all created beings take their rise,  
 Which beautify the earth, or paint the skies !  
 Profusely-wide the boundless blessings flow,  
 Which heaven enrich, and gladden worlds below !  
 Which are no less, when properly defin'd,  
 Than emanations of th' eternal mind !  
 Hence triumphs truth beyond objection clear  
 (Let unbelief attend, and shrink with fear !)



That what for ever was—must surely be  
 Beyond commencement, and from period free ;  
 Drawn from himself his native excellence,  
 His date eternal, and his space immense !  
 And all of whom that man can comprehend,  
 Is, that he ne'er begun, nor e'er shall end.  
 In him from whom existence boundless flows,  
 Let humble faith its sacred trust repose ;  
 Assur'd, on his eternity depend,  
 “ Eternal father ! and eternal friend ! ”  
 Within that mystic circle safety seek,  
 No time can weaken, and no force can break ;  
 And, lost in adoration, breathe his praise,  
 High rock of ages, ancient fire of days !

## II. UNITY.

Thus recogniz'd, the spring of life and thought !  
 Eternal, self-existent, un-begot !  
 Approach, celestial muse ! th' empyreal throne,  
 And awfully adore th' exalted one !  
 In nature pure, in place supremely free,  
 And happy in essential unity !  
 Bless'd in himself, had from his forming hand  
 No creatures sprung to hail his wide command ;  
 Bless'd, had the sacred fountain ne'er run o'er,  
 A boundless sea of bliss, that knows no shore !  
 Nor sense can two bright origins conceive,  
 Nor reason two eternal Gods believe !

Could

Could the wild Manichæan own that guide,  
 The good would triumph, and the ill subside !  
 Again would vanquish'd Arimanius bleed,  
 And darkness from prevailing light recede !  
 In different individuals we find,  
 An evident disparity of mind ;  
 Hence ductile thought a thousand changes gains,  
 And actions vary as the will ordains ;  
 But should two beings, equally supreme,  
 Divided power, and parted empire claim ;  
 How soon would universal order cease !  
 How soon would discord harmony displace ?  
 Eternal schemes maintain eternal fight,  
 Nor yield, supported by eternal might ?  
 Where each would uncontrol'd his aim pursue,  
 The links dis sever, or the chain renew ;  
 Matter from motion cross impressions take,  
 As serv'd each power his rival's power to break,  
 While neutral chaos, from his deep recess,  
 Would view the never-ending strife increase, }  
 And bless the contest which secur'd his peace ! }  
 Or new creations would opposing rise,  
 With elemental war to blot the skies !  
 And round wild uproar and confusion hurl'd,  
 Would veil the heavens, and waste the ruin'd world.  
 Two independent causes to admit,  
 Destroys religion, and debases wit ;  
 The first by such an anarchy undone,  
 The last acknowledges its source but one.



As from the main the mountain rills are drawn,  
 That wind irriguous thro' the flowery lawn;  
 So, mindful of their spring, one course they keep,  
 Exploring, till they find their native deep!  
 Exalted power! invisible, supreme,  
 Thou sovereign sole unutterable name!  
 As round thy throne thy flaming seraphs stand,  
 And as they touch the lyre with trembling hand,  
 Too weak thy pure effulgence to behold,  
 With their rich plumes their dazzled eyes infold:  
 Transported with the ardors of thy praise,  
 The holy! holy! holy! anthem raise!  
 To them, responsive, let creation sing,  
 Thee, indivisible eternal king!

### III. SPIRITUALITY.

O say, celestial muse! whose purer birth,  
 Disdains the low material ties of earth!  
 By what bright images shall be defin'd  
 The mystic nature of th' eternal mind?  
 Or how shall thought the dazzling height explore,  
 Where all that reason can—is to adore!  
 That God's an immaterial essence pure,  
 Whom figure can't describe, nor parts immure;  
 Incapable of passions, impulse, fear,  
 In good pre-eminent, in truth severe:  
 Unmix'd his nature, and sublim'd his powers,  
 From all the gross alloy which tempers ours;

In

In whose clear eye the bright angelic train  
 Appear suffus'd with imperfection's stain !  
 Impervious to the man's—or seraph's eye,  
 Beyond the ken of each, exalted high !  
 Him would in vain material semblance feign,  
 Or figur'd shrines the boundless God contain ;  
 Object of faith !—he shuns the view of sense,  
 Lost in the blaze of sightless excellence !  
 Most perfect, most intelligent, most wise,  
 In whom the sanctity of pureness lies ;  
 In whose adjusting mind the whole is wrought,  
 Whose form is spirit ! and whose essence, thought !  
 Are truths inscrib'd by wisdom's brightest ray,  
 In characters that gild the face of day !  
 Reason confess'd (howe'er we may dispute)  
 Fix'd boundary ! discovers man from brute ;  
 But dim to us, exerts its fainter ray,  
 Depress'd in matter, and allied to clay !  
 In forms superior kindles less confin'd,  
 Whose dress is æther, and whose substance mind ;  
 Yet all from him, supreme of causes, flow,  
 To him their powers and their existence owe ;  
 From the bright cherub of the noblest birth,  
 To the poor reasoning glow-worm plac'd on earth ;  
 From matter then to spirit still ascend,  
 Thro' spirit still refining, higher tend ;  
 Pursue, on knowledge bent, the pathless road,  
 Pierce thro' infinitude in quest of God !  
 Still from thy search, the centre still shall fly,  
 Approaching still—thou never shalt come nigh !

So its bright orb, th' aspiring flame would join,  
 But the vast distance mocks the fond design.  
 If he almighty ! whose decree is fate,  
 Could, to display his power, subvert his state ;  
 Bid from his plastic hand a greater rise,  
 Produce a master ! and resign his skies !  
 Impart his incommunicable flame,  
 The mystic number of th' eternal name !  
 Then might revolting reason's feeble ray,  
 Aspire to question God's all-perfect day !  
 Vain task ! the clay in the directing hand,  
 The reason of its form might so demand,  
 As man presume to question his dispose,  
 From whom the power, he thus abuses, flows.  
 Here point, fair muse ! the worship God requires,  
 The soul inflam'd with chaste and holy fires !  
 Where love celestial warms the happy breast,  
 Where from sincerity the thought's express'd ;  
 Where genuine piety and truth refin'd,  
 Reconsecrate the temple of the mind :  
 With grateful flames the living altars glow,  
 And God descends to visit man below.

#### IV. OMNIPRESENCE.

Thro' the unmeasurable tracts of space,  
 Go, muse divine ! and present godhead trace ;  
 See where by place, uncircumscrib'd as time,  
 He reigns extended, and he shines sublime !

Should'st

Should'st thou above the heaven of heavens ascend,  
 Could'st thou below the depth of depths descend ;  
 Could thy fond flight beyond the starry sphere,  
 The radiant morning's lucid pinions bear ;  
 There should his brighter presence shine confess'd,  
 There his almighty arm thy course arrest :  
 Could'st thou the thickest veil of night assume,  
 Or think to hide thee in the central gloom ;  
 Yet there, all patient to his piercing sight,  
 Darkness itself would kindle into light :  
 Not the black mansions of the silent grave,  
 Nor darker hell from his perception save ;  
 What power, alas ! thy footsteps can convey  
 Beyond the reach of omnipresent day ?  
 In his wide grasp, and comprehensive eye,  
 Immediate, worlds on worlds unnumber'd lie :  
 Systems inclos'd in his idea roll,  
 Whose all-informing mind directs the whole :  
 Lodg'd in his view, their certain ways they know ;  
 Plac'd in that sight from whence can nothing go.  
 On earth his footstool fix'd, in heaven his seat ;  
 Enthron'd he dictates—and his word is fate.  
 Nor want his shining images below,  
 In streams that murmur, or in winds that blow ;  
 His spirit broods along the boundless flood,  
 Smiles in the plain, and whispers in the wood ;  
 Warms in the genial sun's enlivening ray,  
 Breathes in the air, and beautifies the day ;  
 Steals on our footsteps wheresoe'er we go,  
 And yields the purest joys we taste below.

Should



Should man his great immensity deny,  
 Man might as well usurp the vacant sky :  
 For were he limited in date, or view,  
 Thence were his attributes imperfect too ;  
 His knowledge, power, his goodness, all confin'd,  
 And lost the notion of a ruling mind :  
 Feeble the trust, and comfortless the sense,  
 Of a defective partial providence :  
 Boldly might then his arm injustice brave,  
 Or innocence in vain his mercy crave ;  
 Dejected virtue lift its hopeless eye,  
 And deep distress pour out the heartless sigh ;  
 An absent God no abler to defend,  
 Protect, or punish, than an absent friend ;  
 Distant alike our wants or griefs to know,  
 To ease the anguish, or prevent the blow ;  
 If he, supreme director, were not near,  
 Vain were our hope, and empty were our fear ;  
 Unpunish'd vice would o'er the world prevail,  
 And unrewarded virtue toil—to fail !  
 The moral world a second chaos turn,  
 And nature for her great supporter mourn !  
 Even the weak embryo, ere to life it breaks,  
 From his high power its slender texture takes ;  
 While in his book the various parts inroll'd  
 Increasing, own eternal wisdom's mould.  
 Nor views he only the material whole,  
 But pierces thought, and penetrates the soul !  
 Ere from the lips the vocal accents part,  
 Or the faint purpose dawns within the heart,

His



His steady eye the mental birth perceives,  
 Ere yet to us the new idea lives :  
 Knows what we say—ere yet the words proceed,  
 And ere we form th' intention, marks the deed.  
 But conscience, fair vicegerent-light within,  
 Asserts its author, and restores the scene ;  
 Points out the beauty of the govern'd plan,  
 " And vindicates the ways of God to man."  
 Then sacred muse, by the vast prospect fir'd,  
 From heaven descended, as by heaven inspir'd ;  
 His all-enlightening omnipresence own,  
 Whence first thou feel'st thy dwindling presence  
 His wide omniscience, justly grateful, sing, [known ;  
 Whence thy weak science prunes its callow wing !  
 And blest th' eternal, all-informing soul,  
 Whose sight pervades, whose knowledge fills the  
     whole.

#### V. IMMUTABILITY.

As the eternal and omniscient mind,  
 By laws not limited, nor bounds confin'd,  
 Is always independent, always free,  
 Hence shines confess'd immutability !  
 Change, whether the spontaneous child of will,  
 Or birth of force,—is imperfection still.  
 But he, all-perfect, in himself contains  
 Power self-deriv'd, for from himself he reigns !

If,

If, alter'd by constraint, we could suppose,  
 That God his fix'd stability should lose;  
 How startles reason at a thought so strange!  
 What power can force omnipotence to change?  
 If from his own divine productive thought,  
 Were the yet stranger alteration wrought;  
 Could excellence supreme new rays acquire?  
 Or strong perfection raise its glories higher?  
 Absurd!—his high meridian brightness glows,  
 Never decreases, never overflows!  
 Knows no addition, yields to no decay,  
 The sacred blaze of inexhaustible day!  
 Below, thro' different forms does matter range,  
 And life subsists from elemental change,  
 Liquids condensing, shapes terrestrial wear,  
 Earth mounts in fire, and fire dissolves in air;  
 While we, enquiring phantoms of a day,  
 Inconstant as the shadows we survey,  
 With them, along time's rapid current pass,  
 And haste to mingle with the parent mass;  
 But thou, eternal Lord of life divine!  
 In youth immortal shalt for ever shine!  
 No change shall darken thy exalted name,  
 From everlasting ages still the same.  
 If God, like man, his purpose could renew,  
 His laws could vary, or his plans undo;  
 Desponding faith would droop its cheerless wing,  
 Religion deaden to a lifeless thing:  
 Where could we, rational, repose our trust,  
 But in a power immutable as just?

How

How judge of revelation's force divine,  
 If truth unerring gave not the design;  
 Where, as in nature's fair according plan,  
 All smiles benevolent and good to man.  
 Plac'd in this narrow clouded spot below,  
 Darkly we see around, and darkly know!  
 Religion lends the salutary beam,  
 That guides our reason thro' the dubious gleam;  
 Till sounds the hour!—when he who rules the skies,  
 Shall bid the curtain of omniscience rise!  
 Shall dissipate the mists that veil our sight,  
 And show his creatures—all his ways are right!  
 Then, when astonish'd nature feels its fate,  
 And fetter'd time shall know its latest date!  
 When earth shall in the mighty blaze expire,  
 Heaven melt with heat, and worlds dissolve in fire!  
 The universal system shrink away,  
 And ceasing orbs confess th' almighty sway:  
 Immortal he, amidst the wreck secure,  
 Shall sit exalted, permanently pure!  
 As in the sacred bush, shall shine the same,  
 And from the ruin raise a fairer frame.

#### VI. OMNIPOTENCE.

Far hence, ye visionary charming maids,  
 Ye fancied nymphs that haunt the Grecian shades;  
 Your birth, who from conceiving fiction drew,  
 Your selves producing phantoms as untrue;

But

But come, superior muse ! divinely bright,  
 Daughter of heaven, whose offspring still are light ;  
 O condescend, celestial sacred guest,  
 To purge my sight, and consecrate my breast ;  
 While I presume omnipotence to trace,  
 And sing that power, who peopled boundless space.  
 Thou present wert, when forth th' Almighty rode,  
 While chaos trembled at the voice of God :  
 Thou saw'st, when o'er th' immense his line he drew,  
 When nothing from his word existence knew :  
 His word, that wak'd to life the vast profound,  
 While conscious light was kindled at the sound :  
 Creation fair surpriz'd th' angelic eyes,  
 And sovereign wisdom saw that all was wise :  
 Him, sole almighty nature's book displays,  
 Distinct the page, and legible the rays :  
 Let the wild sceptic his attention throw  
 To the broad horizon, or earth below ;  
 He finds thy soft impressions touch his breast,  
 He feels the God,—and owns him unconfess'd :  
 Should the stray pilgrim, tir'd of sands and skies,  
 In Lybia's waste behold a palace rise,  
 Would he believe the charm from atoms wrought ?  
 Go, atheist, hence, and mend thy juster thought.  
 What hand, almighty architect ! but thine,  
 Could give the model of this vast design ?  
 What hand but thine adjust th' amazing whole ?  
 And bid consenting systems beauteous roll :  
 What hand but thine supply the solar light ?  
 For ever wasting, yet for ever bright :

What



What hand but thine the azure convex spread?  
 What hand but thine trace out the ocean's bed?  
 To the vast main the sandy barrier throw,  
 And with that feeble curb restrain the foe?  
 What hand but thine the wintry flood assuage,  
 Or stop the tempest in its wildest rage?  
 Thee infinite! what finite can explore?  
 Imagination sinks beneath thy power;  
 Thee could the ablest of thy creatures know,  
 Lost were thy unity, for he were Thou;  
 Yet present to all sense thy power remains,  
 Reveal'd in nature, nature's author reigns:  
 In vain would error from conviction fly,  
 Thou every where art present to the eye:  
 The sense how stupid, and the sight how blind,  
 That fails this universal truth to find?  
 Go!—all the fightless realms of space survey,  
 Returning, trace the planetary way;  
 The sun, that in his central glory shines,  
 While every planet round his orb inclines;  
 Then at our intermediate globe repose,  
 And view yon lunar satellite that glows!  
 Or cast along the azure vault thy eye,  
 When golden day enlightens all the sky;  
 Around behold earth's variegated scene,  
 The mingling prospects, and the flowery green;  
 The mountain's brow, the long extended wood,  
 Or the rude rock that threatens o'er the flood;  
 And say, are these the wild effects of chance?  
 Oh strange effect of reasoning ignorance!

Nor



Nor power alone confess'd in grandeur lies;  
 The glittering planet; or the painted skies;  
 Equal, the elephant's or emmet's dress,  
 The wisdom of omnipotence confess;  
 Equal, the cumbrous whale's enormous mass,  
 With the small insect in the crouded grass;  
 The mite that gambols in its acid sea,  
 In shape a porpus, tho' a speck to thee!  
 Even the blue down the purple plum surrounds,  
 A living world, thy failing sight confounds!  
 To him a peopled habitation shows,  
 Where millions taste the bounty God bestows!  
 Great lord of life, whose all-controlling might  
 Thro' wide creation beams divinely bright;  
 Nor only does thy power in forming shine,  
 But to annihilate, dread king! is thine.  
 Shouldst thou withdraw thy still-supporting hand,  
 How languid nature would astonish'd stand!  
 Thy frown night's ancient empire would restore,  
 And raise a blank—where systems smil'd before.  
 See in corruption, all-surprising state,  
 How struggling life eludes the stroke of fate;  
 Shock'd at the scene, tho' sense averts its eye,  
 Nor stops the wonderous process to descry;  
 Yet juster thought the mystic change pursues,  
 And with delight almighty wisdom views;  
 The brute, the vegetable world surveys,  
 Sees life subsisting even from life's decays:  
 Mark there, self-taught, the pensile reptile come,  
 Spin his thin shroud, and living build his tomb!

With

With conscious care his former pleasures leave,  
 And drefs him for the bufinefs of the grave:  
 Thence, pafs'd the fhort-liv'd change, renew'd he  
     springs,  
 Admires the fkies, and tries his painted wings:  
 With airy flight the infect roves abroad,  
 And fcorns the meaner earth he lately trod.  
 Thee, potent, let deliver'd Ifrael praife,  
 And to thy name their grateful homage raife:  
 Thee, potent God! let Egypt's land declare,  
 Which felt thy juftice, awfully fevere:  
 How did thy frown benight the fhadow'd land?  
 Nature revers'd, how own thy high command?  
 When jarring elements their ufe forgot,  
 And the fun felt thy overcafting blot:  
 When earth produc'd the peftilential brood,  
 And the foul fream was crimson'd into blood:  
 How deep the horrors of that awful night!  
 How ftrong the terror, and how wild the fright!  
 When o'er the land thy fword vindictive paff,  
 And men and infants breath'd at once their laft!  
 How did thy arm thy favour'd tribes convey,  
 Thy light, conducting, point th' amazing way!  
 Obedient ocean to their march divide,  
 The watery wall diftinct on either fide;  
 While thro' the deep the long proceffion led,  
 And faw the wonders of the oozy bed!  
 Nor long they march'd, till blackening in the rear,  
 The vengeful tyrant and his hoft appear;

B

Plunge

Plunge down the deep,—the waves thy nod obey,  
 And whelm the threatening storm beneath the sea.  
 Nor yet thy power thy chosen train forsook,  
 When thro' Arabia's sands their way they took;  
 By day thy cloud was present to the sight,  
 Thy fiery pillar led the march by night;  
 Thy hand amidst the waste their table spread,  
 With feather'd viands, and with heavenly bread:  
 When the dry wilderness no streams supplied,  
 Gush'd from the yielding rock the vital tide:  
 What limits can omnipotence confine!  
 What obstacles restrain thy arm divine!  
 Since stones and waves their settled laws forego,  
 Since seas can harden, and since rocks can flow?  
 On Sinai's top the muse, with ardent wing,  
 The triumphs of omnipotence would sing,  
 When o'er its airy brow thy cloud display'd,  
 Involv'd the nations in its awful shade:  
 When gloomy darkness fill'd its midmost space,  
 And the rock trembled to its rooted base;  
 Yet there thy majesty divine appear'd,  
 There shone thy glory, and thy voice was heard;  
 Even in the blaze of that tremendous day,  
 Idolatry its impious rites could pay:  
 Oh shame to thought!—Thy sacred throne invade,  
 And brave the bolt that linger'd round its head.

## VII. WISDOM.

O thou, who when th' Almighty form'd this all,  
 Upheld the scale, and weigh'd each balanc'd ball;

And as his hand compleated each design,  
 Number'd the work, and fix'd the seal divine;  
 O wisdom infinite! creation's soul,  
 Whose rays diffuse new lustre o'er the whole;  
 What tongue shall make thy charms celestial known?  
 What hand, fair Goddess! paint thee but thy own?  
 What tho' in nature's universal store,  
 Appear the wonders of almighty power?  
 Power unattended, terror would inspire,  
 Aw'd must we gaze, and comfortless admire.  
 But when fair wisdom joins in the design,  
 The beauty of the whole result's divine.  
 Hence life acknowledges its glorious cause,  
 And matter owns its great disposer's laws;  
 Hence in a thousand different models wrought,  
 Now fix'd to quiet, now allied to thought;  
 Hence flow the forms and properties of things,  
 Hence rises harmony, and order springs,  
 Else had the mass a shapeless chaos lay,  
 Nor ever felt the dawn of wisdom's day.  
 See, how associate round their central sun,  
 Their faithful rings the circling planets run;  
 Still equi-distant, never yet too near,  
 Exactly tracing their appointed sphere.  
 Mark how the moon our flying orb pursues,  
 While from the sun her monthly light renews;  
 Breathes her wide influence on the world below,  
 And bids the tides alternate ebb and flow.  
 View how in course the constant seasons rise,  
 Deform the earth, or beautify the skies:



First spring advancing, with her flowery train,  
 Next summer's hand that spreads the sylvan scene,  
 Then autumn with her yellow harvests crown'd,  
 And trembling winter close the annual round.  
 The vegetable tribes observant trace,  
 From the tall cedar to the creeping grass:  
 The chain of animated beings scale,  
 From the small reptile to th' enormous whale;  
 From the strong eagle stooping from the skies,  
 To the low insect that escapes thy eyes:  
 And see, if see thou can'st, in every frame,  
 Eternal wisdom shine confess'd the same:  
 As proper organs to the least assign'd,  
 As proper means to propagate their kind;  
 As just the structure, and as wise the plan,  
 As in this lord of all—debating man!  
 Hence, reasoning creature, thy distinction find,  
 Nor longer to the ways of heaven be blind.  
 Wisdom in outward beauty strikes the mind,  
 But outward beauty points a charm behind.  
 What gives the earth, the ambient air or seas,  
 The plain, the river, or the wood to please?  
 Oh say, in whom does beauty's self reside,  
 The beautifier, or the beautified?  
 There dwells the Godhead in the bright disguise,  
 Beyond the ken of all created eyes:  
 His works our love, and our attention steal,  
 His works (surprizing thought!) the maker veil;  
 Too weak our sight to pierce the radiant cloud,  
 Where wisdom shines, in all her charms avow'd!

O gra-



O gracious God ! omnipotent and wise,  
 Unerring Lord, and ruler of the skies ;  
 All condescending, to my feeble heart  
 One beam of thy celestial light impart ;  
 I seek not fordid wealth, or glittering power,  
 O grant me wisdom—and I ask no more.

## VIII. PROVIDENCE.

As from some level country's shelter'd ground,  
 With towns replete, with green inclosures bound,  
 Where the eye kept within the verdant maze,  
 But gets a transient vista as it strays :  
 The pilgrim to some rising summit tends,  
 Whence opens all the scene as he ascends ;  
 So providence the friendly point supplies,  
 Where all the charms of Deity surprize ;  
 Here goodness, power, and wisdom, all unite,  
 And dazzling glories whelm the ravish'd sight.  
 Almighty cause ! 'tis thy preserving care,  
 That keeps thy works for ever fresh and fair :  
 The sun, from thy superior radiance bright,  
 Eternal sheds his delegated light,  
 Lends to his sister orb inferior day,  
 And paints the silver moon's alternate ray ;  
 Thy hand the waste of eating time renews,  
 Thou shed'st the tepid morning's balmy dews ;  
 When raging winds the blacken'd deep deform,  
 Thy spirit rides commission'd in the storm ;

Bids at thy will the slackening tempest cease,  
 While the calm'd ocean smooths its ruffled face;  
 When lightnings thro' the air tremendous fly,  
 Or the blue plague is loosen'd to destroy,  
 Thy hand directs, or turns aside the stroke,  
 Thy word the fatal edict can revoke;  
 When subterraneous fires the surface heave,  
 And towns are buried in one common grave;  
 Thou suffer'st not the mischief to prevail,  
 Thy sovereign touch the recent wound can heal.  
 To Zembla's rocks thou send'st the chearful gleam,  
 O'er Lybia's sands thou pour'st the cooling stream;  
 Thy watchful providence o'er all intends,  
 Thy works obey their great Creator's ends.  
 And all the ills we feel—or bliss we share,  
 Are tokens of a heavenly Father's care.  
 When man too long the paths of vice pursued,  
 Thy hand prepar'd the universal flood;  
 Gracious, to Noah gave the timely sign,  
 To save a remnant from the wrath divine;  
 One shining waste the globe terrestrial lay,  
 And the ark heav'd along the troubled sea;  
 Thou bad'st the deep his ancient bed explore,  
 The clouds their watery deluge pour'd no more:  
 The skies were clear'd,—the mountain-tops were seen,  
 The dove pacific brought the olive green.  
 On Ararat the happy patriarch toft,  
 Found the recover'd world his hopes had lost;  
 There his fond eyes review'd the pleasing scene,  
 The earth all verdant, and the air serene:

Its

Its precious freight the guardian ark display'd,  
 While Noah grateful adoration paid :  
 Beholding in the many-tinctur'd bow,  
 The promise of a safer world below.  
 When wild ambition rear'd its impious head,  
 And rising Babel heaven with pride survey'd ;  
 Thy word the mighty labour could confound,  
 And leave the mass to moulder with the ground.  
 From the mad toil, while social order sprung  
 A peopled world—distinct by many a tongue.  
 From thee all human actions take their springs,  
 The rise of empires, and the fall of kings :  
 See the vast theatre of time display'd,  
 While o'er the scene succeeding heroes tread :  
 With pomp the shining images succeed,  
 What leaders triumph ; and what monarchs bleed ;  
 Perform the parts thy providence assign'd,  
 Their pride, their passions, to thy ends inclin'd :  
 A while they glitter in the face of day,  
 Then at thy nod the phantoms pass away ;  
 No traces left of all the busy scene,  
 But that remembrance says,—The things have been !  
 While learning thro' the gloom benighted strays,  
 And the dim objects vanish as we gaze !  
 “ But (questions doubt) whence sickly nature feels  
 “ The ague-fits her face so oft reveals ? [breast ?  
 “ Whence earthquakes heave the earth's astonish'd  
 “ Whence tempests rage ? or yellow plagues infest ?  
 “ Whence draws rank Afric her empoison'd stores ?  
 “ Or liquid fires explosive Ætna pours ?”

Go, sceptic mole ! demand th' eternal cause,  
 The secret of his all-preserving laws ?  
 The depths of wisdom infinite explore,  
 And ask thy Maker ?—why thou know'st no more ?  
 Thy error's still in mortal things as great,  
 As vain to cavil at the ways of fate.  
 To ask why prosperous vice so oft succeeds,  
 Why suffers innocence, or virtue bleeds !  
 Why monsters, nature must with blushes own,  
 By crimes grow powerful, and disgrace a throne !  
 Why saints and sages, mark'd in every age,  
 Perish, the victims of tyrannic rage !  
 Why Socrates for truth and freedom fell,  
 While Nero reign'd, the delegate of hell !  
 In vain by reason is the maze pursu'd,  
 Of ill triumphant, and afflicted good,  
 Fix'd to the hold, so might the sailor aim  
 To judge the pilot, and the steerage blame ;  
 As we direct to God what should belong,  
 Or say that sovereign wisdom governs wrong.  
 Nor always vice does uncorrected go,  
 Nor virtue unrewarded pass below !  
 Oft sacred justice lifts her awful head,  
 And dooms the tyrant and th' usurper dead ;  
 Oft providence, more friendly than severe,  
 Arrests the hero in his wild career ;  
 Directs the fever, poinard, or the ball,  
 By which an Amnon, Charles, or Cæsar fall :  
 Or when the cursed Borgias \* brew the cup  
 For merit—bids the monsters drink it up ;

\* Pope Alexander VI. and his son, Cæsar Borgia. See Mr. Gordon's History.

On violence oft retorts the cruel spear,  
 Or fetters cunning in its crafty snare;  
 Relieves the innocent, exalts the just,  
 And lays the proud oppressor in the dust!  
 But fast as time's swift pinions can convey,  
 Hastens the pomp of that tremendous day,  
 When to the view of all created eyes,  
 God's high tribunal shall majestic rise,  
 When the loud trumpet shall assemble round  
 The dead, reviving at the piercing sound!  
 Where men and angels shall to audit come,  
 And millions yet unborn receive their doom!  
 Then shall fair providence, to all display'd,  
 Appear divinely bright without a shade;  
 In light triumphant all her acts be shown,  
 And blushing doubt eternal wisdom own!  
 Mean while, thou great intelligence supreme,  
 Sovereign director of this mighty frame,  
 Whose watchful hand, and all-observing ken,  
 Fashions the hearts, and views the ways of men,  
 Whether thy hand the plenteous table spread,  
 Or measure sparingly the daily bread;  
 Whether or wealth or honours gild the scene,  
 Or wants deform, and wasting anguish stain;  
 On thee let truth and virtue firm rely,  
 Bless'd in the care of thy approving eye!  
 Know that thy providence, their constant friend,  
 Thro' life shall guard them, and in death attend;  
 With everlasting arms their cause embrace,  
 And crown the paths of piety with peace.

IX. GOOD-



## IX. GOODNESS.

Ye Seraphs who God's throne encircling still,  
 With holy zeal your golden censers fill;  
 Ye flaming ministers to distant lands  
 Who bear, obsequious, his divine commands;  
 Ye Cherubs, who compose the sacred choir,  
 Attuning to your voice th' angelic lyre!  
 Or ye, fair natives of the heavenly plain,  
 Who once were mortal—now a happy train!  
 Who spend in peaceful love your joyful hours,  
 In blissful meads and amaranthine bowers,  
 Oh lend one spark of your celestial fire!  
 Oh deign my glowing bosom to inspire!  
 And aid the muse's unexperienc'd wing,  
 While goodness, theme divine, she soars to sing!

Tho' all thy attributes divinely fair,  
 Thy full perfection, glorious God! declare;  
 Yet if one beam's superior to the rest,  
 Oh let thy goodness fairest be confess'd!  
 As shines the moon amidst her starry train,  
 As breathes the rose amongst the flowery scene,  
 As the mild dove her silver plumes displays,  
 So sheds thy mercy its distinguish'd rays.  
 This led, Creator mild, thy gracious hand  
 When formless chaos heard thy high command;  
 When pleas'd, thine eye thy matchless works review'd,  
 And goodness, placid, spoke that all was good!

Nor

Nor only does in heaven thy goodness shine,  
 Delighted nature feels its warmth divine ;  
 The vital sun's illuminating beam,  
 The silver crescent, and the starry gleam ;  
 As day and night alternate they command,  
 Proclaim this truth to every distant land.  
 See smiling nature, with thy treasures fair,  
 Confess thy bounty and parental care ;  
 Renew'd by thee, the faithful seasons rise,  
 And earth with plenty all her sons supplies.  
 The generous lion and the brindled boar,  
 As nightly thro' the forest walks they roar,  
 From thee, Almighty Maker, seek their prey,  
 Nor from thy hand unfed depart away :  
 To thee, for meat the callow ravens cry,  
 Supported by thy all-preserving eye :  
 From thee, the feather'd natives of the plain,  
 Or those who range the field, or plough the main,  
 Receive, with constant course, th' appointed food,  
 And taste the cup of universal good ;  
 Thy hand thou open'st, million'd myriads live ;  
 Thou frown'st, they faint ;—thou smile'st, and they  
 On virtue's acres, as on rapine's stores, [revive !  
 See heaven impartial deal the fruitful showers !  
 " Life's common blessings all her children share,"  
 Tread the same earth, and breathe a general air !  
 Without distinction, boundless blessings fall,  
 And goodness, like the sun, enlightens all !  
 Oh man, degenerate man ! offend no more !  
 Go, learn of brutes thy Maker to adore !

Shall

Shall these, thro' every tribe, his bounty own,  
 Of all his works, ungrateful thou alone !  
 Deaf when the tuneful voice of mercy cries,  
 And blind, when sovereign goodness charms the eyes !  
 Mark, even the wretch his awful name blasphemes,  
 His pity spares—his clemency reclaims !  
 Observe his patience with the guilty strive,  
 And bid the criminal repent and live ;  
 Recal the fugitive with gracious eye,  
 Beseech the obstinate, he would not die !  
 Amazing tenderness—amazing most,  
 The soul on whom such mercy should be lost !  
 But would'st thou view the rays of goodness join  
 In one strong point of radiance all divine !  
 Behold, celestial muse ! yon eastern light ;  
 To Beth'lem's plain, adoring, bend thy sight !  
 Hear the glad message to the shepherds given,  
 " Good-will on earth to man, and peace in heaven."  
 Attend the swains, pursue the starry road,  
 And hail to earth the Saviour and the God !  
 Redemption ! oh thou beauteous mystic plan !  
 Thou salutary source of life to man !  
 What tongue can speak thy comprehensive grace !  
 What thoughts thy depths unfathomable trace !  
 When lost in sin our ruin'd nature lay,  
 When awful justice claim'd her righteous pay !  
 See the mild Saviour bend his pitying eye,  
 And stops the lightning just prepar'd to fly !  
 (O strange effect of unexampled love !)  
 View him descend the heavenly throne above ;  
Patient,

Patient, the ills of mortal life endure,  
 Calm, tho' revil'd, and innocent, tho' poor!  
 Uncertain his abode, and coarse his food,  
 His life one fair continued scene of good :  
 For us sustain the wrath to man decreed,  
 The victim of eternal justice bleed !  
 Look, to the cross the Lord of life is tied,  
 They pierce his hands, and wound his sacred side !  
 See, God expires ! our forfeit to atone,  
 While nature trembles at his parting groan !  
 Advance, thou hopeless mortal, steel'd in guilt,  
 Behold, and if thou can'st, forbear to melt !  
 Shall Jesus die thy freedom to regain,  
 And wilt thou drag the voluntary chain ?  
 Wilt thou refuse thy kind assent to give,  
 When breathless he looks down to bid thee live !  
 Perverse, wilt thou reject the proffer'd good  
 Bought with his life, and streaming in his blood !  
 Whose virtue can thy deepest crimes efface,  
 Reheal thy nature, and confirm thy peace !  
 Can all the errors of thy life atone,  
 And raise thee from a rebel—to a son !  
 O blest Redeemer, from thy sacred throne,  
 Where saints and angels sing thy triumphs won !  
 When, from the grave thou rais'd thy glorious head,  
 (Chain'd to thy car the powers infernal led)  
 From that exalted height of bliss supreme,  
 Look down on those who bear thy sacred name ;  
 Restore their ways, inspire them by thy grace  
 Thy laws to follow, and thy steps to trace ;

Thy



Thy bright example to thy doctrine join,  
 And by their morals prove their faith divine.  
 Nor only to thy church confine thy ray,  
 O'er the glad world thy healing light display;  
 Fair sun of righteousness! in beauty rise,  
 And clear the mists that cloud the heathen skies!  
 To Judah's remnant, now a scatter'd train,  
 Thou great Messiah! show thy promis'd reign;  
 O'er earth as wide, thy saving warmth diffuse,  
 As spreads the ambient air, or falling dews,  
 And haste the time when, vanquish'd by thy power,  
 Death shall expire, and sin defile no more!

## X. RECTITUDE.

Hence distant far, ye sons of earth profane,  
 The loose, ambitious, covetous, or vain;  
 Ye worms of power! ye minion'd slaves of state,  
 The giddy vulgar, and the fordid great!  
 But come ye purer souls from dross refin'd,  
 The blameless heart and uncorrupted mind!  
 Let your chaste hands the holy altars raise,  
 Fresh incense bring, and light the glowing blaze;  
 Your grateful voices aid the muse to sing;  
 The spotless justice of th' almighty king!  
 As only rectitude divine he knows,  
 As truth and sanctity his thought compose;  
 So these the dictates which th' eternal mind,  
 To reasonable beings has assign'd;

These

These has his care on every mind impress'd;  
 The conscious seals the hand of heaven attest!  
 When man perverse, for wrong forsakes the right,  
 He still attentive keeps the fault in sight;  
 Demands that strict atonement should be made,  
 And claims the forfeit on th' offender's head!  
 But doubt demands—"why man dispos'd this way?"  
 "Why left the dangerous choice to go astray?"  
 "If heaven that made him did the fault foresee,  
 "Thence follows, heaven is more to blame than he."  
 No:—had to good the heart alone inclin'd,  
 What toil, what prize had virtue been assign'd?  
 From obstacles her noblest triumphs flow,  
 Her spirits languish, when she finds no foe!  
 Man might perhaps have been so happy still,  
 Happy, without the privilege of will,  
 And just because his hands were tied from ill! }  
 O wonderful scheme to mend th' almighty plan,  
 By sinking all the dignity of man!  
 Yet turn thine eyes, vain sceptic, own thy pride,  
 And view thy happiness and choice allied;  
 See virtue from herself her bliss derive,  
 A bliss, beyond the power of thrones to give;  
 See vice of empire and of wealth possess'd,  
 Pine at the heart, and feel herself unblest'd.  
 And say, were yet no farther marks assign'd,  
 Is man ungrateful? or is heaven unkind?  
 "Yes, all the woes from heaven permissive fall,  
 "The wretch adopts—the wretch improves them all."

From

From his wild lust, or his oppressive deed,  
 Rapes, battles, murders, sacrilege proceed;  
 His wild ambition thins the peopled earth,  
 Or from his avarice famine takes her birth;  
 Had nature given the hero wings to fly,  
 His pride would lead him to attempt the sky!  
 To angels make the pigmy's folly known,  
 And draw ev'n pity from th' eternal throne.  
 Yet while on earth triumphant vice prevails,  
 Celestial justice balances her scales;  
 With eye unbiafs'd all the scene surveys,  
 With hand impartial every crime she weighs;  
 Oft, close pursuing at his trembling heels,  
 The man of blood her awful presence feels;  
 Oft, from her arm, amidst the blaze of state,  
 The regal tyrant, with success elate,  
 Is forc'd to leap the precipice of fate!  
 Or, if the villain pass unpunish'd here,  
 'Tis but to make the future stroke severe;  
 For soon or late, eternal justice pays  
 Mankind the just desert of all their ways.  
 'Tis in that awful all-disclosing day,  
 When high omniscience shall her books display;  
 When justice shall present her strict account,  
 While conscience shall attest the due amount;  
 That all who feel, condemn'd, the dreadful rod,  
 Shall own, that righteous are the ways of God!  
 Oh then, while penitence can fate disarm,  
 While lingering justice yet with-holds its arm,

While

While heavenly patience grants the precious time,  
 Let the lost sinner recollect his crime !  
 Immediate to the seat of mercy fly,  
 Nor wait to-morrow—lest to-night he die !  
 But tremble, all ye sons of blackest birth,  
 Ye giants that deform the face of earth ;  
 Tremble, ye sons of aggravated guilt,  
 And, ere too late, let sorrow learn to melt ;  
 Remorseless Murder ! drop thy hand severe,  
 And bathe thy bloody weapon with a tear ;  
 Go, Lust impure ! converse with friendly light,  
 And quit the mansions of defiling night ;  
 Drop, dark Hypocrisy, thy thin disguise,  
 Nor think to cheat the notice of the skies !  
 Unsocial Avarice, thy grasp forego,  
 And bid the useful treasure learn to flow ;  
 Restore, Injustice, the defrauded gain !  
 Oppression, bend to ease the captive's chain,  
 Ere awful justice strike the fatal blow,  
 And drive you to the realms of night below !  
 But Doubt resumes, " If justice has decreed  
 " The punishment proportion'd to the deed ;  
 " Eternal misery seems too severe,  
 " Too dread a weight for wretched man to bear !  
 " Too harsh !—that endless torments should repay  
 " The crimes of life—the errors of a day !"  
 In vain our reason would presumptuous pry ;  
 God's counsels are beyond conception high :  
 In vain would thought his measur'd justice scan ;  
 His ways ! how different from the ways of man !



Too deep for thee his secrets are to know,  
 Enquire not, but more wisely shun the woe;  
 Warn'd by his threatenings, to his laws attend,  
 And learn to make omnipotence thy friend!  
 Our weaker laws, to gain the purpos'd ends,  
 Oft pass the bounds the lawgiver intends:  
 Oft partial power, to serve its own design,  
 Warps from the text, exceeding reason's line;  
 Strikes, bias'd, at the person, not the deed,  
 And sees the guiltless unprotected bleed!  
 But God alone, with unimpassion'd fight,  
 Surveys the nice barrier of wrong and right;  
 And while, subservient, as his will ordains,  
 Obedient nature yields the present means;  
 While neither force nor passions guide his views,  
 Ev'n evil works the purpose he pursues!  
 That bitter spring, the source of human pain,  
 Heal'd by his touch does mineral health contain;  
 And dark affliction quits its fearsome shroud  
 At his command, and brightens into good.  
 Thus human justice—(far as man can go)  
 For private safety strikes the dubious blow;  
 But rectitude divine, with nobler soul,  
 Consults each individual in the whole!  
 Directs the issues of the mortal strife,  
 And sees creation struggle into life!  
 And you, ye happier souls! who in his ways  
 Observant walk, and sing his daily praise!  
 Ye righteous few! whose calm unruffled breasts  
 No fears can darken, and no guilt infests;

To

To whom his gracious promises extend,  
 In whom they centre, and in whom shall end,  
 Which (blest on that foundation sure who build)  
 Shall with eternal justice be fulfill'd :  
 Ye sons of life, to whose glad hope is given  
 The bright reversion of approaching heaven,  
 With grateful hearts his glorious praise recite,  
 Whose love from darkness call'd you out to light ;  
 So let your piety reflective shine,  
 As men may thence confess his truth divine !  
 And when this mortal veil, as soon it must,  
 Shall drop, returning to its native dust ;  
 The work of life, with approbation done,  
 Receive from God your bright immortal crown !

## IX. G L O R Y.

But, oh adventurous muse, restrain thy flight,  
 Dare not the blaze of uncreated light !  
 His praise proclaim, ye monsters of the deep,  
 Who in the vast abyfs your revels keep !  
 Before whose glorious throne, with dread surprize,  
 Th' adoring seraph veils his dazzled eyes ;  
 Whose pure effulgence, radiant to excess,  
 No colours can describe, or words exprefs !  
 All the fair beauties, all the lucid stores,  
 Which o'er thy works thine hand resplendent pours ;  
 Feeble thy brighter glories to display,  
 Pale as the moon before the solar ray !

See on his throne the Hebrew monarch plac'd,  
 In all the pomp of the luxuriant east !  
 While mingling gems a borrow'd day unfold,  
 And the rich purple waves, emboss'd with gold ;  
 Yet mark this scene of painted grandeur yield  
 To the fair lily that adorns the field !  
 Obscur'd, behold that fainter lily lies,  
 By the rich bird's \* inimitable dyes ;  
 Yet these survey, confounded and undone  
 By the superior lustre of the sun ;  
 That sun himself withdraws his lessen'd beam  
 From thee, the glorious author of his frame !  
 Transcendent power ! sole arbiter of fate !  
 How great thy glory ! and thy bliss how great !  
 To view from thine exalted throne above,  
 (Eternal source of light, and life, and love !)  
 Unnumber'd creatures draw their smiling birth,  
 To bless the heavens, or beautify the earth ;  
 While systems roll, obedient to thy view,  
 And worlds rejoice—which Newton never knew !  
 Then raise the song, the general anthem raise,  
 And swell the concert of eternal praise !  
 Assist, ye orbs that form this boundless whole,  
 Which in the womb of space unnumber'd roll ;  
 Ye planets, who compose our lesser scheme,  
 And bend, concertive, round the solar frame ;  
 Thou eye of nature, whose extensive ray  
 With endless charms adorns the face of day,

\* The Bird of Paradise, seen in the Spice Islands.

Consenting raise th' harmonious joyful sound,  
 And bear his praises thro' the vast profound :  
 His praise, ye winds, that fan the chearful air,  
 Swift as ye pass along your pinions bear !  
 His praise let ocean thro' her realms display,  
 Far as her circling billows can convey !  
 His praise, ye misty vapours, wide diffuse,  
 In rains descending, or in milder dews !  
 His praises whisper, ye majestic trees,  
 As your tops rustle to the vocal breeze !  
 His praise around, ye flowery tribes exhale,  
 Far as your sweets embalm the spicy gale !  
 His praise, ye dimpled streams, to earth reveal,  
 As pleas'd ye murmur thro' the flowery vale !  
 His praise, ye feather'd choirs, distinguish'd sing,  
 As to your notes the tuneful forests ring !  
 Or ye, fair natives of our earthly scene,  
 Who range the wilds, or haunt the pasture green !  
 Nor thou, vain lord of earth, with careless ear,  
 The universal hymn of worship hear !  
 But ardent, in the sacred chorus join,  
 Thy soul transported with the task divine !  
 While by his works th' Almighty is confess'd,  
 Supremely glorious, and supremely blest !  
 Great Lord of life ! from whom this humble frame  
 Derives the power to sing thy holy name,  
 Forgive the lowly muse, whose artless lay  
 Has dar'd thy sacred attributes survey !  
 Delighted oft thro' nature's beauteous field  
 Has she ador'd thy wisdom bright reveal'd ;



Oft have her wishes aim'd the secret song,  
 But awful reverence still with-held her tongue:  
 Yet as thy bounty lent the reasoning beam,  
 As feels my conscious breast thy vital flame;  
 So, blest Creator, let thy servant pay  
 His mite of gratitude this feeble way,  
 Thy goodness own, thy providence adore!  
 He yields thee only—what was thine before.

EPIGRAM ON ISAIAH LIII. ii. \* \* \*

“ HE HATH NO FORM NOR COMELINESS; AND WHEN WE SHALL  
 SEE HIM, THERE IS NO BEAUTY THAT WE SHOULD DESIRE HIM.”

**N**O forms of beauty in that more than MAN!  
 The END and AUTHOR of redemption's plan:  
 No outward charms, no earthly regal sway,  
 To tempt the noble or allure the gay:  
 His marred visage no soft bosom fires,  
 Nor with fond love the yielding heart inspires.  
 But wiser souls, on that deep furrow'd brow,  
 See shining truth in liveliest colours glow;  
 See all they want, and all they wish'd is there,  
 And own him LOVELY—altogether FAIR!

O N

ON THE LOVE OF CHRIST.

**M**IDST various mercies that exalted shine,  
And loudly speak their origin divine,  
Is there one law that animates the whole,  
Warms the full heart, and pierces to the soul?  
Which every fear can from the breast remove,  
And flash conviction on the doubting love?  
Love, powerful law, can every joy impart,  
Pierce to the soul, and warm the raptur'd heart.

O, while my song pursues this love of thine,  
Make it, my SAVIOUR, like the theme, divine!  
While thus I bow the heart, and bend the knee,  
And look with ardent love, my God, to thee,  
Bid unbelief forsake this doubting breast,  
And reign triumphant my indulgent guest.

Ere the great Fiat gave the world its birth,  
Smooth'd the clear sky, or form'd the rolling earth,  
Love is, and shall be (wonder and adore!)  
When worlds shall fall, and time shall be no more.  
This bright perfection of th' eternal mind,  
Strikes thro' all nature, nor by aught confin'd.  
Bright as the sun its generous course it runs,  
And finds the meanest of earth's humble sons.

Here, how redemption strikes the mental sight  
In a full blaze, and majesty of light!  
I see the scene!—th' expiring God I see!  
Behold, he dies!—and oh! he dies for me!—

This, this is love; your songs, ye angels, join,  
Ye angels, wonder at this love divine;  
Oh, could my soul each glowing thought improve,  
Like you I'd worship, and like you I'd love.

Why points the deist to the hero's death\*,  
Careless of life, and prodigal of breath?  
What tho' midst warring crouds his life he ends,  
And dies to save his country and his friends?  
Behold this Lord of life, what love he shews!  
He dies, he suffers, for his greatest foes.

Here while on earth what acts of love he wrought!  
'Twas love he practis'd, as 'twas love he taught.  
Hear the great Lord of All his orders give,  
And teach admiring legions how to live.

While wond'ring crouds the heavenly word admire,  
Hang on his lips, and catch his sacred fire,  
This ardent throng, oh! let me humble join,  
Imbibe each accent, make each precept mine,  
Deep in my heart sow ev'ry heav'n-born thought,  
And strive to practise what my Saviour taught.

"Should mean disdain or insolence of pride,  
"Vex thee with curses, or with scoffs deride;  
"Should thy fierce foe, with never-ceasing strife,  
"Fix the deep wound, and persecute thy life,  
"Yet then, e'en then—oh, hear the heavenly sound!  
"Bless while they curse, forgive them while they  
"wound;  
"For them with ardor to thy God repair,  
"For them pour forth the fervent soul in prayer."

\* See the frontispiece to Hervey's Meditations.

Can I at this my eager praise with-hold?  
 Hear this, ye deaf; ye blind in heart, behold!—  
 Oh, inexhausted love! oh, boundless theme!  
 That flows for ever one unruffled stream!  
 Thy wid'ning prospects, endless lengths I see,  
 I look, adore, and lose myself in thee.

Do thou, my Saviour, Lord of life and love,  
 Hear my faint voice, oh hear it, and approve.  
 To thee my lab'ring soul can only raise  
 Imperfect thoughts, and impotence of praise.  
 At sight of thee her pow'rs dissolve away,  
 And faint beneath th' intolerable day.  
 Oh, fill my soul, my God, with love of thee,  
 Bright, holy, lasting, ardent let it be.  
 Give me for man a generous love like thine,  
 And as its author perfect let it shine.

ON HOSEA XIV. v. \*\*\*

" I WILL BE AS THE DEW UNTO ISRAEL."

[shed,

**W**HEN soft'ring dews their moist'ning influence  
 Enfeebl'd nature rears her drooping head;  
 The pregnant bud unfolds its balmy store,  
 And bursting into life, becomes a flower!  
 Thus heavenly grace like soft descending dews,  
 The feeble soul of man with strength renews!  
 Expands the heart where seeds divine are sown,  
 And breathes a life congenial with its own!

On



## On the EXCELLENCE of SACRED POESY.

BY MR. TOOKE.

**O** COULD the muse now swell with DAVID's fire,  
 And praise her God with ISRAEL's sacred choir,  
 Extol his greatness in JESSEIAN strains,  
 And sound his goodness with the HEBREW swains!  
 What bard would bend to great Apollo's shrine,  
 Or ask the assistance of th' inspiring Nine?  
 No more with pray'rs Parnassus would resound,  
 And who would tread on Heliconian ground?  
 On HOMER's plumes what bard would wish to soar,  
 Or hope, on them, such giddy heights t' explore?  
 Those Dædalean wings would prove but vain  
 To bear the poet through the wide domain.  
 The Roman lyre would then remain unstrung,  
 And MARO's work would never more be sung.  
 HORACE would sleep in everlasting night,  
 And OVID's fables would contempt excite.  
 His empty godship, Great Olympic Jove,  
 With all the fabled deities above;  
 Adult'rous Venus, and Alcides strong,  
 The thunder-forger, and the god of song,  
 Would dwell in silence: their celestial ears  
 Would rest unweary'd with their vot'ries pray'rs.  
 JEHOVAH's praise should all our harps employ,  
 Inspire our verse, and elevate our joy;

Still

Still adding wonders to the rising theme,  
 For he's a GOD, above the gods, supreme !  
 Borne on the plumes of holy rapture's wing,  
 We'd join the choir where ardent seraphs sing ;  
 With AARON, MIRIAM, and the MAN OF GOD,  
 Who smote the sea, and dry'd it, with his rod ;  
 Where JOSHUA, DEB'RAH, and the HOLY KING,  
 Shout loud HOSANNAHS till the planets ring !  
 We'd swell the praises of the blest'd above,  
 And ardent strive to reach their burning love !  
 Extol AL-SHADI, and exalt his name,  
 Chaunt o'er his mercies, and his works proclaim.

O for divine ISAIAH's tuneful tongue !  
 To sing the blessings of JEHOVAH's SON !  
 To sound EMMANUEL's praise thro' worlds unknown,  
 Until my anthems reach'd his Father's throne !  
 To shout forth pardon to returning man,  
 And tell the glories of redemption's plan !  
 Declare salvation to a fallen race,  
 Undone by nature, but restor'd by grace !  
 To sing of JESUS, and his wond'rous love !  
 How he descended from the realms above !  
 How he forsook his FATHER's blest abode,  
 Assum'd the Man, disrob'd himself of God !  
 Of Jews rejected, and by men despis'd,  
 Who bore their sins, and was for them chastis'd !  
 Each nerve should join, each faculty rejoice  
 To praise the SAVIOUR with its strongest voice !  
 I'd rouse the CHERUB with my ardent song,  
 And light fresh fire upon a SERAPH's tongue !

My matin praises should begin the day,  
 And end but with the sun's declining ray!  
 But this is bliss too great for man to know,  
 To sing to God, with angels hymns below!  
 Let us adore him for his holy law,  
 And act the precepts which from thence we draw!  
 With reverence read his holy mandate through,  
 Drink of that balm, and catch that healing dew!  
 This will at last exalt our seats on high,  
 Where we shall praise him through eternity.  
 All praise and glory unto God belong,  
 He aids my verse, 'tis he inspires my song.

## A N E P I T A P H. \*\*\*

**S**AY, passing friend, why read the sculptur'd tomb?  
 Why view in me thy swift pursuing doom?  
 Each fleeting moment chides thy longer stay,  
 And speaks thee mortal, ere it glides away.  
 I once, like thee, too prodigal of time,  
 Mis-spent the dawning of life's early prime;  
 But mighty GRACE my devious steps pursu'd,  
 And all the vices of fond youth subdu'd:  
 In swift succession, DEATH, with hasty stride,  
 Soon stopt the progress of life's flowing tide:  
 With friendly hand confirm'd my sweet employ,  
 And stamp'd immortal all my future joy.

A C O M-

## A C O M P A R I S O N

ON SEEING A SHIP LOST IN THE DOWNS. \* \* \*

**T**HE vent'rous merchant, fill'd with hopes of gain,  
 Risks all his fortune on yon faithless main :  
 Deep freighted vessels hoist the spreading sail,  
 And smoothly scud before the wafting gale.  
 But lo ! the skies, prophetic, speak aloud  
 Of threat'ning winds in yon now distant cloud.  
 The skilful sailor, mindful of his store,  
 Swift drops the sail which he just rais'd before.  
 But all in vain—the hoist'rous winds arise,  
 And foaming surges dash the low'ring skies !  
 See, lost the mast—and now the rudder gone,  
 The steerless bark fast drives resistless on.  
 On pointed rocks, lo ! strikes the foundering keel,  
 And o'er the hatches the stunn'd sailors reel !  
 That heavy blow, alas ! their fate decides,  
 And the wreck'd vessel into halves divides :  
 Behold ! she sinks—with her th' intrusted store,  
 Which late enrich'd the owner's calmer shore :  
 Both buried lie in that deep wat'ry grave,  
 Nor ship—nor cargo—could weak mortals save.

The christian, thus, on life's tempestuous sea,  
 Explores the climes of vast eternity ;  
 On swelling waves behold him troubl'd roll ;  
 Himself the BARK—the FREIGHT his precious soul !  
 Now adverse providence—now pale disease,  
 Now pain and anguish the tost vessel seize ;

Like



Like bluff'ring winds, or foaming billows rise,  
 And strike resistless their long-beaten prize :  
 To shun the stroke, or heal the fatal blow,  
 Friends and physicians their kind aid bestow !  
 But all in vain—afflictions still pursue,  
 The force of nature and of art subdue ;  
 Like rushing seas, attack the weary'd breath,  
 And drive his vessel on the ROCKS of DEATH.

Now, lost the BARK—but where's her precious  
 More choice than pearls or Ophir's golden ore ? [store,  
 That freight of nature on the sea of time,  
 Convey'd to mortals and from clime to clime !  
 Lo ! from the wreck—th' immortal treasure bore ;  
 And now safe landed on th' eternal shore :  
 The gracious owner view'd th' assaulted prize,  
 Saw swelling waves and each foul blast arise :  
 Saw threat'ning dangers ere they came too near,  
 And sav'd the CARGO he first trusted there.

## E P I G R A M

ON THE CHILDREN OF ISRAEL'S PASSAGE OUT  
 OF EGYPT.

[su'd,  
**W**HEN Egypt's king God's chosen tribes pur-  
 In chrystal walls th' admiring waters stood ;  
 When thro' the desert wild they took their way,  
 The rocks relented, and pour'd forth a sea.  
 What limits can Almighty goodness know,  
 Since seas can harden, and since rocks can flow !

LOVE

## LOVE TO CHRIST. JOHN XXI. xvii.

BY MISS STEEL.

**O**MNISCIENT Lord, before whose awful eye,  
 All undisguis'd, thy creatures actions lie;  
 Thou seest my heart through every winding maze,  
 Each secret thought thy piercing glance surveys.  
 My Saviour God—and can I call thee mine?  
 Can I each idol-vanity resign?  
 Can I to thee appeal without a fear,  
 Thou know'st I love thee with a flame sincere?  
 Alas! I doubt my vile deceitful heart;  
 Back from my lips the half-form'd accents start:  
 A thousand meaner objects share my love,  
 From thee, from thee, my foolish passions rove:  
 My conscious soul shrinks at the solemn test,  
 And yet I fain would hope, I love thee best!  
 I fain would hope! unworthy, base return!  
 Can it be love, and yet so faintly burn?  
 Didst thou forsake thy radiant courts on high,  
 And freely lay thy dazzling glories by?  
 Assume the human form, and wear the chains  
 Of guilty rebels doom'd to endless pains?  
 Bear all our sins, remove the pond'rous load  
 Of vengeance due from an incensed God?  
 And bleeding, dying on the cross, atone  
 For mortal crimes in agonies unknown?  
 Touch'd with the melting power of love divine,  
 Can I refuse this worthless heart of mine?

See,

See, dearest Lord, obedient to thy call,  
 Asham'd, repentant, at thy feet I fall,  
 And would resign myself, my soul, my all ! }  
 O let this stubborn heart, this flinty rock,  
 Soften'd by heavenly love, with sorrow broke,  
 Bath'd in the fountain of thy bleeding veins,  
 Be fully cleans'd from all its guilty stains:  
 'Till I can say, without a rising fear,  
 Thou, who know'st all things, know'st my love  
 sincere.

## E P I G R A M

ON HEARING A MINISTER OF THE GOSPEL  
 PREACH. \* \* \*

**W**HEN Jacob's God arrang'd the priestly line,  
 Attesting wonders shew'd the work divine !  
 To silence doubt—or Israel's louder voice,  
 The BUDDING-ROD on AARON fix'd the choice.  
 So, when the Lord, a faithful servant chose,  
 To found his gospel and maintain his laws ;  
 A wonder equal to the fertile rod,  
 Confirm'd the work to be alike from God :  
 Th' almighty Father—guardian of the weak,  
 Stretch'd forth his arm, and made a BUTTON speak.

A R U-

## A RURAL MEDITATION.

BY MISS STEEL.

**W**HAT soft delight the peaceful bosom warms,  
 When nature, dress'd in all her vernal charms,  
 Around the beauteous landscape smiles serene,  
 And crowns with every gift the lovely scene!  
 In every gift the donor shines confest,  
 And heavenly bounty cheers the grateful breast.  
 Now lively verdure paints the laughing meads,  
 And o'er the fields wide-waving plenty spreads.  
 Here woodbines climb, dispensing odours round,  
 There smiles the pink, with humble beauties crown'd;  
 And while the flowers their various charms disclose,  
 Queen of the garden, shines the blushing rose.  
 The fragrant tribes display their sweetest bloom,  
 And every breezy whisper breathes perfume.

But this delightful season must decay;  
 The year rolls on, and steals its charms away.  
 How swift the gaily transient pleasure flies!  
 Stern winter comes, and every beauty dies.  
 The fleeting bliss, while pensive thought deplores,  
 The mind in search of nobler pleasure soars;  
 And seeks a fairer PARADISE on high,  
 Where beauties rise and bloom, that never die.  
 There winter ne'er invades with hostile arms,  
 But everlasting spring displays her charms:  
 CELESTIAL fragrance fills the blest retreats,  
 Unknown to earth in all her flow'ry sweets.

D

En-



Enraptur'd there the mind unwear'd roves  
 Through flow'ry paths, and ever-verdant groves;  
 Such blisful groves not HAPPY EDEN knew,  
 Nor fancy's boldest pencil ever drew.  
 No sun departing, leaves the scene to mourn,  
 To droop and languish for his kind return;  
 Or with short visits cheers the wintry hours,  
 And faintly smiles on nature's drooping powers.  
 But there the DEITY himself displays  
 The bright effulgence of his glorious rays;  
 Immortal life and joy his smile bestows,  
 And boundless bliss for ever, ever flows.

### THE BARREN FIG TREE.

LUKE XIII. VI. &c. \* \*

**M**Y barren soul, like this unfruitful tree,  
 Brings forth no fruit of righteousness to thee;  
 Yet, Lord, let me thy kind indulgence share,  
 One year at least, if more thou wilt not spare.  
 Gently distil thy grace-prolific showers,  
 And sweetly water all my lifeless powers;  
 The dormant sap shall then spontaneous flow,  
 And kindly succour each distended bough:  
 Each slender twig shall then its blossoms bear,  
 And speak the wonders of thy fertile care.

WRITTEN

WRITTEN ON SEEING A PRINT, ENTITLED, THE  
BAD MAN AT THE HOUR OF DEATH. \*\*\*

"WHEN A WICKED MAN DIETH, HIS EXPECTATION SHALL  
PERISH." PROV. XI. VII.

SOJOURNING here below, immortal man,  
Enjoys the compass of life's narrow span;  
Expires to live; yet lives afraid to die,  
Struck with the import of eternity!

Say, whence this fear? or why this awful dread?  
To sleep, unnumber'd, with the mouldering dead;  
Why tugs weak nature, with th' expiring breath,  
To wage a conflict with the conqu'ror Death?  
Or why reluctant yield to his demand,  
Since sent to execute God's just command?

'Tis waking conscience, that sharp scourge within,  
That smites and wounds the outward man of sin;  
'Tis guilt, inflicted on the sinner's breast,  
That robs his bosom of its downy rest.  
'Tis sin, the parent of eternal shame,  
That strikes conviction through the languid frame;  
'Tis this, which stands uncancell'd, unforgiv'n,  
That kills his hope, and bars his way to heav'n.

See, ghastly Death, his pointed jav'lin rears,  
And frights the hardy wretch almost to tears;  
He starts!—he shrinks!—uplifts the trembling hand,  
To see the conqu'ror, clad with terror, stand.  
Distending horrors seize the starting eyes,  
And speak aloud, what want of speech denies.

See how he dies!—The speaking nerves proclaim  
 What strong convulsions rend the tortur'd frame;  
 What palsy'd agonies of guilt inspire,  
 When parting nature bids the soul retire !

THE FOLLOWING LINES WERE WRITTEN BY A GENTLEMAN ON HIS WEDDING-DAY, TWO AND THIRTY YEARS AFTER MARRYING HIS WIFE, BEING NOW SICK AT BATH.

PARENT of health, to thee I awful sue,  
 Accept the tribute to thy goodness due;  
 A thankful heart I on thy altar lay,  
 An offering sacred to this joyful day !  
 Thou hast with growing mercies blest'd my life,  
 And ev'ry mercy crown'd in such a wife;  
 As MARTHA careful, yet as MARY wise,  
 Endu'd with all the gifts which husbands prize:  
 If cares arise (for who from cares are free?)  
 My comforters are near—my God and she;  
 My troubled mind in prayer obtains relief,  
 My joys she doubles, and divides my grief;  
 Thou God of mercy, dissipate my fears,  
 And heal the much lov'd clay, thy image bears;  
 Confirm her health: in blessing her bless me,  
 And let the BATH to her BETHESDA be:  
 Heaven has on earth no greater bliss in store,  
 And I no greater, next to heav'n, implore: }  
 Preserve her then, my God—I ask no more ! }

REFLECTIONS AT AN INN BY THE SEA-SIDE,  
AFTER A DANGEROUS VOYAGE.

BY THE REV. MR. JONES, VICAR OF CALDICUT.

**B**RING me, O bring me to my Juliet's arms,  
Whose beauty glads me, and whose virtue charms:  
O snatch me swift from these tumultuous scenes,  
To where love knows not what affliction means:  
To where religion, peace, and comfort dwell,  
And chear with heavenly rays my lonely cell:  
To where no ruffling winds, no raging seas,  
Disturb the muse amidst her pensive ease:  
Each passion calm; each mild affection mine;  
Each social grace; each human; each divine;  
Unknown in private, or in public strife,  
Soft sailing down the placid stream of life:  
Aw'd by no terrors, with no cares perplex'd,  
This life—my gentle passage—to the next:  
Yet—if it please thee best—thou power supreme!  
To drive my bark thro' life's more rapid stream;  
If lowring storms my destin'd course attend,  
And ocean rage till this black voyage end;  
Let ocean rage—let storms indignant roar,  
I bow submissive; and resign'd, adore;  
Resign'd, adore; in various changes try'd,  
Thy own lov'd SON, my anchor, and my guide:  
Resign'd, adore; whate'er thy will decree,  
My faith in JESUS, and my hope in thee.



O happiest lot ! if thro' a sea of woes,  
I reach that harbour where the just repose !

### A THOUGHT IN A GARDEN.

**R**ECLIN'D I lay, where thro' my garden glides  
The smooth canal, and laves its verdant sides,  
While, vex'd with secret melancholy pain,  
Thus to the glittering mirror I complain :  
“ Why, envied stream, when you so clearly shine,  
“ Smiles not my bosom as serene as thine ?  
“ O whisper, gliding to my anxious breast,  
“ Why sighs it thus, and wishes to be blest ?”  
Still pensive I complain'd ; th' unanswering stream  
Still tinkled on, and lull'd me to a dream :  
There I beheld a beauteous nymph arise,  
Smiling her looks, and languishing her eyes ;  
Startled I know my Parthenissa's air,  
And fly enraptur'd to the promis'd fair.  
So in the new-created Eden plac'd,  
With all th' Almighty's lavish bounty grac'd,  
God saw the solitary Adam grieve,  
And want the sweet society of Eve ;  
A gentle slumber on his eyelids laid,  
And Eve's blest image in a dream convey'd.

THE

## THE HERMIT.

BY DR. PARNELL.

**F**AR in a wild, unknown to public view,  
 From youth to age, a rev'rend hermit grew;  
 The moss his bed, the cave his humble cell,  
 His food the fruits, his drink the crystal well:  
 Remote from man, with God he pass'd his days,  
 Pray'r all his business, all his pleasure praise.

A life so sacred, such serene repose,  
 Seem'd heaven itself, till one suggestion rose;  
 That vice should triumph, virtue vice obey,  
 This sprung some doubt of providence's sway.  
 His hopes no more a certain prospect boast,  
 And all the tenor of his soul is lost:  
 So when a smooth expanse receives impress'd  
 Calm nature's image on its wat'ry breast;  
 Down bend the banks, the trees depending grow,  
 And skies beneath with answer'ing colours glow;  
 But if a stone the gentle sea divide,  
 Swift ruffling circles curl on ev'ry side;  
 And glimm'ring fragments of a broken sun,  
 Banks, trees, and skies, in thick disorder run.

To clear this doubt, to know the world by sight,  
 To find if books or swains report it right,  
 (For yet by swains alone the world he knew,  
 Whose feet came wand'ring o'er the nightly dew)  
 He quits his cell; the pilgrim-staff he bore,  
 And fix'd the scallop in his hat before;

Then with the sun a rising journey went,  
Sedate to think, and watching each event.

The morn was wasted in the pathless grass,  
And long and lonesome was the wild to pass;  
But when the southern sun had warm'd the day,  
A youth came posting o'er a crossing way:  
His raiment decent, his complexion fair,  
And soft in graceful ringlets wav'd his hair.  
Then near approaching, Father, hail! he cry'd;  
And, Hail, my son, the rev'rend sire reply'd;  
Words follow'd words, from question answer flow'd,  
And talk of various kinds deceiv'd the road;  
Till each with other pleas'd, and loth to part,  
While in their age they differ, join in heart;  
Thus stands an aged elm in ivy bound,  
Thus youthful ivy clasps an elm around.

Now sunk the sun, the closing hour of day  
Came onward, mantled o'er with sober grey:  
Nature in silence bid the world repose,  
When near the road a stately palace rose:  
There by the moon, thro' ranks of trees they pass,  
Whose verdure crown'd their sloping sides of grass.  
It chanc'd the noble master of the dome  
Still makes his house the wand'ring stranger's home;  
Yet still the kindness, from a thirst of praise,  
Prov'd the vain flourish of expensive ease.  
The pair arrive, the livery servants wait,  
Their lord receives them at the pompous gate.  
The table groans with costly piles of food,  
And all is more than hospitably good.

Then

Then led to rest, the day's long toil they drown,  
Deep sunk in sleep, and filk, and heaps of down.

At length 'tis morn, and at the dawn of day  
Along the wide canals the zephyrs play ;  
Fresh o'er the gay parterres the breezes creep,  
And shake the neighb'ring woods to banish sleep.  
Up rise the guests, obedient to the call,  
An early banquet deck'd the splendid hall ;  
Rich luscious wine a golden goblet grac'd,  
Which the kind master forc'd the guests to taste.  
Then pleas'd and thankful from the porch they go,  
And (but the landlord) none had cause of woe ;  
His cup was vanish'd ; for in secret guise  
The younger guest purloin'd the glitt'ring prize.

As one who spies a serpent in his way,  
Glitt'ning and basking in the summer ray,  
Disorder'd stops, to shun the danger near,  
Then walks with faintness on, and looks with fear :  
So seem'd the fire, when far upon the road,  
The shining spoil his wily partner show'd,  
He stopt with silence, walk'd with trembling heart,  
And much he wish'd, but durst not ask to part :  
Murm'ring, he lifts his eyes, and thinks it hard  
That gen'rous actions meet a base reward.

While thus they pass, the sun his glory shrouds,  
The changing skies hang out their fable clouds :  
A sound in air presag'd approaching rain,  
And beasts to covert scud across the plain.  
Warn'd by the signs, the wand'ring pair retreat,  
To seek for shelter at a neighb'ring seat,

'Twas



'Twas built with turrets, on a rising ground,  
 And strong, and large, and unimprov'd around :  
 Its owner's temper, tim'rous and severe,  
 Unkind and griping, caus'd a desert there.

As near the miser's heavy doors they drew,  
 Fierce rising gusts with sudden fury blew;  
 The nimble lightning mix'd with showers began,  
 And o'er their heads loud rolling thunder ran;  
 Here long they knock, but knock and call in vain,  
 Driv'n by the winds and batter'd by the rain.  
 At length some pity warm'd the master's breast;  
 ('Twas then his threshold first receiv'd a guest.)  
 Slow creaking turns the door with jealous care,  
 And half he welcomes in the shiv'ring pair;  
 One frugal faggot lights the naked walls,  
 And nature's fervor thro' their limbs recalls,  
 Bread of the coarsest sort, with eager wine,  
 (Each hardly granted) serv'd them both to dine;  
 And when the tempest first appear'd to cease,  
 A ready warning bid them part in peace.

With still remark the pond'ring hermit view'd  
 In one so rich, a life so poor and rude;  
 And why should such (within himself, he cry'd)  
 Lock the lost wealth a thousand want beside?  
 But what new marks of wonder soon took place,  
 In ev'ry settling feature of his face,  
 When from his vest the young companion bore  
 That cup, the gen'rous landlord own'd before,  
 And paid profusely with the precious bowl  
 The stinted kindness of his churlish soul!

But

But now the clouds in airy tumults fly,  
 The sun emerging opes an azure sky;  
 A fresher green the smelling leaves display,  
 And glitt'ring as they tremble, chear the day;  
 The weather courts them from their poor retreat,  
 And the glad master bolts the wary gate.  
 While hence they walk, the pilgrim's bosom wrought  
 With all the travail of uncertain thought;  
 His partner's acts without their cause appear,  
 'Twas there a VICE, but seem'd a madness here.  
 Detesting THAT, and pitying THIS, he goes,  
 Lost and confounded with the various shows.

Now night's dim shades again involve the sky;  
 Again the wand'ers want a place to lie,  
 Again they search, and find a mansion nigh. }  
 The soil improv'd around, the mansion neat,  
 And neither poorly low nor idly great:  
 It seem'd to speak its master's turn of mind,  
 Content, and not for praise, but virtue kind.

Hither the walkers turn their weary feet,  
 Then bless the mansion, and the master greet:  
 Their greeting fair bestow'd with modest guise,  
 The courteous master hears, and thus replies:  
 Without a vain, without a grudging heart,  
 To him who gives us all, I yield a part;  
 From him you come, from him accept it here,  
 A frank and sober, more than costly chear.  
 He spoke, and bid the welcome table spread,  
 Then talk'd of virtue till the time of bed;

When

When the grave household round his hall repair,  
Warn'd by a bell, and close the hours with pray'r.

At length the world renew'd by calm repose  
Was strong for toil, the dapple morn arose ;  
Before the pilgrims part, the younger crept  
Near the clos'd cradle where an infant slept,  
And with'd his neck :—the landlord's little pride  
(O strange return ! ) grew black, and gasp'd, and dy'd.  
Horror of horrors ! what ! his only son ;  
How look'd our hermit when the fact was done ?  
Not hell, tho' hell's black jaws in sunder part,  
And breathe blue fire, could more assault his heart.

Confus'd, and struck with silence at the deed,  
He flies, but trembling fails to fly with speed.  
His steps the youth pursues ; the country lay  
Perplex'd with roads, a servant shew'd the way :  
A river cross'd the path ; the passage o'er  
Was nice to find ; the servant went before ;  
Long arms of oak an open bridge supply'd,  
And deep the waves beneath the bending glide.  
The youth, who seem'd to watch a TIME TO SIN,  
Approach'd the careless guide, and thrust him in ;  
Plunging he falls, and rising lifts his head,  
Then flashing turns, and sinks among the dead.

Wild sparkling rage inflames the father's eyes,  
He bursts the bands of fear, and madly cries,  
Detested wretch !—But scarce his speech began,  
When the strange partner seem'd no longer man :  
His youthful face grew more serenely sweet,  
His robe turn'd white, and flow'd upon his feet ;

Fair

Fair rounds of radiant points invest his hair,  
 Celestial odours breathe in purpled air;  
 And wings whose colours glitter like the day,  
 Wide at his back their dazzling plumes display.  
 The form ethereal bursts upon his sight,  
 And moves in all the majesty of light.

Tho' loud at first the pilgrim's passion grew,  
 Sudden he gaz'd, and wist not what to do:  
 Surprise in secret chains his words suspends,  
 And in a calm his settling temper ends.  
 But silence here the beauteous angel broke,  
 (The voice of music ravish'd as he spoke.)

Thy prayer, thy praise, thy life to vice unknown,  
 In sweet memorial rise before the throne.  
 These charms success in our bright region find,  
 And force an angel down to calm thy mind;  
 For this, commission'd I forsook the sky,  
 Nay, cease to kneel—thy fellow-servant I.

Then know the truth of government divine,  
 And let these scruples be no longer thine.

The Maker justly claims that world he made,  
 In this the right of providence is laid;  
 Its sacred majesty thro' all depends,  
 On using second means to work his ends:  
 'Tis thus withdrawn in state from human eye,  
 The power exerts his attributes on high;  
 Your actions uses, nor controuls your will,  
 And bids the doubting sons of men be still.

What strange events can strike with more surprize,  
 Than those which lately struck thy wond'ring eyes?

Yet



Yet taught by these, confess th' Almighty just,  
And where you can't unriddle, learn to trust !

The great vain man, who far'd on costly food,  
Whose life was too luxurious to be good ;  
Who made his iv'ry stands with goblets shine,  
And forc'd his guests to morning draughts of wine ;  
Has, with the cup, the graceless custom lost,  
And still he welcomes, but with less of cost.

The mean suspicious wretch, whose bolted door  
Ne'er mov'd in duty to the wand'ring poor ;  
With him I left the cup, to teach his mind  
That heaven can bless, if mortals will be kind ;  
Conscious of wanting worth, he views the bowl,  
And feels compassion touch his grateful soul.  
Thus artists melt the fullen ore of lead,  
With heaping coals of fire upon its head ;  
In the kind warmth the metal learns to glow,  
And loose from dross the silver runs below.

Long had our pious friend in virtue trod,  
But now the CHILD half-wean'd his soul from God ;  
(Child of his age) for him he liv'd in pain,  
And measur'd back his steps to earth again.  
To what excesses had his dotage run ?  
But GOD, to save the FATHER, took the SON ;  
To all but thee, in fits he seem'd to go,  
(And 'twas my ministry to deal the blow.)  
The poor fond parent, humbled in the dust,  
Now owns in tears the punishment was just.

But how had all his fortune felt a wreck,  
Had that false servant sped in safety back !

This night his treasur'd heaps he meant to steal;  
And what a fund of charity would fail!

Thus heaven instructs thy mind: this trial o'er,  
Depart in peace, resign, and sin no more.

On sounding pinions here the youth withdrew,  
The sage stood wond'ring as the seraph flew:  
Thus look'd Elisha, when to mount on high  
His master took the chariot of the sky;  
The fiery pomp ascending, left the view;  
The prophet gaz'd, and wish'd to follow too.

The bending hermit here a pray'r begun,  
Lord! as in heaven, on earth thy will be done.  
Then gladly turning fought his ancient place,  
And spent a life of piety and peace.

## AN EXHORTATION.

### "WATCH."

**H**AVE angels sinn'd, and shall not man beware?  
How shall a son of earth decline the snare?  
Not folded arms, and slackness of the mind,  
Can promise for the safety of mankind:  
None are supinely good: thro' care and pain,  
And various arts, the steep ascent we gain.  
This is the seat of combat, not of rest;  
Man's is laborious happiness at best.  
On this side death his dangers never cease,  
His joys are joys of conquest, not of peace.

SELF

## SELF ABASEMENT.

## A SOLILOQUY.

**W**ILT thou, supreme JEHOVAH! condescend  
 To be my guide, my father, and my friend?  
 Dare I, thus guilty, once presume to claim  
 Or hope a refuge in thy sacred name?  
 I, who so often from thy precepts stray'd,  
 Enjoy'd thy gifts, nor grateful homage paid;  
 When GRACE and REASON to assist were near,  
 And I, ungrateful, turn'd the deafen'd ear!  
 Thy preservations are an endless train,  
 And yet how few in memory remain!  
 Thy mercy boundless! as thy love was free,  
 No innate cause for such regards in me;  
 No excellence, no human acts of mine,  
 But ere the worlds were, a DECREE of thine!  
 If aught of WORTH my guilty nature claim,  
 From JESU's side that worth IMPUTED came.  
 If great my guilt, redeeming love's more bright,  
 As day more radiant, when oppos'd to night.  
 I plead his merits—thence my humble claim,  
 To hope protection in thy sacred name.  
 O, for his sake, impart thy special aid,  
 While here I traverse life's declining shade!  
 And when my wand'rings end—permit my soul  
 To gain thy courts above yon starry pole:  
 There with the heavenly host my voice I'll raise,  
 To sing thy wonders, and exalt thy praise.

O N

## ON THE FOLLY OF ATHEISM.

**H**OW weak the ATHEIST's argument, how odd,  
 Who to be happy first denies a GOD:  
 When with too little faith truth to believe,  
 Can shew too much an error to conceive:  
 So inconsistent, and his folly such,  
 He trusts too little, while he trusts too much.  
 A foe profess'd to the ALMIGHTY's laws,  
 Yet a blind bigot in the DEVIL's cause;  
 He from free-thinking hopes to gain some light,  
 Thinks free on every subject but the right;  
 A hint there is a GOD, creates a doubt,  
 And prejudice puts weaker reason out:  
 Of REASON proud, by passion rul'd alone,  
 Because he'd have no GOD, concludes there's none;  
 Thinks CHANCE with blind effect nice order brings,  
 And harmony from wild confusion springs;  
 Springs of itself—for all spontaneous grow,  
 And the CREATED are CREATORS too:  
 Then IMMORTALITY he'll disbelieve,  
 Yet starts to think he can't for ever live;  
 Dreading it true, a future state denies,  
 And while he laughs at death, with fear he dies,  
 Despairing launches to some future state,  
 REPENTS his folly, but repents too late.

E            THOUGHTS



## THOUGHTS ON DEATH.

**I**N youth, by hope remov'd to distant days,  
 Death's shadowy form no glancing eye dismays;  
 In waneing age, the palsied hand of fear  
 With all his terrors brings the spectre near;  
 Then fancy, skilful in the painter's art,  
 Shapes the grim feature, and projects the dart.  
 Man! wretched man, whom lengthen'd woes attend,  
 Still clings to life, and fears his last, best friend;  
 Of pain and want tenacious, gasps for breath,  
 And tired and restless dreads the sleep of death.

By age, and age's wants, and woes grown wise,  
 I view thee, death, tho' near, with placid eyes;  
 Thy hasting strides let superstition dread,  
 And VICE, too late repenting, hide her head;  
 For me, I find no terrors in thy face,  
 Parent of rest, and minister of grace!  
 O! lead me quickly to the blissful shore,  
 Where fraud and malice shall pursue no more.

With joy the SAILOR, long by tempests tost,  
 Spreads all his canvas for the rising coast;  
 With joy the HIND, his daily labour done,  
 Sees the broad shadows, and the setting sun;  
 With joy the SLAVE, worn out with tedious woes,  
 Beholds the hand that liberty bestows;  
 So death with joy my feeble voice shall greet,  
 My hand shall beckon, and my wish shall meet;

Nor dim the path that leads to his abode,  
 A GOD's bright footsteps mark the lucid road !  
 O let me trace the kind conducting ray,  
 And follow Jesus to the realms of day.

ON READING BISHOP Warburton's  
 SERMONS.

LET ROME, on man God's image to deface,  
 Still deem STUPIDITY a mark of GRACE ;  
 On ign'rance build what monks devotion name,  
 Her FAITH, impiety ; her GLORY, shame :  
 While priest and people ghostly commerce hold,  
 And pious frauds exchange for sinful gold :  
 May TRUTH's divine invariable ray,  
 Still bless our isle with intellectual day.  
 HERE, still let wisdom at each temple wait,  
 Trace all our streets, and knock at ev'ry gate.  
 Still keep us sacred as her last retreat,  
 From fools much cheated, and from knaves who cheat.  
 Still teach thy hands to build—a blest employ !  
 On KNOWLEDGE virtue, and on VIRTUE joy.  
 On reason's base, to bid religion rise,  
 Till the tall pile shall end within the skies.

## ON RECOVERY FROM SICKNESS.

**G**RACIOUS and blest! how shall the muse aspire,  
 Feeble and tuneless to attempt the lyre;  
 How in apt strains thy boundless goodness sing,  
 Thou dread JEHOVAH, earth's celestial king?  
 If from the grave redeem'd, again I view  
 The world as from its chaos form'd anew;  
 And my dim eyes restor'd again survey,  
 As from my tomb, the half forgotten day;  
 What grateful praise shall I unceasing give,  
 Who thus am rais'd by thine own hand to live?  
 ALMIGHTY SIRE! thy mercy boundless flows,  
 And like ETERNITY no period knows;  
 Prostrate I fall, and at thy feet adore,  
 Had I an angel's voice I'd praise thee more;  
 Yet thou my humble gift wilt not condemn,  
 Nor from a BANKRUPT's hand expect a GEM;  
 Tho' mean the giver, and his present small,  
 He best aspires to please, who offers all.  
 Great LORD of all—let me thy hand revere,  
 And speak thy praises with becoming fear;  
 Thy wonders for ungrateful ISRAEL shown,  
 Confess thee GOD, OMNIPOTENT alone.  
 What power but thine could the wide sea command,  
 And change its yielding waves to solid sand?  
 Thro' barren wastes unnumber'd lives sustain,  
 Where the least sustenance was sought in vain:

The

The heavens did food for their refreshment yield,  
 And a rich banquet spread the grainless field; [rage]  
 Murm'ring thro' drought (provok'd with righteous  
 Thou bad'st the flinty ROCK their thirst assuage;  
 The stubborn ROCK did thy dread will obey,  
 And at thy word dissolv'd in streams away!  
 Swift JORDAN's stream did at thy word divide,  
 And stood a watery mount on either side;  
 Thy tribes its dry foundations firmly bore,  
 And gave safe passage to the farther shore.

On themes like these my muse would gladly dwell,  
 And to the world JEHOVAH's wonders tell;  
 At his command consuming lightnings fly,  
 And thunders roll along the troubled sky.  
 On him blue plagues and hosts of deaths attend,  
 And to his sov'reign charge obsequious bend:  
 Yet MAN, presumptuous rebel to his laws,  
 Dares impiously oppose his sacred cause;  
 By VICE enslav'd, and to himself severe,  
 Rashly he braves the doom he ought to fear;  
 Blind to his GOD, he flights RELIGION's call,  
 And chuses rather, obstinate to fall.  
 RELIGION smiling, waits with open arms,  
 A heavenly mistress full of sweetest charms:  
 Safety and peace in her embraces rest,  
 And none ere sought her yet who were not blest.  
 How few her face with rapturous pleasure view,  
 Or think her offer'd joys unpall'd and true!  
 Allur'd by folly, they provoke their fate  
 And (if at all) grow penitent too late.



Blest NYMPH, the pious soul's celestial bride,  
 Be thou my refuge and my friendly guide;  
 On thee, my PISGAH, I may safely stand,  
 And take a prospect of the promis'd land :  
 Like MOSES far the blissful scene pursue,  
 But with this difference : all its sweets may view, }  
 And thro' thy paths convey'd possess 'em too!  
 When dire diseases over life prevail,  
 And my weak powers in their last struggle fail,  
 My soul shall thither soar with upward wing,  
 And her Creator's praise in happier numbers sing.

WRITTEN AFTER HEARING A SERMON PREACHED  
 FROM MATT. XIV. XXIX. \* \* \*

AND WHEN PETER WAS COME DOWN OUT OF  
 THE SHIP, HE WALKED ON THE WATER  
 TO GO TO JESUS.

**O** MIGHTY FAITH, what matchless power is thine!  
 Thou grace OMNIPOTENT—thou source divine:  
 Thy sacred impulse made a PETER brave,  
 The rushing vengeance of the swelling wave,  
 At once could draw his doubting heart to thee,  
 And freight consolidate the liquid sea.

T H E

## THE SPEECH OF LUCIFER.

## A FRAGMENT.

**E**XPANDED now hell's spacious portal lay,  
 And shew'd to gloomy courts a winding way :  
 Th' infernal monarch, thro' the drear abodes,  
 Summon'd his curs'd divan of STYGIAN gods.  
 The dusky host to horrid counsel fly,  
 And, now alighting, ease the burthen'd sky.  
 Rais'd on his throne, exalted o'er the rest,  
 Th' IMPERIAL fiend th' assembled fiends address'd :  
 YE outcast wretched crew, abhorr'd of heav'n,  
 And hither by vindictive thunders driv'n,  
 Are thus, still thus, inglorious dastard herd !  
 The great behests of LUCIFER rever'd ?  
 By HELL your vengeance sleeps, supine you lie,  
 Nor dare conspire 'gainst yon' forbidden sky.  
 See ! how on earth they smile in Halcyon peace,  
 Polemic jars and pulpit tumults cease ;  
 See where abash'd pale superstition lies,  
 And error chac'd thro' all its mazes flies ;  
 Their idle rage the baffled furies mourn,  
 And all our envoys with disgrace return ;  
 Each missionary dæmon loud complains,  
 And fell ERYNNIS shakes her useless chains ;  
 Uproar triumphant fills the states below,  
 And swells the horrors of infernal woe.

HELL cannot now enforce one nation's doom,  
 Tho' SPAIN's armada's join the wiles of ROME.  
 Truth and religion ; how the monsters rise !  
 How earth is taught to gain upon the skies !  
 Confirm'd by blood the reformation stands,  
 And spreads its poison to remotest lands ;  
 Fresh proselytes the hostile preachers gain,  
 And, by example, all they get maintain.  
 Thro' those rude climes where gospel light ne'er shone,  
 Where I, the prince of darkness, fix'd my throne,  
 Now wav'd aloft the christian banner plays,  
 And the new world the MARTYR'D GOD obeys.  
 Can you, degenerate souls, inactive lie,  
 You, who once shook the empire of the sky ?  
 Can you, who grasp'd at heaven and greatly fell,  
 From slaves above, to be the lords of hell,  
 Who fac'd the thunder in a burning shower,  
 And fought intrepid with Almighty power ?  
 Can you, thus tame, behold your abject fate ?  
 Nor prop the ruins of our falling state ?  
 Can mighty cherubs, unconcern'd, behold  
 Their power by man, by earth-born man, controul'd ?  
 Ætherial beings own a mortal sway,  
 By human emmets aw'd ! mere dust and clay ?  
 But you, perhaps, forget your ancient feud,  
 And, pious slaves ! degenerate into good.  
 Best seek those honours you enjoy'd before,  
 Suppliant with pray'rs the thunderer adore.  
 Perhaps you'll shine with cherubim again,  
 Resume your harps and hug once more your chain ;  
Once

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 31.

Once more with flaming ministers enroll'd,  
 Th' effulgence of divinity behold——  
 But, could repentance for my crime atone,  
 Waft me from hell and place me near the throne,  
 Rather than sink so despicably low,  
 I'd still howl on amidst this glorious woe;  
 That easy GOD I'd scorn, whom now I hate\*,  
 If he had punish'd with a milder fate—  
 For yon' bright throne did my revolt begin,  
 And less than hell's unworthy of the sin.  
 Victorious yet—in my unconquer'd will,  
 Were power but mine, I would defy him still;  
 Confound yon' envy'd heaven with vast alarms,  
 And rouse contending seraphims to arms.  
 Once more with brave confed'rate dæmons rise,  
 And grapple with the tyrant of the skies.  
 If yet your thoughts with gen'rous vengeance glow,  
 By shame reproach'd to fear so weak a foe:  
 If yet with noble indignation fir'd,  
 Anxious for hell with burning rage inspir'd,  
 Awake! arise! be glorious mischiefs hurl'd,  
 And spread damnation thro' yon' gewgaw world.

\* This idea is very opposite to those, who imagine that the damned souls in hell feel a sorrow for their own sins, or a concern for the welfare of their relations or friends in the present life. To me, the ingenious author's character of LUCIFER seems far preferable, and truly descriptive of that state of mind, in which the DEVILS and every damned spirit will eternally remain, without one moment's intermission.——“ It is a fearful thing to fall into the hands of the living GOD.” Heb. x. 31.

Rise!



Rise! I conjure you, by yon' boiling flood,  
 By those great pow'rs inflexible to good,  
 By conq'ring heaven, by your immortal hate,  
 Rise in defence of our declining state!  
 Vengeance shall urge your bolder souls to dare,  
 Or stratagem assist clandestine war.  
 Look round, behold our solitary reign,  
 A nook scarce peopled is our whole domain.  
 Think how we must, if thus our tribute cease,  
 And thus the vassal-damn'd of earth decrease,  
 Still unreveng'd in living burnings dwell,  
 Or, yet more curst, look round in vacant hell.  
 Oh! were your souls like mine, unconquer'd still,  
 You'd rise in hate and persevere in ill.  
 Yes, my firm mind heroic powers imbue,  
 Me danger quells not, nor can pain subdue.  
 And shall I now, oh shame! behold you yield,  
 Meek and resign'd, the long contended field!  
 It looks as hell of wiles was barren grown,  
 And wanted mischief to support her throne;  
 Ev'n simple Indians shall disdain our yoke,  
 Nor more with human blood our altars smoak:  
 Not thus you shrunk when in my cause engag'd,  
 Tho' all the thunders of th' Almighty rag'd,  
 Tho' press'd by guilt, you charg'd with impious might,  
 And with archangels join'd in equal fight.  
 In vain—since all to man's presumptuous sway,  
 What once to heaven they scorn'd, submission pay—  
 Could we once hope an all-destroying fire  
 Could Being in one gen'ral blaze expire,

Could

Could motion stagnate, or could active flame,  
 Convert into itself this mighty frame;  
 Then patient might we wait the ruin'd All,  
 And we and pain extinct with nature fall.  
 'Twere mean such transient vengeance to acquire  
 If we with nature should so soon expire.  
 He, the great king, all teeming nature's GOD,  
 Serene, secure, OMNIPOTENTLY proud,  
 Great source of being, wide creation's soul,  
 Who moves yon' vast machines, and guides the whole,  
 He still shall last, tho' nature fades away,  
 Shall still be blest, when worlds no more obey;  
 Great in himself, eternal and alone——  
 O! blasting truth! which agoniz'd I own.  
 Him, him, alas! too fatally we found  
 No darts could reach, nor mimic thunders wound.  
 But yet in MAN, in MAN his darling care!  
 Yes, we shall find him vulnerable there.  
 O glorious thought! on man your vengeance turn,  
 In man, perhaps, ev'n DEITY may mourn.  
 Haste then, O haste! while fate is in your pow'r,  
 In fraud and force improve the smiling hour.  
 For soon this man shall cast his crust of clay,  
 And mount the regions of eternal day,  
 To taste the joys of heaven shall heaven ascend,  
 Joys without bound, and oh! without an end.  
 While we, accurst in regions of despair,  
 Must years on years of circling torments bear.  
 Still last for hell, immortaliz'd for pain,  
 And bound in darkness drag the SAVIOUR's chain.

Here

Here the rack'd soul for ever shall deplore  
 Forbidden death, and groan to be no more.  
 Back on themselves revolving years shall run,  
 And start again to see their course begun.  
 Ten thousand ages past, the restless mind  
 Still sees eternity's dark gulph behind.  
 What tho' each grain that strews the sandy shore,  
 Each drop that ocean holds be number'd o'er,  
 Still shall the vain, the length'ning labour last,  
 Nor the great future lessen by the past——  
 God cannot cease, nor yet absurdly kind,  
 Destroy the essence of immortal mind.

Too long, O HELL! in bootless wiles you've toil'd,  
 Your sons discourag'd, and your patriots foil'd,  
 Vengeance remote on airy pinions flew,  
 They lag behind, or empty shades pursue.  
 The paths they shun, by adverse fate they trod,  
 And acted still subordinate to GOD——  
 When o'er the world Cimmerian darkness spread,  
 And superstition rais'd its gorgon head;  
 When fainted cut-throats were invoc'd by pray'r,  
 That puny villainy might learn to dare;  
 In private cells when banish'd learning groan'd,  
 And monks grew proud of crimes which Goths dis-  
 When slavish minds in holy fetters bound, [own'd;  
 With slothful ign'rance sunk in sleep profound;  
 Our dictates then e'en folly might dispense,  
 Where easy faith prevail'd o'er certain sense.  
 Then juggling churchmen gull'd the stupid croud,  
 And to more gods than EGYPT knew they bow'd.

Priests

Priests then their relicks and their pardons fold,  
 Learn'd but in cheats, they barter'd heav'n for gold.  
 By me inspir'd their press with legends groan'd,  
 And licens'd lyes as pious frauds were own'd:  
 Then superstition triumph'd o'er the land,  
 And heaven was worshipp'd but at second hand.  
 But, ah! to combat this politer age,  
 In other arms our honours must engage;  
 Such, and their coarse-spun plots no more respect,  
 Who always butcher when they should dissect.  
 The world now disabus'd, a dawning ray  
 Dispers the vapour and restores the day.  
 The JESUITS must alone our counsels share,  
 Earth's inmate fiends, our great vicegerents there.  
 No tribe and patron better can agree,  
 Than JESUITS match'd, O LUCIFER, with thee!  
 Patient, determin'd, diligent in ill,  
 Bold to attempt, and stedfast to fulfil;  
 They trace events to their remotest springs,  
 And penetrate the cabinet of kings.  
 Whene'er they search th' unguarded minute find,  
 Nor fail t'unlock the subtle statesman's mind;  
 Would you set nature in a blaze!—command—  
 And see at once they toss the kindling brand;  
 Aw'd by no danger, by no fear possest,  
 No racks extort the secret from their breast;  
 Learning's deep maze thro' ev'ry branch they scan,  
 Mature in books, and exercis'd in man.  
 Fertile in fraud, on mischief they refine,  
 And falling kingdoms swell each vast design;

Ere



Ere we can tempt, to action they proceed,  
 And HELL is but spectator of the deed.  
 Lo! there a holy ruffian stands prepar'd,  
 And dauntless stabs a monarch 'midst his guard;  
 While here an emperor in anguish groans,  
 (Herself excell'd, all HELL, in transport, owns.)  
 See at the altar writh'd in pain he lies,  
 He kneels before his poison'd god and dies.  
 Be such the mighty ministers employ'd,  
 And SATAN's kingdom shall not be destroy'd.  
 By these we yet may shake the tyrant's throne,  
 At least confirm yon' abject earth our own.  
 The glorious scene with ills important fraught,  
 Dawns on my mind, now present to my thought.  
 Now, if your animated courage dare  
 Tempt the known danger of invasive war,  
 Soon your try'd chief shall shine in arms again,  
 And rushing legions croud th' ætherial plain.  
 But, if with horror that rash thought confounds,  
 And recent still you feel the fiery wounds,  
 Let each alternate speak, and each impart  
 The well weigh'd dictates of a patriot heart,  
 Wiles unexplor'd before, revenge most fell,  
 Replete with ruin, not unworthy HELL.  
 If by the crime, the punishment we rate,  
 Afflicting hell appears too mild a fate.  
 And 'tis some ease amidst the dreadful fall,  
 To think we bravely have deserv'd it all.  
 Already, STYGIAN chiefs, ye know the worst,  
 Nor can be more than thus supremely curst.

Nought

Nought you can lose, but may with noble pride  
 Erect your thrones on earth, since heaven's deny'd.  
 Once more see vice advance her hydra head,  
 And thro' the poles your wide dominion spread.  
 He spoke, and straight a rising murmur ran,  
 Spread o'er the dome, and fill'd the black divan;  
 Whispers and half-choak'd words were heard around,  
 Accents confus'd and a discordant sound.

## S O M E L I N E S

OCCASIONED BY A SERIES OF THEOLOGICAL  
 ENQUIRIES.

**S**HALL man, who blindly wanders nature thro',  
 Dark and impervious to his nearest view;  
 Shall he, to God, his eye presumptuous turn,  
 And hope from whence, and what he is, to learn!

O! first and last! O! greatest, wisest, best!  
 To thee be still my prayers and praise address,  
 Nor let me boast that I to ask am free,  
 How He now is, who ne'er began to be;  
 How love immense, that form'd creation's plan,  
 Could unexerted lie, till time began;  
 Or if all nature's works and all their laws  
 Are co-eternal with their parent-cause,  
 Spontaneous beaming with dependent ray,  
 As from the sun the light that gives the day;

If

If all the vast immensity of space  
 Is fill'd with beings of an endless race;  
 Or, if some narrower bounds the work confine,  
 And why thus bounded love and power divine;  
 Whence the deep shades of sin and sorrow came,  
 And evil mingled with the general frame;  
 Why spread the dark dominions of the grave,  
 Or why I wish more virtue than I have.  
 These secret things to none but thee are known,  
 Veil'd in the darkness that surrounds thy throne.  
 O! let my soul be still content to know  
 Thy love, thy wisdom, rules the world below.  
 Secure, my lot the blessing or the rod,  
 To find a father where I trace the God:  
 While hope by thee permitted looks on high,  
 And, as her portion, meditates the sky.  
 Safe in the path which terminates above,  
 Secur'd from wandering, while I walk by love.—  
 O! brighter still illumine the social flame,  
 Thy shining image! in my filial frame;  
 By just gradation let my love ascend,  
 All else my neighbours, thou alone my friend.

EPIGRAM ON JOHN II. XXXV. \*\*\*

“ JESUS WEPT.”

**S**EE manly grief! see tears incessant flow!  
 See mournful sorrow grace the SAVIOUR's brow!  
 See matchless love in sacred torrents shine!  
 And funeral honours paid with drops divine.

T H E

THE SCULL'S ADDRESS,  
ON BEING LOOKED AT.

**W**HY start! this case will thine be very soon,  
In some few years, perhaps the coming moon.  
Life, at its utmost length, is scarce a breath,  
And those who longest dream must wake in death.  
Like thee, I once thought every bliss secure;  
And GOLD of every ill the certain cure;  
Till plung'd in sorrow, and besieg'd with pain,  
Too late I found all earthly riches vain.  
Disease made fruitless every sordid fee,  
And death still answer'd—"What is GOLD to me?"  
FAME, titles, honours, next I vainly fought,  
And fools obsequious nurs'd each childish thought.  
Elate with brib'd applause, and purchas'd praise,  
I built on endless grandeur, endless days:  
Till death awoke me from my dream of pride,  
And laid a prouder beggar by my side.  
PLEASURE I courted, and indulg'd my taste;  
The banquet smil'd, and smil'd the gay repast.  
A loathsome carcase was my only care,  
And worlds were ransack'd but for me to share.  
Go on, vain man! to luxury be firm;  
Yet know thou featest but to feast a worm.  
Already, sure, less terrible I seem;  
Like me, thou sure wilt own, that life's a dream.  
Farewel! remember! nor my words despise,  
"The only happy are the EARLY wise."

F A P O E M,



A P O E M,

SACRED TO THE MEMORY OF A DEARLY BELOVED  
AND ONLY DAUGHTER, WHO DIED IN THE  
ELEVENTH YEAR OF HER AGE.

WRITTEN BY HER MOURNING FATHER.

A COMMON theme a flattering muse may fire,  
To raise our passions, tho' she sung for hire;  
And may our praises or our pity steal,  
By feigning transports, which she does not feel;  
But when the song from native love proceeds,  
And paints the anguish of a heart that bleeds;  
The mourning muse exerts superior skill,  
And dips in tears th' inconsolable quill;  
Our bosoms then with rising sorrows glow,  
And grief spontaneous will from nature flow.

Ah! what is life, that thoughtless wish of all?  
A drop of honey, in a draught of gall;  
A half existence, or a waking dream,  
A bitter fountain, with a muddy stream;  
A tale, a shadow, a delusive sound,  
That's lost with mourning, and with sorrow found;  
A fading landscape, painted upon clay,  
The source of care, and idol of a day;  
The sweet deluder of a restless mind,  
Which, if 'twas lost, how few would wish to find!

Un-

Untimely thus, the infant-budding rose,  
 By some rude hand is cropt before it blows;  
 Away the little soul of fragrance flies,  
 And blooming beauty unregarded dies;  
 Snatch'd from the parent stem where once it grew,  
 Embalm'd in odours, and the morning dew.

Can I be dumb, when love and nature cries,  
 And I have lost the darling of my eyes?  
 Tho' 'tis in vain to wish for her return,  
 Yet all the ties of nature bid me mourn.  
 If thou canst still the unrelenting sea,  
 And make the jarring elements agree;  
 Or cause the tide to cease to ebb and flow,  
 Or hinder the descent of hail and snow;  
 If thou canst stop the thunder's dreadful roar,  
 Or cause the billows not to lash the shore;  
 If thou canst lull a hurricane to sleep,  
 Then may thy words persuade me not to weep.  
 O! give me leave but to lament her fall,  
 As David mourn'd for Jonathan and Saul;  
 When on mount Gilboa (O unhappy day!)  
 They to Philistia fell a shameful prey:  
 Or (if it may with innocence be done)  
 As he lamented Absalom his son;  
 When in the anguish of his soul he cried,  
 "Would God, my son, I in thy place had died!"  
 Then lend your aid (if any such there be,  
 That lov'd a child, or mourn for one like me)  
 Let your kind sighs with me in concert join,  
 And add your sympathizing tears to mine,

That may in streams to swelling rivers flow,  
Until those rivers to a deluge grow.

But if there's none commiserates my case,  
And in no breast compassion finds a place,  
Let not your censures add to my concern,  
Nor slight the cause that moves me thus to mourn.  
If you are void of trouble, free from pain,  
Add not to mine, nor wonder I complain.  
I know the stroke is from the hand divine,  
To whom I may complain; tho' not repine.  
Tho' I deplore my loss, and wish it less,  
Yet I will kiss the rod, and acquiesce;  
A Saviour's blood shall supersede my fears,  
And love paternal justify my tears.

When death at first besieg'd this little fort,  
The feeble outworks were the tyrant's sport;  
A fever made the first attack in form,  
And then convulsions took it soon by storm.  
Succours without were weak, like those within,  
The guards were sickly, and the walls were thin;  
In bad repair the gates and citadel,  
And then no wonder that so soon it fell;  
Death's icy hands the lovely fabric spoil'd,  
He got a victim, but I lost my child.—

Five mournful days with trembling hand and heart,  
I play'd the whole artillery of art;  
Five nights I past in sorrow, like the day,  
And almost mourn'd my own sad life away;  
But when the most, that art could do, was tried,  
Her lease of life was cancell'd, and she died:—

“ She

“ Shedied,”—the conscious, whispering winds reply,  
 And I (unhappy father!) saw her die!  
 I saw her die!—Can I the deed forgive?  
 How can I bear to say I did—and live!

Tho’ long her reason suffer’d an eclipse,  
 No sinful word proceeded from her lips;  
 Tho’ fore oppress’d with agonizing pain,  
 She utter’d nothing indiscreet, or vain;  
 Which gives me hopes her soul was wash’d from sin,  
 And grace abounding was at work within.

Whilst nature yet maintain’d a doubtful strife,  
 And death sat brooding on the verge of life;  
 Even then—when all the hopes of life were fled,  
 I and the angels waiting round her bed,  
 (They to conduct her to the realms of day,  
 And I, to weep, to sigh, to mourn, to pray)  
 I kiss’d her lips, I wip’d her dying face,  
 And took the father’s and the nurse’s place;  
 With bleeding heart I heard her dying groans,  
 And met with equal agony, her moans:  
 Each sigh was as a dagger in my heart,  
 We knew we must, but oh! were loth to part!  
 I mourn’d, I wept, I gave a loose to grief,  
 And had recourse to all things for relief;  
 But all in vain—the last effort I make,  
 I gave—but oh! she had not strength to take:  
 Her fluttering pulse with intermission play’d,  
 And then her heart its palpitation stay’d;  
 And thus thro’ all the forms of death she pass’d,  
 ’Till with a sigh she gently breath’d her last.



But who can paint the horror, or the power  
 Of nature's conflict in so dark an hour?  
 The wound was such, that time can never heal,  
 No balm can cure it, and no art conceal.  
 May that sad day be banish'd from the year,  
 Or cloath'd in fable, if it must appear!  
 Or, may the sun withdraw his beams at noon,  
 And solid darkness veil the stars and moon!  
 May all the sands be stagnant in the glass,  
 And (as that hour returns) refuse to pass!  
 All clocks be dumb, and time forget to fly,  
 And may all nature be as sad as I!  
 Let mourning in its blackest dress appear!  
 And she be never nam'd, without a tear!

Oh! where are now those dear obedient hands,  
 So pleas'd to execute my whole commands?  
 Where are those feet, so early taught to run,  
 As lightning swift, unwearied as the sun?  
 Where now those arms, that with such passion strove  
 To clasp my neck, and stifle me with love?  
 Where now those lips, where mine were fond to dwell,  
 Or where that breath, that ravish'd with the smell?  
 Where is that tongue, whose prattle charm'd mine  
 Where fled the hopes of my declining years? [ears?  
 Where is that face, so pleasant when she smil'd?  
 Or where's the woman acting in the child?  
 Where those dear eyes, that with such sweetness shone?  
 Or rather, where are all my comforts gone?  
 Where is that heart, so near to truth allied,  
 That never disobey'd—but when she died?

Where

Where is that breast, where virtue once did grow,  
 As roses sweet, and white as falling snow?  
 They're buried all in the voracious grave,  
 Where kings are levell'd with the meanest slave.  
 The wise and great, when there they make their bed,  
 Are equall'd with the wretch that begs his bread;  
 But there the wicked can no more oppress,  
 And there the weary find a calm recess;  
 And this does all my expectations crown,  
 That I to her shall there go quickly down.  
 Till then, this hope shall mitigate my woe,  
 And dry those tears that now profusely flow;  
 That when by heaven's command I quit the stage,  
 Bow'd down by time, and quite fatigued with age;  
 My bones shall rest in quiet by her side,  
 Like a fond bridegroom sleeping by his bride;  
 'Till the last day shall both to life restore,  
 When death shall die, and time shall be no more.  
 This distant view does equal pleasure give,  
 As now my soul is conscious that I live.

And thou that once wast my delight and pride,  
 In whom I hop'd to have a nurse and guide,  
 When feeble age should bow my hoary head,  
 And pain or sickness fix me to my bed;  
 If I may, guiltless, call upon thy name,  
 And ask a boon, without incurring blame;  
 Tho' thou art happy now amongst the blest,  
 Indulge thy mourning father's last request.

When some kind angel from this world below  
 Shall bring the news (for sure the angels know)

And shall to thee and kindred spirits tell,  
 That mine has orders to forsake her shell;  
 And be transplanted to the realms of light,  
 Where faith and hope are swallow'd up in sight;  
 Do thou with heavenly raptures meet my ghost,  
 On th' utmost limits of that happy coast;  
 And thence attend me to the throne of grace,  
 To view my Saviour's reconciled face;  
 And taste of joys ineffable and new,  
 Till then, my little saint, adieu, adieu.

## A F E W L I N E S

WRITTEN AFTER THE SHOCK OF AN EARTH-  
 QUAKE.

**Y**ET while we live, what gratitude we owe!  
 God, tho' provok'd, with-holds the final blow;  
 That dreadful shock, which, felt thro' every vein,  
 Shall back to chaos give this earth again.  
 He warns us now, when, at the close of day,  
 He bids the sky his fiery arch display;  
 With deep convulsions makes the ocean boil,  
 And rocks beneath our feet the trembling soil.  
 As yet, paternal, he but shakes his rod,  
 But who can bear th' inexorable GOD,  
 When (scorn'd his mercy) wearied with abuse,  
 He quits the reins, and lets his fury loose?  
 Thro' space immense then discord will be hurl'd,  
 And each convulsive shock dissolve a WORLD.

R E-

## REDEMPTION. A POEM.

BY HENRY BROOKE, ESQ.

**I**T comes; the wish'd, the long expected morn—  
 Thou SON OF MAN, thou SON OF GOD, be born!  
 Lo, he descends, and bows the yielding skies;  
 To meet him, the exulting valleys rise:  
 Death shrinks and trembles, fearing to be slain;  
 And all hell quakes, throughout its deep domain.

Yet comes he not, array'd in worldly show,  
 Nor in the weakness of man's power below:  
 In human flesh, his GODHEAD he conceals;  
 In human form, IMMENSITY he veils;  
 Eternal, he assumes a mortal frame;  
 And, in subjection, lo, the world's SUPREME!

'Tis come; the day of health, the saving morn—  
 THE SON OF GOD, THE BABE OF LOVE is born!  
 Behold, all heaven descends upon the wing,  
 And choiring angels "Glory, Glory!" sing,  
 "Glory to GOD, from whom such bounties flow!  
 "And peace on earth, good-will to man below!"  
 "Tidings we bring, glad tidings of free grace,  
 "Tidings of joy to all of human race!  
 "The promis'd day is come, the great event—  
 "To you a child is born, a son is sent;  
 "A Saviour, CHRIST, the lowly, the supreme,  
 "Gracious to pardon, mighty to redeem!

"Within



" Within his hand the nations shall be weigh'd,  
 " The world upon his infant-shoulder laid.  
 " His name is WONDERFUL; he shall be stil'd  
 " THE GOD OF POWER, the all-embracing child;  
 " Th' imbosom'd sun, whose inward beam imparts  
 " Wisdom to souls, THE COUNSELLOR of hearts,  
 " Whose days nor know commencement nor increase;  
 " THE EVERLASTING FATHER, PRINCE OF PEACE!  
 " Your SAVING GOD, in Bethlehem, ye shall find,  
 " Swath'd in a crib, on humbling straw reclin'd;  
 " He, who all things unites and comprehends,  
 " To stable with his lowliest brutes descends.  
 " Your songs, your songs, ye morning stars employ;  
 " And, all ye sons of glory, shout for joy!"

Approaching seraphim the babe surround,  
 And, with adoring rev'rence, bow profound;  
 Amaz'd to see their INFINITE confin'd,  
 THE ANCIENT OF ALL DAYS in infancy inshrind.  
 With wond'ring eye, they pierce his filmy skin  
 And lucid flesh, when, lo, a heaven within,  
 Wide as the round where yonder planets roll,  
 Though stretch'd to infinite from either pole;  
 Love, to whose depth no measure can descend;  
 And bliss, encircling blessings, without end.

See the dear, little, helpless, mighty hands,  
 So meekly yielded to maternal bands!  
 'Tis theirs the powers of darkness to repel,  
 To crush the pride of earth, and hate of hell;  
 To lift the fall'n, to prop the feeble knee,  
 To set the pris'ners of his Israel free;

To

To burst the iron gates of sin and pain,  
 To number time and death among the slain;  
 Captive to lead captivity on high,  
 Follow'd by blood-bought myriads through the sky;  
 His kingdom in eternal peace to found,  
 And beam forth blessings without end or bound.

Ye sophists, who, with scientific lore,  
 Nature's recluse arcana would explore;  
 Who, in your dreams of fancy, mould and wield  
 The mazy worlds of yon empyreal field,  
 And boast to have retrac'd, by reason's force,  
 Th' unmeasur'd chain of sequels to their source;  
 Come forward with your length and depth of thought,  
 And see all human learning set at nought:  
 Here, try to mete, to compass, to define,  
 And plumb your GOD with your five-fathom'd line!  
 Ye mighty too, beneath whose tyrant brow  
 Pale vassals shake, and servile nations bow,  
 Perish your pride! and let your glories fade!  
 Lo, nature's monarch in a manger laid!  
 Behold, THE WORD, at whose creative might  
 The heavens and earth sprung forth to form and light,  
 In LOVE descends, unutterably mild,  
 And smiles the world's salvation—IN A CHILD!

No clarions, yet, proclaim him king of kings;  
 No ensigns speak him THE SUPREME of things.  
 Humbly he lays his purple robe aside,  
 Until, for man, it shall in blood be dy'd;  
 Nor shall the crown his regal brow adorn,  
 Till his love twist it of the pointed thorn!

Ah,

Ah, FATHER, author, GOD of boundless grace!  
 What, what is man, with all his recreant race,  
 That they with THINE OWN JESUS should be weigh'd;  
 And, for their ransom, such a price be paid!

'Tis true, that man from his Creator came  
 All-bright, as from the sun his effluent beam;  
 Lord of these heavens and earth, the seas that flow,  
 The lands that germinate, and stars that glow:  
 Lovely without, and glorious all within,  
 He knew no sorrow, for he knew no sin.  
 His will was with THE FATHER's will inform'd;  
 His love was with the love of JESUS warm'd;  
 Th' ETERNAL LIGHT, that lights the solar ray,  
 Sheds forth the peace of his diviner day;  
 He felt the bliss of the SUPREMELY BLESS'D,  
 And GOD's own heaven was open'd in his breast.

But ah! he yet was frail, nor understood [GOOD;  
 There's but ONE WILL, ALL-JUST, ALL-WISE, ALL-  
 THE WILL, throughout the universe, who knows,  
 Alone, to MAKE, to FIT, and to DISPOSE:  
 The wretch, who dares a diff'rent will to frame,  
 Brings war into the works of heaven's supreme;  
 Of power would ev'n omnipotence defraud,  
 And blasts his being in the will of GOD.

Hence, man, so great, so glorious, and so good,  
 Was tempted from the tower in which he stood,  
 Lur'd by external baits of sensual taste,  
 He wish'd to gratify, he long'd to feast;  
 The good of his subjected world to know;  
 Distinct from God, to win a heaven below;

To

To found a new dominion of his own;  
And reign sufficient to himself alone.

INGRATE!—O stop thee on the headlong brink!  
Ere thou dost take the fearful venture,—think!  
Think, from THE GOD thou wishest to forego,  
All that thou art, thy bliss and being flow;  
And, can the creatures yield thee, should they list,  
More than the source where thou and they exist?  
Of thy CREATOR if thou art bereft,  
Think, to REDEEM, no other GOD is left.  
He listens not,—th' infernal pow'rs impel:  
He long'd, he pluck'd, he tasted,—and he fell.

O, what a fall! a steep from high to low!  
Extremes of bliss, to what extremes of woe!  
Plumb, from his heav'n, this second angel fell  
Down his own depth, his God-abandon'd hell:  
Horror of horrors! darkness and despair!  
He look'd for comfort—but no gleam was there!

O LOVE, LOVE, LOVE! stupendous, wide, and steep!  
High o'er all heights, below damnation deep!  
In vain the desp'rate rebel would essay,  
From thee to tear his being, far away;  
Thy saving hand arrests his prone career;  
For, to thy presence, ev'ry place is—here!

For him thou hadst prepar'd a mediate seat,  
Meet for his taste, and fitting to his state;  
A seat of fleshly organs, gross and frail,  
To dissolution doom'd, and form'd to fail.

He wakes to a new world, and, with new eyes,  
Sees unknown elements, and unknown skies;

The



The husk and surface of that bless'd abode,  
Where late he dwelt, internal, with his GOD.

He turns his eyes upon his carnal frame,  
And sees it, all, a seat of filth and shame;  
Fellow'd with brutes, with brutes to take his bed,  
Like brutes to propagate, be born, and fed:  
But diff'rent, far, the table and the treat;  
Earth is their heaven, their home, and native seat;  
For brutes, unearn'd, the ready banquet lies,  
Apt to their taste, and obvious to their eyes;  
But man must wring it from a grudging soil,  
And win scant sustenance with sweat and toil.

He looks abroad, and sees the new-dropt fawn  
Cloath'd without care, and frisking on the lawn;  
But finds his own new carcase bleak and bare,  
And shiv'ring in a strange and hostile air.  
Yet know, O man, that all which can betide  
From hard-fang'd av'rice, or o'erbearing pride,  
That art can compass from the flood or field,  
All that these four-fold elements can yield,  
Is barely to afford thee warmth and bread,  
Like fellow-brutes to be array'd and fed;  
But ah, all, all, incapable, as wind,  
To yield one morsel to the famish'd mind.

This the wretch finds (beguil'd by dev'lish fraud)  
The sum of all, for which he left his GOD;  
The sum of all the good; he yet was blind  
To half the evils that came close behind.

Late, lord of land and water, air and flame,  
He wielded, at his will, their cumbrous frame;

Could

Could pierce earth's dark and various entrails, through;  
 Could call forth all their wonders to his view;  
 Through minim forms th' internal maze could trace,  
 And lift the broad-back'd mountains from their base.  
 To him, of ev'ry foliage, flower, and blade,  
 The fabric, use, and beauty lay display'd;  
 Of living specks he pierc'd the fine machine,  
 And open'd to himself the world within;  
 Saw all with glory, as with skill, replete;  
 And track'd the artist to his inmost seat.

But now, fall'n, fall'n from his imperial tower,  
 'Rest of his glory, empty'd of his power;  
 Degraded, hurl'd from his celestial steep,  
 And sunk in flesh, a dungeon dark and deep;  
 (Distance immense in nature, not in space,  
 But wider, wider far, than place from place!)  
 Th' insulting elements their lord controul,  
 And cast their four-fold fetters round his soul.

Dethron'd, debas'd, without as from within,  
 Enslav'd by matter, since enslav'd by sin,  
 Corruption to its kindred mass lays claim,  
 And, ent'ring, seizes his devoted frame.  
 Distemper follows, with his gloomy throng,  
 Bearing pests, stings, and fires, and racks along;  
 Languor that saps, and rueful throes that grind;  
 With death, who shakes the certain dart behind.

Already, o'er the sad subjected wight,  
 The lordly elements exert their right;  
 And, on his limbs, their baneful influence cast,  
 Parch'd in the beam, or shiv'ring in the blast:

While high, o'er head, the gath'ring vapours frown,  
And, on his anguish, look unpitying down;  
Then flash in thunders, or in tempest pour,  
And on his members dash the pelting shower.

But worse, far worse within, black storms infest  
And shake the sphere of his benighted breast.  
Still, round and round, the whirling passions tend,  
And his sad heart with horrid conflict rend;  
Impatience, rage, despair; untam'd desire,  
And hate, impregnate with infernal fire:  
He calls for death, and would have ruin hurl'd  
At heaven, himself, the tempter, and the world.

But God, the ONE ETERNAL THIRST TO BLESS,  
Ey'd his estate; and pity'd his distress.

"ADAM," he said; and look'd unmeasur'd grace,  
"ADAM, thou'rt fall'n, and fall'n is all thy race:  
"Such as the tree is, such will be the fruit;  
"The branch must bear the flavour of the root.

"Late I was in thee love, and power, and will;  
"My glory did thy soul and body fill;  
"But, laps'd from me, thy spirit and thy frame  
"Sink to the principles from whence they came:  
"Thy soul to its own helpless fierce desire,  
"A rueful whirl of dark tormenting fire;  
"Thy body to the grossness of its birth,  
"Corruption to corruption, earth to earth.

"If, in thy strength, thou didst not hold thy state,  
"How shall thy weakness reassume its seat?  
"How, from thy pit of flesh, so dull and deep,  
"Cast off the cumbrance, and ascend the steep?

"For,

“ For, by the road thou’st fall’n, as is most just,  
 “ Through the same road, O man, return thou must;  
 “ To strength thro’ weakness, and to peace thro’ strife,  
 “ To bliss thro’ anguish, and thro’ death to life.

“ But this no creature, not the seraph can;  
 “ Though once in GOD so mighty, less can man:  
 “ This, therefore, Adam, thou canst never do;  
 “ Thou in THY GOD, then, must be BORN ANEW;  
 “ Born a new creature of a seed divine,  
 “ Re-born, O Adam, of THY SON AND MINE;  
 “ Thou the OLD FATHER of man’s fall’n estate,  
 “ He the NEW SIRE who shall regain their seat.

“ Foil’d by a dev’lish foe, thy weakness fell,  
 “ Captive to sense, and sin, and death, and hell;  
 “ In weakness, therefore, must his strength prevail,  
 “ Though sense, and sin, and death, and hell assail;  
 “ As man, in human flesh and frailty, he  
 “ Must conquer all, O man, that conquer’d thee.

“ Yes, from my bosom my Belov’d I give,  
 “ That my lost creatures may return, and live.  
 “ He, for your sakes, shall lay his glory by;  
 “ For you be born, and suffer, gasp, and die;  
 “ The price of guilt my Holy-One shall pay,  
 “ And tread of death and hell, the bitterest way.

“ You, by his fetters, can alone be freed;  
 “ To wash your stains, the LAMB OF LOVE must bleed;  
 “ So shall his woe turn all your woe to weal,  
 “ His bruises med’cine, and his woundings heal.

“ Hence man, apostate man, so deeply lost,  
 “ Shall weigh the curs’d commission, by the cost;

G

“ Shall



" Shall learn, as meet, to hold himself at nought ;  
 " Shall feel he's all a folly, all a fault ;  
 " In deep abasement lift his suppliant eyes,  
 " In lowliness alone be taught to rise ;  
 " In tears, in anguish, shall his guilt deplore,  
 " Shall call on CHRIST who can alone restore ;  
 " By him supported, shall affirm his ground,  
 " Shall struggle with the chains by which he's bound ;  
 " Disclaim, detest the world, in which he fell ;  
 " Oppose his champion'd soul to flesh and hell ;  
 " With his old worm, his sin, and self undone,  
 " And catch, and cling to my ALL-SAVING SON !

" This in due time.

" JESUS, mean-while, shall steal, like doubtful morn,  
 " Into the breasts of all of woman born ;  
 " There shed his dawn of coeternal light,  
 " There struggle with their length and depth of night ;  
 " A solid gloom, which he alone can melt ;  
 " Which, like Ægyptian darkness, may be felt.  
 " His seed, in flesh, my HOLY-ONE shall sow,  
 " And give it strength to root, and grace to grow ;  
 " Man within man, begotten from above,  
 " Bearing the likeness of THE SON OF LOVE ;  
 " Sons of my Son, ordain'd to see my face ;  
 " All embryo heirs of glory and of grace ;  
 " But not mature to wing their native skies,  
 " Till their new Adam shall from death arise.  
 " Thus the new offspring shall the old put on,  
 " Making a double manhood, two in one ;

" Of

" Of diff'rent principles, of diff'rent fires,  
 " Conceptions, tastes, enjoyments, and desires :  
 " The one, as earth, crude, grudging, grappling all  
 " To the dark center of its craving ball ;  
 " The other, as the sun, benign and bright,  
 " A going forth on all in life and light.  
 " Hence, through the course of their sublunar life,  
 " 'Though brother'd, they shall be at truceless strife :  
 " What one approves, the other shall reject ;  
 " What one detests, the other shall affect.  
 " So man, at once, shall court what he'll contemn,  
 " Neglect yet rev'rence, do what he'll condemn ;  
 " At once transgress, and wish he could fulfill ;  
 " Be righteous and unrighteous, good and ill ;  
 " Bearing the witness and the seal, within,  
 " Of new and old, the man of grace and sin,  
 " The heart-writ story of his rise and fall,  
 " The gospel of his freedom and his thrall.  
 " Thy elder offspring, Adam, grown and strong,  
 " Frequent, shall drag his younger mate along ;  
 " Like huge Leviathan, shall trust to play,  
 " And rule at large in his congenial sea :  
 " But mine within his jaws a barb shall place,  
 " And check the headlong monster in his race.  
 " The younger heir, invisibly, within,  
 " Shall oft convict his outward mate of sin ;  
 " Reprove with judgment, and reform betimes ;  
 " Or, with a whip, call'd CONSCIENCE, lash his crimes :  
 " So may the bless'd th' accursed one subdue,  
 " And the old man, at length, refine into the new !

" Nor grudge I, Adam, those fall'n sons of thine,  
 " Flesh of thy flesh, to share a seat with mine,  
 " By him sublim'd into a nobler sphere;  
 " So they slay not their younger brothers, here.  
 " But, through much grief, this glory must be won;  
 " Flesh, soil'd by sin, by death must be undone;  
 " Must drop the world, wherein it felt its force,  
 " And, giant-like, rejoic'd to run its course;  
 " Must drop each organ of its late delight;  
 " Must bid a long adieu to sense and fight,  
 " A long adieu to ev'ry darling lust;  
 " Must yield its passive members, dust to dust,  
 " Within the potter's furnace to be fin'd,  
 " And leave its grossness, with its guilt, behind.  
 " Meanspace, those forms of flesh, those sons of sin,  
 " Shall serve to hold my priceless pearls within;  
 " As golden grain within prolific clay,  
 " To shoot and ripen tow'rd a future day.  
 " Yon maggot, vilest offspring of vile earth,  
 " Answers the genial baseness of his birth:  
 " Lo, where he rolls and batters, with delight,  
 " In filth, to smell offensive, foul to fight!  
 " Well pleas'd, he drinks the stench, the dirt devours,  
 " And prides him in the puddle of his powers;  
 " Careless, unconscious of the beauteous guest,  
 " Th' internal speck committed to his breast.  
 " Yet, in his breast, th' internal speck grows warm,  
 " And quickens into motion, life, and form;  
 " Far other form than that its fost'rer bore,  
 " High o'er its parent-worm ordain'd to soar:

" The

" The son, still growing as the fire decays,  
 " In radiant plumes his infant shape arrays ;  
 " Matures, as in a soft and silent womb,  
 " Then, opening, peeps from his paternal tomb ;  
 " Now, struggling, breaks at once into the day,  
 " Tries his young limbs, and bids his wings display,  
 " Expands his lineaments, erects his face,  
 " Rises sublime o'er all the reptile race ;  
 " From new-dropt blossoms sips the nectar'd stream,  
 " And basks within the glory of the beam.

" Thus, to a sensual, to a sinful shrine,  
 " The SAVIOUR shall entrust his speck-divine ;  
 " In secret animate his chosen seed,  
 " Fill with his love, and with his substance feed ;  
 " Inform it with sensations of his own,  
 " And give it appetites, to flesh unknown.  
 " So shall the lusts of man's old worm give place,  
 " His fervor languish, and his force decrease ;  
 " Till spoil'd of ev'ry object, gross or vain,  
 " His pride and passions humbled, crush'd, and slain ;  
 " From a false world to his first kingdom won,  
 " His will, and sin, and sense, and self undone ;  
 " His inward man from death shall break away,  
 " And soar, and mingle with eternal day !"

This (in a word) THE FATHER spoke—and streight  
 THE SON descended from above all height.

Upon the chaos of man's world he came,  
 And pierc'd the darkness with his living beam ;  
 Then cast a rein on the reluctant will,  
 And bid the tempest of the soul be still.



The good from evil he did then divide,  
 And set man's darkness from GOD's light aside :  
 Wide, from the heart, he bids his will be done,  
 And there plac'd CONSCIENCE as a central sun ;  
 Whence REASON, like the moon, derives, by night,  
 A weak, a borrow'd, and a dubious light,  
 But, down the soul's abyfs, a region dire !  
 He caus'd the Stygian horrors to retire ;  
 From whence ascends the gloom of many a pest,  
 Dark'ning the beam of heaven within the breast ;  
 Atrocious intimations, causeless care,  
 Distrust, and hate, and rancour, and despair.

As in creation, when THE WORD gave birth  
 To ev'ry offspring of the teeming earth,  
 He now conceiv'd high fruits of happier use,  
 And bid the heart and head of man produce :  
 Then branch'd the pregnant will, and went abroad  
 In all the sweets of its internal GOD ;  
 In ev'ry mode of LOVE, a fragrant throng,  
 Bearing the heart-sent charities along ;  
 Divine effusions of the human breast,  
 Within the very act of blessing, blest ;  
 Desires that press another's weight to bear,  
 To soothe their anguish, to partake their care ;  
 Pains that can please, and griefs that joys excite ;  
 Bruises that balm, and tears that drop delight.  
 GOD saw the seed was precious ; and began  
 To bless his OWN REDEEMING WORK, in man.

Nor less, the pregnant region of the mind  
 Brought forth conceptions suited to its kind ;

Faint

Faint emblems, yet of virtue to proclaim  
 That PARENT-SPIRIT, whence our spirits came ;  
 Spirits that, like their GOD, with mimic skill,  
 Produce new forms and images at will ;  
 Thoughts that from earth, with wing'd emotion, soar,  
 New tracts expatiate, and new worlds explore ;  
 Backward, through space and through duration, run,  
 Passing the bounds of all that e'er begun ;  
 Then, as a glance of light'ning, forward flee,  
 Straining to reach at all that e'er shall be.

Thus, in the womb of man's abyfs are sown  
 Natures, worlds, wonders, to himself unknown.  
 A comprehensive, a mysterious plan  
 Of all th' almighty works of GOD, is man ;  
 From hell's dire depth to heaven's supremest height,  
 Including good and evil, dark and light.  
 What shall we call this son of grace and sin,  
 This dæmon, this divinity within,  
 This flame eternal, this foul mould'ring clod—  
 A fiend, or SERAPH—A poor worm, or GOD ?

O, the fell conflict, the intestine strife,  
 This clash of good and evil, death and life !  
 What, what are all the wars of sea and wind,  
 Or wreck of matter, to this war of mind ?  
 Two minds in one, and each a truceless guest,  
 Rending the sphere of our distracted breast ?  
 Who shall deliver, in a fight so fell ;  
 Who save from this intestine dog of hell ?

GOD ! thou hast said, that nature shall decay,  
 And all yon starr'd expansion pass away :

That, in thy wrath, pollution shall expire,  
The sun himself consume with hotter fire;  
The melting earth forsake its form and face,  
These elements depart, but find no place;  
Succeeded by a peaceful blest'd serene,  
New heavens and earth, wherein the just shall reign.

O then, upon the same BENIGNANT PLAN,  
Sap, crush, consume this mass of ill, in man!  
Within this transient frame of mould'ring clay,  
Let death's cerberean dæmon have his day;  
Let him tear off this world, the nurse of lust,  
Grind flesh, and sense, and sin, and self, to dust:  
But O, preserve THE PRINCIPLE DIVINE;  
In mind and matter, save WHATE'ER IS THINE!  
O'er time, and pain, and death, to be renew'd;  
Fill'd with our GOD, and with our GOD indu'd!

TO A FRIEND, ON HIS OWNING THAT THE EX-  
TERIOR CHARMS OF A YOUNG LADY HAD  
ENGAGED HIS AFFECTIONS. \* \* \*

WHY hang thy hopes on beauty's fading flower,  
The blooming offspring of some genial shower?  
To-day it buds: to-morrow's dawning sun,  
With rising wonder, views its blossoms gone.  
E'en so those charms which now create desire,  
Ere long must wither, languish, and expire;  
With those less fair, receive one common doom,  
And waste their lustre in the silent tomb.

TO

TO A CHILD OF A MONTH OLD.

BY J. C.

**B**LEST babe, who stranger to all worldly strife,  
 Art lately launch'd upon the sea of life,  
 And 'midst those dang'rous waves wilt soon be tost,  
 Where some by pleasure, some by pain are lost,  
 Who yet nor feel'st, nor fear'st to feel the rage  
 Of storms that threaten man's maturer age,  
 But view'st with careless and indifferent eyes  
 The clouds of folly that around thee rise.  
 Accept, nor fear infection from my song:  
 Few authors flatter at an age so young.

Look round the habitable world, and see  
 Who would not wish to change their place with thee;  
 Tir'd of the state they know not how to mend,  
 All praise the dawn of life, yet court its end:  
 Would not the miser broach each fav'rite mine,  
 His heart as easy, thoughts as free as thine?  
 What would the hoary villain not endure,  
 His hands as innocent, his soul as pure?  
 Would not the spendthrift beg his squander'd ore,  
 To purchase half the bliss thou hast in store?  
 The rake quit follies once so us'd to please,  
 For gew-gaws, rattles, and a heart at ease?

Ne'er was a maxim truer sure than this,  
 That want of innocence is want of bliss;  
 'Tis this, 'tis innocence thy bosom cheers,  
 This calms thy troubles, this dispels thy fears;

This



This spreads o'er all its beautifying rays,  
 Makes ev'ry object, ev'ry play-thing please ;  
 This (whilst less things the guilty breast can awe)  
 Gives music to a key, or beauty to a straw.  
 So thro' the prism to philosophic eyes,  
 The barren lawns in pleasing prospect rise ;  
 Steep hills in azure tempt the distant sight,  
 Waste wilds look lovely in a borrow'd light ;  
 Deck'd by the glass the cottage apes the throne,  
 And shines in colours that were ne'er its own.

Long may this pleasing calm remain within,  
 Unknown to trouble, as unknown to sin :  
 When infant reason shall begin to rise,  
 Prate on thy lips, and wanton in thy eyes,  
 O ! may this charm thy ev'ry care beguile,  
 Assist thy prattle, and improve thy smile !  
 When growing sense, to rip'ning judgment join'd,  
 Shall fix a doubtful empire in thy mind,  
 If heat of blood with wanton frenzy warm,  
 If ease should tempt thee, or if pleasure charm,  
 O ! may this love of virtue, love of truth,  
 Lead thee still safe thro' all the paths of youth !  
 Next when thy part in life's still varying plan  
 Shall call thee forward on the stage of man,  
 O ! may it keep thee honest, gen'rous, just,  
 True to thy word, and cautious of thy trust,  
 Light in thy soul devotion's sacred flame,  
 Make pure religion thy continu'd aim !  
 And last, when manhood's vigour shall decay,  
 Time shake thy head and silver 't o'er with grey,

Long

Long may this sov'reign remedy remain,  
 To prop thy weakness, and assuage thy pain,  
 Till the last moment shed its kindly ray,  
 And glad the ev'ning of thy well-spent day !

But may ten thousand pleasures rise between  
 Thy op'ning curtain and this closing scene ;  
 May health attend thee beautiful and gay,  
 And smooth thro' life thy else too rugged way ;  
 May peace soon waft thy absent father o'er,  
 With joy and conquest to his native shore ;  
 But whilst his sov'reign calls him to the war,  
 Far from his country, from his kindred far,  
 Him may some guardian spirit still attend,  
 From sickness shelter, and from harm defend ;  
 Bid swords around him innocently play,  
 Turn balls aside, and pointed deaths away ;  
 But when his soul a softer passion warms,  
 When fate restores him to thy mother's arms,  
 O may thy prattle heighten their delight,  
 Chase the dull moments of a winter's night ;  
 Or when the days thro' gayer seasons run,  
 Improve the beauties of a summer's sun :  
 May friendship's union teach thee soon to feel  
 Such joys as those who know can only tell !  
 But till that hour, too helpless babe, shall be,  
 Accept a father and a friend in me ;  
 For me enough, if thro' thy future age  
 One thought may aid thee from this moral page ;  
 For me, who lost to worldly pomp and noise,  
 Soon see its follies, and dares scorn its joys.

## ON FAITH, HOPE, AND CHARITY.

**T**HREE sisters, of one heavenly parent born,  
 Religion brighten, and the church adorn;  
 The eldest, FAITH, with revelation's eyes,  
 Thro' reason's shades, the realms of bliss descries;  
 Brings heaven, in realizing prospect home,  
 And antedates the happiness to come!  
 The second, HOPE, with life-bestowing smile,  
 Lightens each woe, and softens human toil;  
 Bidding the thought-dejected heart ascend  
 To that blest place where every care shall end?  
 The youngest, CHARITY—a seraph guest!  
 With clement goodness warms the social breast;  
 Her boundless view, and comprehensive mind,  
 Sees and pursues the weal of human kind;  
 And taught to emulate the throne above,  
 Grasps all creation in the links of love!

Yet two of these, tho' daughters of the sky,  
 Boast short duration, and are born to die!  
 For FAITH shall end in vision—HOPE in joy. }  
 While CHARITY, immortal and sublime,  
 Shall mock the darts of death, and wreck of time.  
 When nature sinks, herself the prey of fire,  
 And all the monuments of art expire;  
 She shall emerge triumphant from the flame,  
 The same her lustre, and her worth the same!  
 Confess'd shall shine to saints and angels known,  
 Approv'd, distinguish'd, near th' eternal throne!

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I

# THE CHRISTIAN HERO.

THIS IS THE VICTORY—EVEN OUR FAITH.

I JOHN V. IV.

FOR various trials from our birth design'd,  
 (The lot dispens'd to suffering human kind.)  
 With diff'rent interests in our breasts at strife,  
 The brutish nature, with the heavenly life !  
 Press'd by temptations, prone to sensual ill,  
 Our reason pliant to our sordid will,  
 What aids has pitying heaven for man prepar'd ?  
 What clue to guide him, or what arms to guard ?  
 Nature's short line, and philosophic art,  
 A devious rule, and weak defence impart ;  
 Too oft thro' life's dark maze mislead our way,  
 Too seldom in its warfare gain the day.  
 More sure direction, more successful aid ]  
 Thy gospel, blest Redeemer ! has display'd :  
 The guilty mind with vengeful dread oppress'd,  
 Is in thy pard'ning mercy taught to rest ;  
 Is by thy merits clear'd, thy purchase free,  
 And for supplies of strength depends on thee.  
 Who can o'er worldly snares triumphant stride ?  
 What unbeliever ? slave, seduc'd by pride :  
 Who ? but th' heroic saint, advanc'd to fame  
 By faith in Jesus ? that victorious name !  
 View man in his probationary state,  
 What hostile ills his hourly combat wait !

I

In



In youth he lifts vain follies to engage,  
 In manhood cares, and peevishness in age.  
 Oft forc'd afflictive trials to endure,  
 By use, his hardier valour to enure:  
 Pined with sharp wants, deprest by sorrow's train,  
 By sickness worn, and agoniz'd with pain.  
 Or if with health he blooms, with plenty smiles,  
 Still wars alarm him, and incessant toils.  
 Pleasures, or cares, some fresh attack begin,  
 Objects without, and passions from within.  
 In vain he seeks to shun th' unpleasing strife,  
 Still harass'd in the civil feud of life.  
 In vain his powers would turn on reason's part,  
 The ruling inclination holds his heart.  
 And O more dangerous still his conflict grows,  
 Charg'd by a powerful host of stronger foes,  
 Dread hell's malicious troops his peace annoy,  
 Their force oppose and stratagems employ.  
 While such his hazards, with such odds oppress,  
 In nature's strength will man, presumptuous, rest?  
 Weak man! with all his boasted trophies won,  
 So oft deluded, and so soon undone?

Happy alone, while danger thus invades,  
 The faint assisted with superior aids;  
 Him, heaven's artill'ry arms—his strengthen'd reins  
 Truth's belt, a firm sincerity sustains.  
 A steady righteousness thro' life express  
 He wears, bright armour, on his dauntless breast.  
 Calm preparation for what ills may rise,  
 With sure defensive greaves his feet supplies.

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[ III ]

But faith, his best security, imparts  
 Shield to repel th' infernal fiery darts.  
 His helmet, heavenly hope : and brandish'd sword  
 The Spirit's weapon, God's victorious word.  
 And last (for each assault) the chief prepare  
 Fresh vigilance, and might-renewing prayer.  
 Thus fenc'd, and skilful how his arms to wield,  
 The CHRISTIAN HERO takes the advent'rous field.

Does adverse providence beset his way,  
 Pains waste his body, wants his mind dismay,  
 Stript of estate, or relatives or friends?  
 Still on the arm that smites, his hold depends.  
 Conscious of woes deserv'd, of numerous stains,  
 Less than their due, he counts what heaven ordains.  
 He takes his Father's stripes in gentlest part,  
 Nor one resentment murmurs in his heart.  
 He knows his orders wise, his nature kind,  
 And each affliction for his health design'd.  
 Finds earthly good more vain, beneath the rod;  
 And drove from creatures, meets his rest in God.  
 He marks how just Uzzean Job was try'd;  
 How Jesus, how the guiltless Saviour dy'd.  
 Bears the hard lot his patient Lord has borne,  
 Stoops to his cross, and crowns him with his thorn.  
 Tho' o'er his long-toft bark the waves swell high,  
 Shipwreck'd—and left beneath a darken'd sky;  
 His faith th' unruffling trial firm endures,  
 Deliv'rance hopes, or blest rewards assures.

Behold!—if heaven exempts the SAINT from cares,  
 Amid his plenty he discerns his snares :

Knows

Knows how from sensual baits his mind to call,  
 Pleas'd in his station, arm'd to bear his fall.  
 He deems his wealth a talent left in trust,  
 No private perquisite for pride or lust.  
 His nobler portion in reversion lies;  
 A heavenly kingdom, in his Father's skies.  
 Gentle in power, with honours ne'er elate,  
 He only grows more useful, as more great.  
 His, is the human heart, the lib'ral mind,  
 Foe to no party, friend to all mankind.  
 To every object of distressing woes,  
 His bounty, as his pity, overflows.

If in gay youth, to pleasures he incline,  
 Lo! still he makes their rule, heaven's word divine;  
 Regards due season, wild excess refrains,  
 Nor gall they his review with guilty pains.  
 Him, nor delusive bliss to vice beguiles,  
 Th' intemperate bowl, the harlot's baneful smiles;  
 Proof 'gainst each lure that would the combat win,  
 Calm 'mid the strife that passions raise within.  
 On the young HEBREW his reflections dwell,  
 Who a lewd wanton could resist so well;  
 By gratitude restrain'd, and pious fear,  
 A shining proof of chastity severe!  
 But most the sacred declarations move,  
 That shut th' adulterer from the seats above,  
 That temp'rate passions teach, and pure desire,  
 And promise aids, the conquest to acquire.  
 The charms of heavenly love his thoughts employ,  
 The price of heavenly crowns, and heavenly joy.

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He counts the pains his suff'ring SAVIOUR bore,  
 Resolv'd, his guilt shall ope those wounds no more;  
 Nor render vain such pity, love, and grace,  
 Shown for man's worthless, -ill deserving race.

Hail, reverenc'd GOSPEL! our securest guide,  
 In peace best comfort, best defence when try'd:  
 Giv'n to support the weak, the fall'n to aid,  
 O! be thro' earth thy grateful sounds convey'd!

—Still view the friend of Jesus, how serene,  
 Bright faith conducts him thro' life's parting scene:  
 Helps him pale death to scorn, proud fiends to quell,  
 Himself, too hard for all the force of hell:  
 But mark, what triumphs! mark th' amazing state,  
 What dazzling pomps th' ascending victor wait!  
 The joys of angels!—the PREDESTIN'D crown!—  
 The shouts!—the plaudit from th' eternal throne!  
 Bliss, which a muse defil'd with guilt and woe  
 Conceives but faintly, nor attempts below.

Yet, blest Redeemer! heaven's disposing Lord,  
 By whom the sinner is to bliss restor'd;  
 Chief, in my grateful heart, that owes to thee  
 All I possess, or am, or hope to be.  
 Yet—can thy grace each guilty bar remove,  
 And make me taste th' unknown delights above.  
 Till when—thy willing soldier, weak—unskill'd,  
 So oft assaulted in life's doubtful field;  
 His feeble efforts in thy cause displays,  
 And consecrates this trophy to thy praise.



TO ELOISA,

DISTRESSED ABOUT TEMPORAL CIRCUMSTANCES  
A LITTLE BEFORE MARRIAGE. \* \* \*

**W**HERE-E'ER kind providence directs thy way,  
Like thee I'll follow, and like thee obey;  
The happy road, with sweet complaisance see,  
And joyful tread the path, dear maid, with thee.

If humble POVERTY thy steps attend,  
And thorny cares with softest pleasures blend;  
Industrious love shall labor night or day,  
To smoothe thy footsteps in life's rugged way.

The pains of want I'll from thy bosom move,  
And lessen grief with kind officious love;  
The frowns of INDIGENCE resigned see,  
Nor dread her threat'nings if but bless'd with thee,

If, after all my toils of pleasing care,  
Wise providence with-hold what love would share,  
My thankful soul shall eager still pursue  
In quest of happiness, dear maid, for you.

Not on the EARTH, the gift I wish to find,  
Since all her blessings leave a want behind;  
EXPERIENCE tells me these will not suffice,  
Ne'er make thee happy, nor yet make thee wise.

To

To higher bliss I'll lead thy gentler soul,  
Where endless joys in swift succession roll;  
To boundless pleasures, free from ev'ry strife,  
Which now perplex the mazy paths of life.

Time, time and distance now obstruct the sight,  
Forbid enjoyment and prolong delight;  
Yet patient wait, nor let thy tongue upbraid,  
Nor doubt the kindness of paternal aid.

In that blest clime resides the KING of kings,  
Who life from death, who joy from sorrow brings;  
Whose bounteous hand his creatures wants supplies,  
Gives all that's needful nor what's good denies.

Haste then my fair—My ELOISA fly,  
Known are our wants to his all-seeing eye;  
If RICHES needful—these he will supply,  
And if superfluous, with kind hand deny.

In health in sickness, or in ease or pain,  
In want in plenty, or in loss or gain;  
Our duty sure to be alike resign'd,  
Since either state is what himself assign'd.

FAITH's prying eye shall view a FATHER's care,  
In all we SUFFER, and in all we share;  
Shall hail the trials which in life we prove,  
And own AFFLICTIONS are the VOICE of love.

## REFLECTIONS

ON THE VAIN PURSUITS AND IMPERFECT EN-  
JOYMENTS OF HUMAN LIFE.

**L**IFE, like a play-thing, humours us a while;  
We prize the bauble, as its trinkets smile;  
Each glittering trifle stills us for a day,  
Then children-like we throw that toy away;  
With froward minds we long for something new,  
And still a vain variety pursue.  
The distant object which we covet most,  
If once enjoy'd, is in possession lost:  
Those hills from far, with seeming verdure crown'd,  
A closer view has bleak and barren found.  
Led on by hope, we tread the fairy maze,  
And eager grasp at something still to please:  
A dear-bought wisdom disappointment shews;  
In life's blank lottery all may fear to lose.

The MISER, anxious for his hoarded gold,  
Starves in abundance, and in want grows old;  
With squeezing palm he gripes his mammon fast,  
And clinches closer as he breathes his last:  
For strangers hoards his piles of mouldy pelf,  
Who soon shall waste what he denies himself:  
Penurious madman, anxious for his heap,  
Lab'ring to sow what other hands must reap.

By midnight lamps the poring SAGE has past  
His painful life, and is deceiv'd at last;

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Huge volumes from his teeming thoughts he draws,  
 Imagin'd monuments of vast applause,  
 Which shall to distant years transmit him down,  
 And teach posterity his great renown;  
 Pleas'd with the prospect, he resigns his breath,  
 And fondly triumphs over time and death;  
 When lo! his works, an useless lumber rot,  
 And are, with him, in half an age forgot.

Through foes for fame the SOLDIER hews his way,  
 Provoking fate, and fame shall be his pay:  
 For this young AMMON seeks to scale the skies,  
 And frantic CHARLES impartial fate defies:  
 'Twas this made heroes in all ages bleed,  
 That men unborn might envy every deed.

Deluded mortals labor oft in vain,  
 By death prevented ere they found their gain:  
 What gain, alas! can be expected here,  
 Where all things fail, and nothing's found sincere?  
 Yet human vanity asserts her claim,  
 And courts an empty echo for a name.  
 This passion prone to lowest rank descends,  
 The coarsest clown for clumsy fame contends;  
 Ambition ebbing to its vulgar lee,  
 Ferments in dregs, and warms each base degree;  
 Since life's enjoyments weigh not half its ill,  
 And nothing here the human soul can fill,  
 To distant objects she must turn her eye,  
 And present wants by future hopes supply;  
 Such hopes, well-grounded, speak her truly wise,  
 And list her wishes to their native skies;



Above the reach of rumours feeble sounds,  
And fame that circles in surviving rounds.

To grasp at happiness is all our view,  
Through diff'rent tracts her footsteps we pursue;  
While each his own fallacious path approves,  
As int'rest leads, or inclination moves:  
Yet most through error lose their wish'd-for way,  
Who sets out wrong must wander far astray.

Some, plung'd in riot, seek their sov'reign good  
From tilting spirits and tumultuous blood;  
With large potations reason's voice depress,  
And drown her clamours in the deep excess;  
'Midst reeking fumes exhale their lives away,  
Whilst late repentance and a swift decay,  
Pursuing close at pleasure's lawless heels,  
Bring all the woes despairing frenzy feels:  
When lungs decay'd, and nerves convulsive shake,  
Each pungent pang confirms the mad mistake:  
Reflection then on reason's aid shall call,  
Bid prudence prop what folly dooms to fall.  
In vain much wealth for happiness we try,  
Soft pleasures pall, and soon as tasted die.  
Ambition giddy on its summit grows,  
And crowns fit heavy on the monarch's brows;  
Our knowledge too in narrow bounds confin'd,  
Defrauds our hopes and disappoints the mind;  
Lo! all enjoyments are imperfect here,  
And pleasure's cup is ever mixt with care.  
Since all conditions there my wants proclaim,  
Is then this happiness an empty name?

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A mere delusion in our warm embrace?  
 A flitting phantom which we fondly chase?  
 Can nothing here the eager mind sustain?  
 Is health a shadow, or is virtue vain?  
 The one in absence we too late regard,  
 The other fails, nor is its own reward:  
 Continu'd health's true value's seldom known,  
 And virtue's strangely out of fashion grown.

As they who sail by India's fragrant shore,  
 Relax their speed, and every gale devour;  
 Bask in the breezes breath'd from spicy lands,  
 Yet sound the rocks and shun the shelving sands;  
 To their intended coast they slowly steer,  
 Enjoy the passage, but not anchor there.

So we through life with calm content should roam,  
 Endure the journey, not mistake our home.  
 What here we reap is for refreshment given,  
 Convenient stages in our way to heaven:  
 What taste of happiness we find below,  
 Must from religion's sacred fountain flow;  
 When gentle passions move obedient still,  
 And reason rules, and wisdom guides the will;  
 This soul-felt calm can every ill remove,  
 And gives an earnest of the joys above;  
 Draws the bright scene, unfolds the gates of bliss,  
 A life celestial, and begun in this.

THE POOR MAN'S LAMB.

A PARAPHRASE OF NATHAN'S PARABLE TO DAVID,  
AFTER THE MURDER OF URIAH, AND HIS  
MARRIAGE WITH BATHSHEBA.

BY THE HONOURABLE ANNE, COUNTESS OF  
WINCHILSEA.

**N**OW spent the fallen king in amorous cares  
The hours of sacred song and holy prayers;  
In vain the altar waits his slow returns,  
Where unattended incense faintly burns;  
In vain the whispering PRIESTS their fears express,  
And of the change a thousand causes guess.  
Heedless of all their censures he retires,  
And in his palace feeds his secret fires;  
Impatient, 'till from RABBAH tidings tell,  
That near those walls the poor URIAH fell;  
Led to the onset by a chosen few,  
Who, at the treacherous signal, soon withdrew;  
Nor to his rescue e'er return'd again,  
'Till by fierce Ammon's sword they saw the victim  
slain.

'Tis pass'd, 'tis done! the holy marriage knot,  
Too strong to be unty'd, at last is cut.  
And now to BATHSHEBA the king declares,  
That with his heart, the kingdom too is her's;  
That ISRAEL's throne and longing monarch's arms  
Are to be fill'd but with her widow'd charms;

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Nor must the days of formal tears succeed,  
 To cross the living, and abuse the dead.  
 This she denies; and signs of grief are worn,  
 But mourns no more than may her face adorn;  
 Give to those eyes, which love and empire fir'd,  
 A melting softness, more to be desir'd;  
 Till the fix'd time, tho' hard to be endur'd,  
 Was pass'd, and a sad consort's name procur'd:  
 When, with a pomp that suits a prince's thought,  
 By passion sway'd, and glorious woman taught,  
 A QUEEN she's made, than MICHAL seated higher,  
 Whilst light unusual airs prophane the hallow'd lyre.

Where art thou, NATHAN? where's that spirit now,  
 Giv'n to brave vice, tho' on a prince's brow?  
 In what low cave, or on what desert coast,  
 Now virtue wants it, is thy presence lost?

And lo! he comes; the reverend bard appears,  
 Defil'd with dust his awful silver hairs,  
 And his rough garment wet with falling tears. }  
 The KING this mark'd, and conscious would have fled  
 The healing balm that for his wounds was shed;  
 But the more wary priest with serpent art, }  
 Join'd to the dove-like temper of his heart,  
 Retards the prince just ready to depart.

“Hear me, the cause between two neighbours hear  
 Thou, who for justice dost the sceptre bear:  
 Help the oppress'd, nor let me weep alone  
 For him, who calls for succour from the throne.  
 Good princes for protection are ador'd,  
 And greater by the shield, than by the sword.”

This



This clears the doubt, and now no more he fears  
 The cause his own, and therefore stays and hears :  
 When thus the prophet;—in a flowery plain  
 A KING-LIKE man does in full plenty reign ;  
 Casts round his eyes, in vain, to reach the bound,  
 Which JORDAN'S flood sets to his fertile ground :  
 Counting his flocks, whilst LEBANON contains  
 A herd as large, kept by his numerous swains,  
 That fill with bellowings the morning air,  
 And to the shade at scorching noon repair.  
 Near to this wood a lowly cottage stands,  
 Built by the humble owner's painful hands ;  
 Fenc'd by a stubble-roof from rain and heat,  
 Secur'd without, without all plain and neat.  
 A field of small extent surrounds the place,  
 In which one single EWE did sport and graze :  
 This his whole stock, till in full time there came  
 To bless his utmost hopes, a snowy LAMB ;  
 Which, lest the season yet too cold might prove,  
 And northern blasts annoy it from the grove,  
 Or tow'ring fowl on the weak prey might seize,  
 (For with his store his fears must too increase)  
 He brings it home, and lays it by his side,  
 At once his wealth, his pleasure, and his pride ;  
 Still bars the door, by labour call'd away,  
 And, when returning at the close of day,  
 With one small mess himself and that sustains,  
 And half his dish it shares, and half his gains.  
 —When to the great man's table now there comes  
 A LORD as great, follow'd by hungry grooms :

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For these must be provided sundry meats,  
The best for some, for others coarser cates !

One servant diligent above the rest,  
To help his master to contrive the feast,  
Extols the LAMB, 'twas nourish'd with such care,  
So fed, so lodg'd, it must be princely fare ;  
“ And having this, my lord, his own may spare.” }

In haste he sends, led by no law but will,  
Not to intreat, or purchase, but to kill.  
The messenger arrives ; the harmless spoil  
Unus'd to fly, runs bleating to the toil :  
Whilst for the innocent the owner fear'd,  
And, sure, would move, could poverty be heard !  
“ Oh spare, he cries, the product of my cares !  
My stock's increase ! the blessings on my pray'rs !  
My growing hope, and treasure of my life ! ’—  
More was he speaking, when the murdering knife  
Shew'd him his suit, tho' just, must be deny'd,  
And the white fleece in its own scarlet dy'd ;  
While the poor helpless wretch stands weeping by,  
And lifts his hands for justice to the sky.—  
—“ Which he shall find ! th' incensed KING replies,  
When for the foul offence th' oppressor dies.  
O NATHAN ! by the HOLY NAME I swear,  
Our land such wrongs unpunish'd shall not bear,  
If, with the fault, th' offender thou declare.” }

Then, says the prophet, closing with the time,  
“ THOU ART THE MAN, and thine th' ill-natur'd  
Nor think against thy place or state I err, [crime.  
A power above thee does this charge prefer :

Urg'd

Urg'd by whose spirit, hither am I brought,  
 T' expostulate his goodness, and thy fault;  
 To lead thee back to those forgotten years,  
 In labour spent and lowly rustic cares,  
 When in the wilderness thy flocks were few,  
 Thou didst the shepherd's simple art pursue,  
 Thro' crusting frosts, and penetrating dew:  
 Till wondering JESSE saw six brothers pass'd,  
 And thou, elected, thou the least, and last,  
 A sceptre to thy rural hand convey'd,  
 And in thy bosom royal beauties laid:  
 A lovely princess made thy prize that day,  
 When on the shaken ground the GIANT lay,  
 Stupid in death, beyond the reach of cries,  
 That bore thy shouted praise to listening skies,  
 And drove the flying foe as swift away  
 As winds of old, locusts to EGYPT's sea.  
 Thy heart with love, thy temples with renown,  
 Th' all-giving hand of heaven did largely crown,  
 Whilst yet thy cheek was spread with youthful  
 down.

What more could craving man of GOD implore,  
 Or what for favour'd man could GOD do more?  
 Yet could not these, nor ISRAEL's throne suffice  
 Intemperate wishes, drawn thro' wandering eyes.  
 One beauty, not thy own, and seen by chance,  
 Defiles thy GRACE with one alluring glance;  
 Chases the spirit fed by sacred art,  
 And blots the title AFTER GOD'S OWN HEART!

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Black murder breeds, to level at his head,  
 Who boasts so fair a partner of his bed,  
 Nor long must he possess those envied charms,  
 The single treasure of his house and arms :  
 Giving by this thy fall, cause to blaspheme  
 To all the heathen the ALMIGHTY NAME :  
 For which the SWORD shall still thy race pursue,  
 And, in revolted ISRAEL's scornful view,  
 Thy captiv'd wives shall be in triumph led  
 Unto a bold usurper's shameful bed ;  
 Who, from thy bowels sprung, shall seize thy throne,  
 And scourge thee by a sin beyond thy own.  
 Thou hast thy fault in secret darkness done ;  
 But this shall be before the noon-day's sun." [plies,

" Enough!" the KING, " Enough!" the SAINT re-  
 And pours his swift repentance from his eyes :  
 Falls on the ground, and tears the nuptial vest,  
 By which his crime's completion was express'd :  
 Then, with a sigh, blasting to carnal love,  
 Drawn deep as hell, and piercing heav'n above,  
 " Let me, he cries, let me, attend his rod,  
 " For I have sinn'd, for I have lost my GOD!"

" Hold ! says the prophet, of that speech beware,  
 God ne'er was lost, unless by man's despair :  
 The wound that thus is willingly reveal'd,  
 Th' ALMIGHTY is as willing should be heal'd :  
 Thus wash'd in tears, thy soul as fair does show,  
 As the first fleece, which on the lamb does grow  
 Or on the mountain's top the flaky snow. }

Yet,



Yet, to the world that justice may appear  
Acting her part impartial and severe,  
The offspring of thy sin shall soon resign  
That life, for which thou must not once repine;  
But with submissive grief his fate deplore,  
And bless the hand that does inflict no more."

" Shall I then pay but part, and owe the whole?  
My body's fruit for my offending soul?  
Shall I no more endure, the king demands,  
And 'scape thus lightly his offended hands?  
Oh! let him all resume, my crown, my fame,  
Reduce me to the nothing whence I came;  
Call back his favours faster than he gave,  
And, if but pardon'd, strip me to my grave.  
Since, tho' he seem'd to LOSE, he surely WINS,  
Who gives but earthly comforts for his sins."

# E P I G R A M

ON THE FALSE REPORT OF MRS. K—Y'S DEATH:

ON wings of wind his journey rumor sped,  
Proclaiming wide illustrious K—Y dead:  
Suspended tears stood big in every eye,  
Till truth's fair aspect chas'd the recent lie:  
Slow mov'd the tears to sorrow's sad employ,  
But gush'd a torrent in the cause of joy.

THOUGHTS

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THOUGHTS ON PSALM CXIX. XX.

FROM HUGO.

MY SOUL BREAKETH OUT FOR THE VERY FERVENT DESIRE  
THAT IT HATH ALWAYS UNTO THY JUDGMENTS.

WHILE heaven and earth solicit me to love,  
My doubtful choice is puzzl'd which t'approve:  
Heaven cries, OBEY, while earth proclaims, be FREE,  
Heaven urges DUTY, earth pleads LIBERTY.  
Call'd hence by heaven, by earth I'm call'd again,  
Toft, like a vessel on the restless main:  
These diff'rent loves a doubtful combat wage,  
And thus obstruct the choice they would engage.  
Ah! 'tis enough; let my long-harraf's'd mind  
In the best choice a peaceful haven find!  
O my dear GOD! let not my soul incline  
To any love, or let that love be thine!  
True, it is pleasant to be free to chuse,  
And when we will, accept; when not, refuse.  
Freedom of choice endures restraint but ill,  
'Tis usurpation on the unbounded will.  
The neighing steed thus loos'd from bit and rein,  
To his lov'd pasture runs in haste again.  
So the glad ox, from his plough-burthen freed,  
Runs lowing on to wanton in the mead:  
And when the hind their freedom would revoke,  
THAT scorns his harness, THIS defies the yoke.  
Freedom in choice we fondly count a bliss;  
Eager to chuse, tho' oft we chuse amiss.

So the young **PRODIGAL**, impatient grown  
 To manage his entire estate alone,  
 Takes from his prudent father's frugal care  
 His stock, by that improv'd and thriving there :  
 But his own steward made, with eager haste  
 He does the slow-gain'd patrimony waste;  
 Till starv'd by riot, and with want oppress'd,  
 He feeds with swine, himself the greater beast.  
 Thus in destruction often we rejoice,  
 Fleas'd with our **RUIN**, since it was our **CHOICE**.  
 How do we weary heaven with diff'rent prayers !  
 The medly, sure, absurd and vain appears.  
**THIS** begs a **WIFE**, nor thinks a greater bliss;  
 And **THAT**'s as earnest to be rid of his :  
**THIS** prays for children ; **THAT** o'er-stock'd, repines  
 At the too fruitful issue of his loins.  
**THIS** asks his father's days may be prolong'd ;  
**THAT**, if his father lives, complains he's wrong'd :  
 Youth prays for good old age, and aged men  
 Would cast their skins, and fain grow young again.  
 Scarce in ten thousand two alike agree ;  
 Nay, some dislike what they just wish'd to be.  
 None know this minute what will suit them best,  
 Since that which follows brings some new request.

Oh ! why, like such, grown restless with desire,  
 Do my vain thoughts to unknown joys aspire ?  
 Be gone false hopes, vain wishes, anxious fears !  
 Hence, ye disturbers of my peaceful years !  
 O my dear **GOD** ! let not my soul incline  
 To any love, or let that love be thine !

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THOUGHTS ON PSALM cxix. v.

FROM THE SAME.

O THAT MY WAYS WERE MADE SO DIRECT, THAT I MIGHT  
KEEP THY STATUTES!

**I**N what a maze of error here I stray,  
Where various paths confound my doubtful way!  
THIS, to the right; THAT to the left-hand lies:  
HERE, vales descend; THERE swelling mountains rise:  
THIS has an easy, THAT a rugged way;  
The treach'ry THIS conceals, THAT does betray.  
But whither these so diff'rent courses go,  
Their wand'ring paths forbid, till try'd, to know.  
HERE thwarting difficulties stay my feet,  
And on each road I threat'ning dangers meet.  
But, more to heighten and increase my dread,  
Darkness involves each doubtful step I tread:  
No friendly tracts my wand'ring footsteps guide,  
Nor other feet th' untrodden ground have try'd.

Oh! who will help a wretch thus gone astray!  
What friendly star direct my dubious way?  
A glorious cloud conducted ISRAEL'S flight,  
By day their cov'ring, as their guide by night.  
The eastern kings found Bethlehem too from far,  
Led by the conduct of a twinkling star.

Nor be thou less propitious, Lord, to me,  
Since all my business is to worship thee.

I

See



See how the wand'ring croud mistake their way,  
 And, tost about by their own error, stray!  
**THIS** tumbles headlong from an unseen hill;  
**THAT** lights on a blind path and wanders still.  
 With haste, but not good speed, **THIS** hurries on;  
**THAT** moves no faster than a snail might run.  
 While to and fro another hastes in vain,  
 No sooner in the right, than out again.  
**HERE** one walks on alone, whose boasted skill  
 Invites another to attend him still;  
 Till among thorns or miry pools they tread,  
**THIS** by his guide, **THAT** by himself misled.  
**HERE** one in a perpetual circle moves,  
 Another, **THERE**, in endless mazes roves;  
 And when he thinks his weary ramble done,  
 He finds (alas!) he has but just begun.  
 Thus still in droves, the blinded rabble stray,  
 And led by error miss the narrow way.

O that my ways directed were by thee,  
 From the deceits of baneful error free!  
 Till all my motion, like a dart's, became  
 Swift as its flight, unerring as its aim.  
 And when thy law requires me to obey,  
 Let me not loiter, nor mistake the way:  
 But be thyself the **BOW**, thy **LAW** the white,  
 And I the **ARROW** destin'd for the flight.  
 And when thou'rt pleas'd to shew thy greatest skill,  
 Make me the polish'd shaft t'obey thy will.

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# REFLECTIONS

ON THE MISIMPROVEMENT OF TIME.

THE vernal flowers, unconscious of their bloom,  
From day to day exhale a short perfume;  
Regardless how the winged moments fly,  
They spring and flourish, propagate and die;  
The brutal tribes serenely thoughtless graze  
The verdant fields, nor heed the flight of days;  
From stage to stage of life unthinking run,  
While, unperceiv'd, decrepid age creeps on;  
Fearless of future, and the past forgot,  
Happy thro' blindness, calm thro' want of thought,  
They dream dull life away, then turn to earth,  
Alike unmindful of their death or birth.

But I, distinguish'd with the awful power  
Of reason; born to be for evermore  
A candidate for immortality,  
An infant-heir of worlds, and ne'er to die;—  
Shall I, in life's swift course move blindly on,  
Mindless how far, or how, or where I run?  
No: here I'll pause, from this advanc'd wide stage,  
And view the progress of my fleeting age.

From my first being measur'd by the sun,  
My days a round of thirty years have run:  
But, measur'd by my progress in the race  
Of learning, wisdom, knowledge, virtue, grace,  
I 2 They

They shrink into a short contracted span;  
 In these a BABE, in size and years a MAN:  
 These seeds of life divine, as yet ungrown,  
 Or (O tremendous thought!) ev'n yet unfown;  
 My foot just enter'd in the heav'nly road,  
 Unskill'd in the fair path which leads to God;  
 My work undone; my acquisitions small;  
 One day, alas! sufficient for them all,  
 How vig'rous, earthly trifles to pursue,  
 How slow while heaven's high objects are in view!  
 Pronouncing mortal things with ready tongue,  
 But lisping themes divine, and stammering long.  
 How faint my taste for solid, manly joys!  
 Raptur'd with baubles, pleas'd with childish toys;  
 To eat, and drink, and sleep, by instinct taught,  
 Untrain'd to manly exercise or thought!  
 In me, alas! how sadly reconcil'd  
 The wide extremes of man and of the child.  
 Ah! what have I been doing? how have fled  
 My years by stealth, unnotic'd o'er my head?—  
 Amaz'd! surpriz'd I ask, how came I here?—  
 Amaz'd at thirty ere I was aware!  
 Insensibly from youth to riper age,  
 Swiftly we glide along this mortal stage:  
 How quick old age advances in the rear!  
 How near to youth! yet death, perhaps, more near.  
 So moves the restless watch her little hand,  
 That turns perpetual while it seems to stand;  
 Thus unperceiv'd the candle wastes away,  
 'Till darkness ends its counterfeited day:

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And thus the shadow on the dial cast,  
Steals on, unnotic'd, till the hour be past.

The dream now disappears, th' enchanting dream,  
That smoothly bore me down time's rapid stream :  
Reckless, and unaware !—I wake at last :  
View life's scant wretched voyage almost past,  
And eye th' eternal ocean, fearful, wide, and vast !

As when th' incautious youth, who lightly fails  
On some smooth stream urg'd by soft breathing gales,  
Casts off all fear, nor, till the awful sound  
Of boist'rous floods and billows roar around,  
Can think of danger; then, with double fright,  
Surveys the horrors of th' unwonted sight :  
A boundless ocean all its terrors spreads,  
To which the smooth deceitful current leads :—  
With like surprise I cast my eyes on thee,  
'Tremendous ocean, vast eternity !  
Oh ! why so often, why so long forgot !  
Why, when so near, thus absent from my thought !  
Why was I deaf to the tremendous roar  
Of those dread waves which dash time's mould'ring  
Where's now the anchor of unshaken hope, [shore ?  
And faith, almighty faith ! thy cable rope ?  
Where lies the coast unknown ? My pilot—where ?  
Jesus, thou ruler of the seas, appear !  
Speak the almighty mandate : " Peace ; be still ;"  
The lawless waves will soon obey thy will :  
Dart thro' these hideous glooms one chearful ray,  
These hideous glooms will brighten into day.



If thou but smile, the ocean's calm and clear,  
And rocks, and mists, and darkness disappear.

If on life past my guilty eye I turn,  
My moments, as departing friends, I mourn :  
Important friends and messengers of love,  
On kind designs commission'd from above :  
My gentle tutors sent to educate,  
A raw young pupil for the heavenly state,  
Lib'ral dispensers of unnumber'd means,  
To form my soul for everlasting scenes ;  
All offer'd me their service as they pass'd,  
Though not allow'd to stay, and wing'd with haste,  
Us'd all their efforts ; all were us'd in vain ;  
Slighted, and oh ! with hands remorseless slain,  
Ungrateful hands ! guilt, horrid spectre ! stalks  
Before my eyes, and haunts my secret walks,  
Demanding vengeance :—O my murder'd years !  
Cannot these cries, these penitential tears  
Recall you back to life ? And are you gone  
For ever, and no more to see the sun ?  
Oh might your light but bless my eyes again !  
Fruitless, alas ! the wish, the hope as vain.—

Yet cannot grace, unbounded grace divine,  
Relieve a conscience so defil'd as mine ?—  
To thee, great god ! I fly ; “ lost and undone,  
“ I plead the well-spent moments of thy Son ;  
“ I plead his death, who for his murd'rers prays,  
“ And, O for me, I trust, the murd'rer of my days !”  
Of thirty empires, and their vast affairs,  
How mean the trust compar'd with thirty years !

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Important treasure ! how immense the amount  
 Improv'd ; abus'd, how dreadful the account !  
 A stock, if well improv'd, that will maintain  
 The soul in state while endless years remain.  
 Millions, who liv'd t' enjoy but half that store,  
 Now reign on high, enrich'd for evermore ;  
 And Oh ! what clouds once burdened with a day,  
 Once kill'd in arts to trifle it away,  
 Now for one hour a thousand worlds would pay !  
 Alas ! must time's importance be conceal'd,  
 Until by death eternity's reveal'd ?—  
 Lo ! here, I vow—if one so frail and weak,  
 May venture yet one humble vow to make ;  
 Lo ! here, I vow—be witness earth and heaven,—  
 I'll catch the flying moments as they're giv'n ;  
 Each hour to some important end assign'd,  
 Worthy the care of an immortal mind :  
 This I engage ; but O 'tis only thou  
 Great god ! can'st aid me to perform my vow.

WRITTEN EXTEMPORE, ON A LADY'S PRESENTING  
 THE AUTHOR A VOLUME OF SEA WEEDS, SO  
 DISPOSED ON THE LEAVES, AS TO IMITATE  
 TREES, SHRUBS, &c. \* \* \*

**S**TUDIOUS of art, the soft assiduous fair  
 Makes mimic life the object of her care ;  
 With scenes descriptive strikes the wond'ring eyes,  
 While pictur'd nature in her volume lies.

## V E R S E S,

WRITTEN BY A LADY AT BATH, AND SENT TO  
HER HUSBAND A FEW DAYS BEFORE SHE DIED.

**T**HOU who dost all my worldly thoughts employ,  
Thou pleasing source of all my earthly joy,  
Thou tenderest husband, and thou dearest friend,  
To thee this last, this fond adieu I send.  
At length the conqueror death asserts his right,  
And will forever vail me from thy sight.  
He woos me to him with a chearful grace,  
And not one terror clouds his awful face.  
He promises a lasting rest from pain,  
And shews that all life's fleeting joys are vain.  
Th' eternal scenes of heaven he sets in view,  
And tells me that no other joys are true.  
But love, fond love, would yet resist his power,  
Would fain awhile defer the parting hour.  
He brings thy weeping image to my sight,  
And stays my passage to the realms of light.  
But say, thou dearest, thou unwearied friend,  
Say, shouldst thou grieve to see my sorrows end?  
Thou know'st a painful pilgrimage I've past,  
And canst thou mourn that rest is come at last?  
Rather rejoice to see me shake off life,  
And die, as I have liv'd, thy faithful wife.

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## T H E M E S S I A H.

BY MR. POPE.

**Y**E nymphs of Solyima ! begin the song :  
 To heavenly themes sublimer strains belong.  
 The mossy fountains and the sylvan shades,  
 The dreams of Pindus and the Aonian maids,  
 Delight no more.—O thou my voice inspire  
 Who touch'd Isaiah's hallowed lips with fire !

Rapt into future times, the bard begun,  
 A virgin shall conceive, a virgin bear a son !  
 From Jesse's root behold a BRANCH arise,  
 Whose sacred flow'r with fragrance fills the skies,  
 Th' ethereal spirit o'er its leaves shall move,  
 And on its top descends the mystic dove.  
 Ye heavens from high the dewy nectar pour,  
 And in soft silence shed the kindly show'r !  
 The sick and weak the healing plant shall aid,  
 From storms a shelter, and from heat a shade.  
 All crimes shall cease, and ancient fraud shall fail,  
 Returning justice lift aloft her scale ;  
 Peace o'er the world her olive wand extend,  
 And white-rob'd innocence from heaven descend.  
 Swift fly the years, and rise th' expected morn !  
 Oh spring to light, auspicious babe be born :  
 See nature hastes her earliest wreaths to bring,  
 With all the incense of the breathing spring :

See



See lofty Lebanon his head advance,  
 See nodding forests on the mountains dance,  
 See spicy clouds from lowly Saron rise,  
 And Carmel's flow'ry top perfumes the skies !  
 Hark ! a glad voice, the lonely desert cheers,  
 Prepare the way ! a God, a God appears !  
 A God, a God ! the vocal hills reply,  
 The rocks proclaim th' approaching deity.  
 Lo ! earth receives him from the bending skies :  
 Sink down ye mountains, and ye vallies rise !  
 With heads declin'd, ye cedars homage pay !  
 Be smooth ye rocks, ye rapid floods give way !  
 The Saviour comes, by ancient bards foretold :  
 Hear him ye deaf, and all ye blind behold !  
 He from thick films shall purge the visual ray,  
 And on the sightless eye-ball pour the day :  
 'Tis he th' obstructed paths of sound shall clear,  
 And bid new music charm th' unfolding ear ;  
 The dumb shall sing, the lame his crutch forego,  
 And leap exulting like the bounding roe.  
 No sigh, no murmur the wide world shall hear,  
 From ev'ry face he wipes off ev'ry tear :  
 In adamant chains shall death be bound,  
 And hell's grim tyrant feel th' eternal wound.  
 As the good shepherd tends his fleecy care,  
 Seeks freshest pasture and the purest air,  
 Explores the lost, the wand'ring sheep directs,  
 By day o'ersees them, and by night protects,  
 The tender lambs he raises in his arms,  
 Feeds from his hand, and in his bosom warms :

Thus

Thus shall mankind his guardian care engage;  
 The promis'd father of the future age.  
 No more shall nation against nation rise,  
 Or ardent warriors meet with hateful eyes,  
 Or fields with gleaming steel be covered o'er,  
 The brazen trumpets kindle rage no more;  
 But useless lances into scythes shall bend,  
 And the broad faulchion in a plowshare end.  
 Then palaces shall rise; the joyful son  
 Shall finish what his short-liv'd sire begun;  
 Their vines a shadow to their race shall yield,  
 And the same hand that sow'd shall reap the field.  
 The swain in barren desarts with surprize  
 Sees lilies spring, and sudden verdure rise,  
 And starts, amidst the thirsty wilds to hear  
 New falls of water murm'ring in his ear.  
 On rifted rocks, the dragon's late abodes,  
 The green reed trembles, and the bulrush nods.  
 Waste sandy vallies, once perplex'd with thorn,  
 The spiry fir and shapely box adorn;  
 To leafless shrubs the flow'ring palms succeed,  
 And od'rous myrtle to the noisome weed.  
 The lambs with wolves shall graze the verdant mead,  
 And boys in flow'ry bands the tyger lead;  
 The steer and lion at one crib shall meet,  
 And harmless serpents lick the pilgrim's feet.  
 The smiling infant in his hand shall take  
 The crested basilisk and speckled snake,  
 Pleas'd the green lustre of the scales survey, [play.  
 And with their forky tongue and pointless sting shall  
 Rise,

Rise, crown'd with light, imperial Salem rise!  
 Exalt thy tow'ry head, and lift thy eyes!  
 See, a long race thy spacious courts adorn;  
 See future sons and daughters yet unborn  
 In crowding ranks on every side arise,  
 Demanding life, impatient for the skies!  
 See barb'rous nations at thy gates attend,  
 Walk in thy light and in thy temple bend:  
 See thy bright altars throng'd with prostrate kings,  
 And heap'd with products of Sabæan springs:  
 For thee Idume's spicy forests blow,  
 And seeds of gold in Ophir's mountains glow.  
 See heaven in sparkling portals wide display,  
 And break upon thee in a flood of day!  
 No more the rising sun shall gild the morn,  
 Nor ev'ning Cynthia fill her silver horn,  
 But lost, dissolv'd in thy superior rays,  
 One tide of glory, one unclouded blaze  
 O'erflows thy courts: the light himself shall shine  
 Reveal'd, and God's eternal day be thine!  
 The seas shall waste, the skies in smoke decay,  
 Rocks fall to dust, and mountains melt away;  
 But fix'd his word, his saving power remains;  
 Thy realm for ever lasts, thy own MESSIAH reigns!

THOUGHTS

THOUGHTS ON PSALM CXIX. XXXVII.

FROM HUGO.

O TURN AWAY MINE EYES, LEST THEY BEHOLD VANITY.

**I**N my high capitol two centries dwell,  
 Keep constant watch, to guard the citadel :  
 If fix'd or wand'ring stars, I do not know,  
 Tho' either epithet becomes them too ;  
 Each from his duty is in straggling lost,  
 Yet each maintains immoveably his post ;  
 Both swift of motion, yet both fix'd remain ;  
 What Sampson this dark riddle can explain ?  
 Ev'n you, my EYES, are these mysterious stars,  
 Fix'd in my head, yet daily wanderers :  
 Who plac'd in this exalted tow'r of mine,  
 Like torches in some lofty Pharos shine ;  
 Or like to watchmen on some rising place,  
 View every near, and every distant pass.  
 Yet you to me less constant prove by far,  
 Than those kind guides to their observers are ;  
 Like prancing steeds, too headstrong for the rein,  
 No fleshly arms your wand'ring course restrain :  
 You, by whose guidance I should dangers shun,  
 Betray me to the rocks on which I run.  
 Thus wand'ring DINA, led by your false light,  
 Expos'd her honor, to oblige her sight.

Thus



Thus, while JESSIDES view'd the bathing dame,  
 What cool'd her heat, soon rais'd in him a flame.  
 Thus gazing on the Hebrew matron's eyes,  
 Made the Assyrian's head her easy prize.  
 Thus the fond ELDERS, by their sight misled,  
 Pursu'd the joys of a forbidden bed ;  
 Nor could their lustful flame be dispossess'd,  
 Till with a show'r of weighty stones suppress'd.

Thus, treach'rous centries, you your charge perform,  
 Court the surprize, that should the camp alarm.  
 Did you for this the capitol obtain ?  
 For this the charge of my chief castle gain ?  
 Why have you thus t' inferior earth betray'd  
 Man's lofty soul, for nobler objects made ?  
 Say, why not rather raise his thoughts on high,  
 Beyond the arches of yon starry sky ?  
 There, nobler prospects entertain the sight  
 With various scenes of more sublime delight :  
 But you are more on earth than heaven intent,  
 And your industrious search is downward bent.

What shall I do, since you unruly grow,  
 And will no limits, no confinement know ?  
 Oh ! shut the wand'ers up in endless night,  
 Or with thy hand, dear GOD, contract their sight.

## REFLECTIONS ON PSALM

CXLVI. II. \* \* \*

I WILL SING PRAISES UNTO MY GOD, WHILE I HAVE ANY  
BEING.

SHOULD love divine, at death, my breast inspire,  
And kindle there a spark of sacred fire;  
This feeble voice shall songs of tribute raise,  
And teach surviving mortals how to praise.  
With suppliant hand, I'll court the poet's aid,  
And chant the happy numbers genius made;  
Soft soothing strains shall all my powers employ,  
And turn my intervals of pain to joy.  
But if my stamm'ring tongue forget its theme,  
And fault'ring words, confus'd, should intervene;  
E'en then, surrounding friends shall thankful see  
His boundless goodness manifest in me;  
A WILL-RESIGN'D shall speak his love the same,  
And silent eloquence his praise proclaim.  
In patient hope, my soul shall passive lay,  
Nor wish to leave its now incumber'd clay:  
And when insatiate death approaches near,  
This tim'rous heart shall then forget to fear;  
Shall flap the wing, to find its passage free,  
And soar aloft to dwell, great God, with thee!

## THOUGHTS ON PSALM LXXIII. XXIV.

FROM HUGO.

WHOM HAVE I IN HEAVEN BUT THEE? AND THERE IS NONE  
UPON EARTH THAT I DESIRE IN COMPARISON OF THEE.

**W**HAT shall I seek, great God, in heaven above,  
Or earth, or sea, whereon to fix my love?  
Tho' I should ransack heaven, and earth, and sea,  
Their worth is nothing if depriv'd of thee.

I know what mighty joys in heaven abound,  
What treasures in the earth and sea are found;  
Yet without thee, my love! t' enrich their store,  
Their boasted glories are but mean and poor.  
O heaven! O earth! O vast capacious main!  
Three famous realms where wealth and plenty reign!  
Tho' in one heap your triple pleasures lay,  
They were no pleasures, were my Lord away.  
My thoughts, I own, have often rang'd the deep,  
Search'd earth and heaven, and in no bounds would  
But when they wander'd the creation round, [keep;  
No equal object in the whole they found.  
Sometimes I thought to rip the pregnant earth,  
And give its rich and long-born burthen birth;  
Gold, silver, brass, seeds of the shining vein,  
And each bright product of the fertile mine:  
But what advantage? tho' o'ercharg'd with gold,  
My bursting coffers can't their burthen hold;

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Yet this can ne'er my troubled mind appease,  
Nor buy my sorrows one soft moment's ease.

Alas ! these jewels brought from distant coasts  
All that each river, or the ocean boasts ;  
The sapphire, jasper, and the chrysolite,  
Can't quench my thirst, or stay my appetite.  
Then, since the earth and sea content deny,  
Heaven's lofty fabric I resolve to try.  
With wonder I the vast machine survey,  
With glorious stars all studded, bright and gay :  
Amaz'd their still unalter'd course I view,  
And how their daily motions they renew.  
But among all the pensile fires above,  
None warm'd my breast, none rais'd my soul to love :  
But this bright scene I distant view below ;  
Then farewell earth, up to their orbs I go.  
Now less'ning cities leave my distant sight,  
And now the earth's whole globe is vanish'd quite ;  
Above the sun and planets I am borne,  
And their inferior influences scorn.  
Now the bright pavement of the stars I tread,  
Once the high cov'ring of my humble head.  
Now o'er the lofty flaming wall I flie,  
And heaven's bright court lies open to my eye.  
Now curious crouds of the wing'd choir above  
'Tow'rs the new guest with dazzling splendor move :  
Hymns well compos'd to airs divine they sing,  
New tune their harps, and strike the loudest string ;  
Then in brisk notes triumphant anthems play,  
While heaven resounds, as if 'twere holy-day.

K

O glo-



O glorious mansions fill'd with shining fires!  
 O courts fit only for your starry choirs!  
 My ravish'd soul's in strange amazement lost;  
 Sure no delight is wanting on this coast.  
 Ah!—Said I no delight was wanting here?  
 Yes, you want all; alas! you want my dear.  
 Farewel you stars, and you bright forms adieu;  
 My business here was with my love, not you.  
 There's nothing good below without my love,  
 Nor aught in heaven worth a faint wish above.

One world subdu'd, the conqu'ror did deplore  
 That niggard fate had not allow'd him more:  
 My vaster thoughts a thousand worlds despise,  
 Nor lose one wish on such a worthless prize.  
 Not all the universe from pole to pole,  
 Heaven, earth, and sea, can fill my boundless soul.  
 Till now, alas! my soul at shadows caught,  
 And was deceiv'd in what it always sought;  
 Thou, LORD, alone, art heaven, earth, sea, to me;  
 And all are nothing if not blest with thee.

## A R E P R O O F

FROM PRIOR'S SOLOMAN.

**A** LONG the sunny bank, or wat'ry mead,  
 Ten thousand stalks their various blossoms spread:  
 Peaceful and lowly in their native soil,  
 They neither know to spin, nor care to toil;  
 Yet with confess'd magnificence deride  
 Our gay attire, and impotence of pride.

A S O-

A SOLILOQUY

ON THE NATIVITY OF CHRIST. \* \* \*

**Y**ON wide expanse proclaims a power divine,  
Where worlds, unnumber'd, swift revolving,  
shine;

Where twinkling stars display their distant light,  
And waste their lustre in the bounds of sight!  
Where rising suns emit the genial ray,  
Disperse the night, and bring the welcome day;  
Where waneing moons their circling courses steer,  
And shine promiscuous through the vary'd year.

But see! conspicuous in yon eastern skies  
A radiant orb in slow progression rise!  
Behold! it shines with vast effulgence bright,  
And boasts the lustre of unusual light!  
To JUDAH's plain it bends its destin'd way,  
Where watchful shepherds view the lucid ray!

But hark! my soul—what means that solemn voice!  
“ Fear not, ye strangers, but with us rejoice;  
“ To BETHLEHEM haste—your Saviour's blest abode,  
“ There view the myst'ry of incarnate God!”  
But louder still, angelic choirs resound,  
“ The Lord a ransom for his SONS hath found!  
“ Proclaim salvation for a guilty race,  
“ Undone by NATURE, but redeem'd by GRACE!  
“ Ye SONS of MEN repeat the solemn sound;  
“ The Lord a ransom for his SONS hath found!

K 2

“ Hail!

" Hail ! happy favorites of our heavenly king !  
 " To you these tidings we with rapture bring :  
 " For you—not us—(now clad in human guise)  
 " The willing Saviour left his native skies !  
 " Our kindred spirits, when they sinning fell,  
 " Were doom'd to suffer the fierce pangs of hell !  
 " There, bound in chains, the impious rebels lie,  
 " And feel a thousand deaths—but never die !  
 " For them, no prospect of a wish'd release,  
 " No views of pardon, no kind terms of peace !  
 " No gleam of hope displays its distant beam,  
 " No GOD to DIE—no JESUS to redeem—  
 " One sinful act destroy'd their blest estate,  
 " And stamp'd ETERNAL their reverse of fate !  
 " Then join with us, ye honor'd sons of GRACE !  
 " Ye happier subjects, ye dear PURCHAS'D race !  
 " Let heaven and earth their grateful accents raise,  
 " And sing with us your kind Emmanuel's praise !"  
 Their errand told—the seraphs take their flight,  
 Through trackless æther, unapproach'd by sight ;  
 The list'ning shepherds, lost in strange amaze,  
 Express their wonder as they distant gaze !  
 Thus eager look'd the apostolic few,  
 When from their presence, their lov'd master flew !  
 When each fond gazer dropt a mournful tear,  
 And wish'd to follow him—they follow'd here.

But lo ! the shepherds turn their wond'ring eyes !  
 They seek the manger, where EMMANUEL lies.  
 To BETHLEHEM with hasty strides they run,  
 There, view their SAVIOUR—there, their RISEN SUN !

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Amazing thought!——but more amazing fight!—  
The GOD of nature, and dark nature's light!  
The GOD of GLORY leaves the realms of bliss,  
To share the sorrows of a world like this!  
From glory flies to be despis'd on earth,  
As speaks the language of his humble birth.

Amazing proof of thy kind errand here!  
Thou SON, thou SAVIOUR, whom all should revere!  
No infant honors thy lov'd presence wait,  
No forms of grandeur, nor large rooms of state;  
No weeping friends, no waiting servants 'tend,  
No earthly comforts, kind assistance lend;  
No tender nurse, no skilful midwife stands,  
To aid weak nature when she most demands:  
No downy bed, no easy pillows there,  
No feeling signs of sympathetic care!  
Nor aught I see——nor aught affords relief,  
But weeping JOSEPH, drown'd in floods of grief!

Now born the SON——the raptur'd PROPHET sung  
When fire celestial touch'd his hallow'd tongue!  
The given SON——the hope of ancient years,  
The mighty GOD——the PRINCE of PEACE appears!  
Wonderful!——COUNSELLOR!——ALMIGHTY-ONE!  
Th' ETERNAL FATHER——and th' ETERNAL SON!\*

All

\* These expressions, though agreeable to Isa. ix. 6. may probably be adopted by a SABELLIAN, as consistent with his own sentiments. It may not be improper therefore to inform the candid reader, that I retain a sense of the words widely different. The DISTINCT PERSONALITY of the Godhead, is, in my judgment, a truth of the last



All hail ! the SON——now view the promis'd seed  
 For whom the lamb, prophetic, us'd to bleed !  
 See from the ALTAR, lowing heifers turn,  
 And offer'd incense cease at length to burn.  
 The wounded victim, gasping, pants for breath,  
 And half recovered struggles hard with death !  
 The reeking blood, reluctant life bestows,  
 Now feels restraint——and stagnates as it flows.  
 No more the RITES Levitic priests began,  
 When CHRIST, their substance, laid the mystic plan ;  
 Now view the types, the darksome shadows gone †,  
 And brighter day, hail DAVID'S ROYAL SON !

In humble guise behold the babe appear !  
 Nor crowns, nor sceptres, hail him welcome here.  
 But lo ! the birth——ungrateful men deride,  
 Because the subject mocks their native pride !  
 Not so, where faith the humble spirit guides,  
 Where virtue triumphs, and where love presides ;  
 Nor thus the muse——nor thus let mortals sing,  
 But hail ! most welcome, ZION'S INFANT KING.

importance; a subject which ought to be well understood, and, because clearly revealed, implicitly believed by every person who makes the BIBLE a standard of faith and practice.

† As the sacrifices under the ceremonial dispensation had their full accomplishment in CHRIST; it is hoped that this short description, though not accurate as to time, will be excused. During his life, the Jewish ritual, which had long been in a declining state, was still observed: probably the abolition of those rites and ceremonies was signified at his death, by the rending of the veil between the holy place and the most holies.

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Brief, thou my soul, his life progressive scan,  
 From child to youth—from youth to riper man.  
 In each, in both, surrounding sorrows 'tend,  
 And with life's blessings, worst afflictions blend !  
 How hard to bear ! Oh ! more than human fate,  
 Where pain on want, where shame on sorrows wait ;  
 Where each alternate bears triumphant sway,  
 And wounds, incessant, the long-tortur'd prey :  
 But this his lot, who brought salvation near,  
 Whom angels worship, and whom saints revere !  
 And this his honor——this let all approve——  
 Because the trials that attest his love !

See blameless poverty——see want presides !  
 Now foes loud threaten, now base man derides—  
 Now friends forsake, now shun the toilsome way,  
 And trait'rous JUDAS——does at length betray !  
 O ! foul ingratitude——O ! treach'rous part !  
 O ! foul offence——but yet much fouler heart—  
 Alas ! 'tis done——the waiting ruffians stand !  
 They seize—they grapple—with rapacious hand !  
 With savage rage around their PURCHASE cling,  
 And drag in triumph, their despised king !  
 Before the PRIEST, for sanctity renown'd,  
 Behold the SAVIOUR with strong fetters bound !  
 There false accusers, there vile tongues degrade,  
 And words, blasphemous, to his charge are laid.  
 Now at the bar, where justice should preside,  
 The JUDGE of HEAVEN and EARTH, himself is tried !  
 See where he stands !——the scoff of blasting rage,  
 Nor aught but death can their loud cries assuage :

Nor grief, nor pity, impious hands restrain,  
 And innocence itself, but pleads in vain ! [torn,  
 —Arraign'd—condemn'd—from judgment see him  
 And by the rabble, in base triumph borne ;  
 See from his shoulders, rent the linen vest,  
 And in a robe——th' insulted SAVIOUR drest.  
 The blushing robe, that mocks his kingly fame,  
 Tho' most descriptive of their want of shame !  
 See round his temples wreath'd the pointed thorn  
 (Sad tort'ring proof of their malicious scorn)  
 See from beneath that rude——that piercing crown,  
 In various parts the blood fast trickle down !  
 From street to street, behold the victim bleed !  
 And distant thousands wing'd with rapid speed ;  
 Crouds, meeting crouds, in mingled tumult throng,  
 To view the suff'rer dragg'd with cords along.  
 With rage they press—inult—deride—rejoice,  
 And scoff the SAVIOUR with united voice.

To CALVARY next direct thy mournful view,  
 Behold the CROSS——behold thy SAVIOUR too !  
 See wide extended on th' accursed tree,  
 Th' atoning sacrifice that bleeds for thee !  
 See cruel death, his worst, his latest FIEND,  
 In regal state, th' affecting scene attend !  
 In all the ghastly forms of terror stand,  
 Inflicting torments with relentless hand :  
 Forsook by all, but that grim tyrant death,  
 Th' EXPIRING SAVIOUR gasps and tugs for breath.  
 See ling'ring conflicts rend his tortur'd soul,  
 And feeling nature rock from pole to pole.

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See all—but MAN, for whom the SAVIOUR came,  
 Express their sorrow, or perhaps their shame !  
 Or, see the power of that expiring JEW,  
 Both DAVID's root, and DAVID's offspring too——  
 The troubled earth heaves with convulsive breath,  
 And quakes, prophetic, of its Maker's death !  
 Graves, once tenacious, now forc'd open wide,  
 Expose the corpse, which they were meant to hide.  
 Wide yawning chasms—shock the starting soul !  
 And rending rocks from their firm basis roll.  
 Yon western sun beholds the mournful sight,  
 Holds back his lustre, and withdraws his light !  
 Struck with the crime—in sable guise retires,  
 Nor dares to shine while NATURE'S GOD EXPIRES.

Say, thou my soul, whence this unbounded love,  
 Why left the SAVIOUR yon bright realms above !  
 Why leave the bosom, where he once reclin'd,  
 Where glory triumph'd, where perfection shin'd !  
 Where purest pleasures, conscious virtue charms,  
 And love, seraphic, each chaste bosom warms.  
 With joy I see——EXPERIENCE points to man,  
 The fav'rite subject of this mystic plan !  
 For him, the FATHER gave his ONLY SON †,  
 For him, the SAVIOUR cry'd—" thy will be done,"

For

† Not by OFFICE, nor in an improper and figurative sense, as some without any scripture authority confidently affirm, but A SON by NATURE. The ingenious Dr. ERSKINE observes, " he is the SON OF GOD in a sense incommunicable to any creature, and which has not, yea, cannot have any thing parallel to it in universal nature." Th's im-



For MAN he liv'd, for MAN his life he gave,  
 'Tis MAN he ransom'd, and 'tis MAN he'll save.  
 His LIFE——his DEATH——his agonies unknown,  
 Aton'd for hellish crimes——but not his own!——

O! wond'rous GRACE——unask'd——divine and free,  
 Lodg'd in the womb of vast eternity!  
 Maturing time unfolds th' amazing plan,  
 Completes and opens what LOVE first began.  
 Stupendous love!——immeasurably wide!  
 Nor height, nor depth, thy unknown bounds prescribe!  
 ETERNAL thou!——ETERNAL still remain,  
 Nor aught can fathom thy immense domain!

Hail! LORD of ALL——on this thy natal day,  
 Accept the tribute of my grateful lay:  
 While sensual pleasures charm the heedless throng,  
 Do thou inspire the accents of my song:  
 Diffuse thy virtues, all thy power impart,  
 And seize thy captive, this relenting heart.

Ye happy SAINTS, with circling glory crown'd,  
 In your blest climes, seraphic joys abound!  
 HERE, nought but pain——THERE, endless pleasures  
 HERE, varied ills which ye once felt below: [grow,  
 'Tis these I feel——'tis these I now deplore!  
 From these I flee, and seek your happy shore.

important subject is discussed with great accuracy and precision by the late very learned and judicious DR. GILL. Body Divin: vol. I. page 236.—See also his doctrine of the TRINITY vindicated, a pamphlet (of no great expence) worthy the perusal of every serious and candid enquirer after TRUTH.

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Ere long my soul shall wing its airy flight,  
 And share the sweetness of your full delight:  
 Nor time—nor death—shall my firm hope destroy,  
 For now my soul anticipates your joy.  
 JESUS——your SUN——with dazzling glory bright,  
 By whom ye shine as stars with borrow'd light,  
 Shall burst the veil of nature's thin disguise,  
 And I, like you, shall in his image rise.  
 O, happy period! O, long wish'd-for day!  
 Ye lagging moments, why this long delay?  
 Hope not to quench nor damp the latent fire,  
 Your sleepy progress but creates desire:  
 When shall these eyes in perfect vision see,  
 The spotless LAMB that BLED——that DIED for me!  
 O PRECIOUS FAITH!—I love thy friendly power!  
 Thou kind attendant in each doubting hour;  
 Yet half the glory thy dim light conceals,  
 And partial pleasures thou, at best, reveals:  
 To higher bliss! my ardent soul aspires,  
 And pants to join the loud angelic choirs:  
 Yet purer joys——yet more exalted bliss,  
 My heart anticipates, by far, than this;  
 A RISEN SAVIOUR, there must crown my joy,  
 And all the powers of conscious love employ.  
 'Tis his lov'd-presence must my bliss impart,  
 And fill with transport this now throbbing heart!  
 'Tis there the saints——in loud hosanna's sing,  
 And hail! triumphant——their victorious king.  
 With them my soul shall join her raptur'd lay,  
 But shout him conqu'ror——far more loud than they.

T O

## TO A LADY WITH A WITHERED ROSE.

BY THOMAS DRUMMOND, L. L. D.

**S**YLVIA, to thee this wither'd rose I send,  
 Receive the dumb instructor as a friend;  
 And if the moral tale you justly mark,  
 'Twill preach as well as TILLOTSON or CLARKE.  
 This lifeless, shrivel'd, now neglected thing,  
 Was lately seen the glory of the spring;  
 Exulted in the pride of youthful bloom,  
 Grateful to fight, luxuriant with perfume:  
 Its bosom pregnant with ethereal dew,  
 Swell'd to the sun, and blush'd as bright as you:  
 The morn the full-blown ruddy vigor spy'd,  
 At eve it droop'd its languid head and dy'd.  
 Such, and so frail the tints of beauty's power,  
 The gaudy dress and blossom of an hour.  
 Expos'd each minute to the nipping storm,  
 To baneful blasts, that every grace deform:  
 Disease still hov'ring round on pallid wing,  
 With all her ugly train prepar'd to sting:  
 And these escap'd, with slow, but sure decay,  
 Old haggard time each colour wipes away;  
 The lily, and the rose's hue decline,  
 Shrunk to the texture of a shrivel'd skin.

Sylvia, too grave perhaps these truths appear,  
 My song too moral, and the theme severe;

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To one, in all the pride of thoughtless May,  
 Of health improvident, and nature gay;  
 Untutor'd yet in wisdom's sacred school,  
 And in the one great needful thing—a fool.  
 To say that beauty's frail will seem more odd,  
 Than doubt of providence, or doubt a God:  
 Your cares devoted only to employ  
 The golden hours, to deck a sparkling toy;  
 To spin the thread, to spread the guileful art,  
 To catch the idle, giddy, flutt'ring heart:  
 In affectation every charm express,  
 And torture every feature into dress.  
 The fop, the coxcomb, buzzing round you fly,  
 Live, if you smile, and if you frown, they die.  
 On air-blown bubbles flattery's altar raise,  
 Diffusing round the smog of empty praise,  
 Despoil all nature's works of every grace,  
 To shape your person, and adorn your face.  
 Not all the blooming colours of the field,  
 Sufficient strength of epithet can yield;  
 Your white and red how delicate to show  
 The lily and the rose not only blow,  
 Earth's bowels rent, GOLCOND, and VISAPOUR\*,  
 Lend their assistance to th' imperfect flower.  
 Your eye—the diamond's brightest water shows;  
 Your lips—the ruby's crimson blush disclose;  
 Your veins the sapphire's comely blue deride,  
 Within the garnet rolls a scarlet tide.

\* Two places in the Mogul's dominions famous for jewels.



Old father ocean too must give his share,  
 And yield his gems to compliment the fair :  
 Upon your cheek the ruddy corals dwell ;  
 Of orient pearl your mouth a little cell.  
 Nor these enough——to dignify the lie,  
 Sun, moon, and stars, th' hyperbole supply :  
 Sun, moon, and stars, lose their diminish'd light,  
 In their meridian dim, to make you bright :  
 Some planet falls each beauty to refine,  
 And in your locks whole constellations shine.  
 Thus deckt in all the glory of the skies,  
 A goddess, or an angel's form you rise.

Such is the froth that spumy flattery throws,  
 And such the sounding nothing from her flows :  
 How frail ! how light !—yet frailer, lighter she,  
 That by such emptiness deceiv'd can be.  
 My serious numbers truths severe explain,  
 Beauty to the most perfect point, is vain.

SYLVIA, awhile your mighty cares suspend,  
 And from the toilet's anxious work descend ;  
 The noisy scenes of idleness disown,  
 And dare one single hour to be alone ;  
 Your wither'd monitor emphatic tells,  
 On what a weak unsteady base it dwells ;  
 Or if you'll have the doctrine more explain'd,  
 Behold yon cloud with circling colours stain'd.  
 In what a graceful lofty arch it bends !  
 From hill to hill the varying dye extends ;  
 But when a few distilling drops are o'er,  
 The gay deluding phantom is no more.

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See how the froth-blown bubbles mount on high,  
 Reflecting all creation as they fly;  
 Breathe soft, ye zephyrs! as the globe revolves,  
 The zephyrs softest breath its frame dissolves.  
 Nor this, nor that, more exquisitely weak,  
 Than the carnation of a beauteous cheek;  
 Alike constructed, and alike enjoy'd,  
 The wonder of a minute——then destroy'd.  
 Flattery, avaunt!——O SYLVIA, cease thy care,  
 To gild a gaudy phantom made of air;  
 Nor to the changes of a painted cloud  
 More adoration pay, than to your God.  
 Let not the busy moments drive away  
 In busy nothing through the posted day;  
 Your manners change, your giddy thoughts redress,  
 And break that household god—the looking-glass.  
 Come like the penitent with off'rings meet,  
 And lay your follies at your Saviour's feet;  
 Studious of thought, collect the mental ray,  
 Turn inward on yourself, and learn to pray.  
 The understanding form, the judgment clear,  
 Lift up the eye to heaven——behold——and fear.  
 And in retired silence try to find  
 Wisdom, the sacred council of the mind:  
 From strong reflection then you'll quickly know,  
 Beauty's the vainest vanity below.

## S T. D E N N I S \* :

OR, THE VANITY OF HUMAN GREATNESS.

BY THE SAME.

**H**OW solemn is the pile!—how still the scenes!—  
 What serious dread!—what awful silence reigns!  
 The list'ning ear receives no other sound,  
 But echoes whisp'ring thro' the vaulted round.  
 No other objects strike the wond'ring eyes,  
 But venerable columns that arise,  
 And on their capitals uprear aloof  
 The pond'rous arches of yon distant roof.  
 Or where the PARIAN stone, and figur'd brass,  
 A group of melancholy forms express;  
 In mimic art, the weeping marble breathes,  
 And twisted pillars swell with mournful wreaths:  
 In pomp of sad magnificence, to spread  
 Their monumental honors o'er the dead.

Such, and so solitary the retreat  
 Of royal splendor, and the stately great;  
 Here all the heads that wore the Gallic crown,  
 From DAGOBERT to mighty LEWIS down;  
 Within the leaden arms of death are prest,  
 And all their cares and conquests laid to rest:  
 One common fate with other mortals scan,  
 For he who liv'd a monarch dies a man.

\* The church where the kings of France are buried.

No courtier here, no sycophant attends,  
 The practis'd knee no cringing flatterer bends;  
 No armed guards in glitt'ring order wait,  
 No shining equipages croud the gate:  
 The robe, the crown, the sceptre, laid aside,  
 With all the pageant toys of regal pride;  
 Who rous'd the sons of war to deeds of arms,  
 And shook the trembling nations with alarms;  
 Whose rapid conquests o'er the rivers flew,  
 And whose ambition with his conquests grew;  
 Is now confin'd within the lonesome cave,  
 A shroud his mantle, and his realm a grave:  
 Without one slave his orders to perform,  
 And no attendant but the crawling worm.

What tho' from Italy or Egypt's womb,  
 \* DE LORME, TUBY, or PONTIUS raise the tomb;  
 The sculptor's nicest touch can only show,  
 A child of dust, a mortal lies below.  
 Ye sons of pomp! say, does it much avail,  
 To rot enshrin'd in gold, or common deal?  
 If porphiry, and jasper load the dead?  
 Or mossy turf lie lighter on the head?  
 When to the grave the lifeless corpse descends,  
 The curtain drops, and all distinction ends:  
 Nor will the dust of GALLIA's royal line,  
 With majesty distinguish'd, brighter shine,  
 Than what the wretched LAZAR's putrid wound,  
 Corrupted crumbles in its parent ground.

\* Three famous sculptors.

L

Come,



Come, ye dependents on those brittle things !  
 The smiles of ministers, and breath of kings ;  
 Learn hence how vain your hope ! how frail your trust !  
 That kings are men, and moulder into dust :  
 That sublunary greatness, earthly power,  
 Is the reflected sun-beam of an hour :  
 A glow-worm, that awhile deceives the sight,  
 And then expires in rottenness and night.  
 And that the man alone is truly wise,  
 Who on the sov'reign Lord of all relies ;  
 With whom this truth is ever understood,  
 That honor's virtue, and that great is good.

E P I G R A M

ON SEEING WORKMEN EMPLOYED ON THE SAB-  
 BATH DAY IN MAKING PREPARATIONS FOR  
 THE FIRE WORKS TO CELEBRATE THE  
 PEACE IN 1749.

**F**REED from the toil of war and long distress,  
 (Her bliss increasing, tho' her merit less)  
 Ingrateful BRITAIN ! scarce the tempest o'er,  
 But of the hand that stills it thinks no more.  
 From her once fav'rite isle RELIGION's fled,  
 And we again in heathen footsteps tread :  
 Like the poor PERSIANS, we no more aspire,  
 Sunk from our GOD—to serve the GOD of FIRE !

A N

## AN ESSAY ON TIME.

**T**H O' time in haste for ever glides along,  
 Nor heeds my subject, nor attends my song;  
 Incessant still beneath my searches floats,  
 Wastes in my hands, and fades upon my thoughts;  
 Yet would I, muse, the wond'rous theme essay,  
 And to the fleeting phantom lend my lay.  
 Thro' all the revolutions, pains, and strife,  
 That or befall, or busy human life,  
 Whether we chase our joys, or tempt our woes,  
 Pursue our toil, or deviate to repose,  
 To manhood rise, or verge beyond our prime,  
 One tide transports us, and that tide is TIME.  
 Of this consist our dates, in this commence,  
 'Tis what admits us here, what bears us hence;  
 Involves us in an unrelaxing course;  
 And what's exempt from time's imperial force?  
 Wide as th' extent of nature's fair array,  
 Th' unweary'd trav'ller spreads his airy way;  
 By nought controll'd, one rigid motion keeps,  
 And matter moulders where his pinion sweeps.  
 For him fierce lightnings cleave the sultry air,  
 For him the total band of meteors war;  
 For him successive seasons, as they stray,  
 Or scatter genial life, or reap decay.  
 And as in forests we promiscuous see  
 The shooting scyon, and the shiver'd tree;

Or midst a silent shower, as rise and break  
 The bubbles various on the level lake;  
 So births and deaths, an intermingled train,  
 For ever swell the records of his reign.  
 Amongst the stars, or underneath the sun,  
 Whate'er is suffer'd, or whate'er is done;  
 Events or actions, all the vast amount  
 But stretch his scroll, and add to his account.  
 Yet while his stern vicissitudes advance  
 O'er ev'ry orb, thro' all the vast expanse,  
 While scenes succeed to scenes, and forms to forms,  
 And other thunders roll, and other storms,  
 Sedate he triumphs o'er the general frame,  
 And, changing all things, is himself the same.  
 Fain would the learn'd th' ideal power define,  
 And on the mighty measurer cast their line.  
 With emulous ardor on the task they wait,  
 Contrive their circles, and their æra's state;  
 From these compute, by those the tale devise,  
 And vaunt to match our annals with the skies:  
 Yet ever devious, miss the promis'd end,  
 Tho' METO plan, and tho' CALIPPUS mend;  
 Tho' ancient periods be reform'd by new,  
 And GREG'RY polish, what HIPPARCHUS drew.  
 Schemes rais'd on schemes, see endless error start,  
 And reg'lar nature mocks the boast of art;  
 In what regard the works of mortals stand  
 To this great fabric of the Almighty's hand,  
 Is his to view; and sure to him alone  
 His world, and all its relatives, are known;

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And acts and things distant before him lie,  
 And time itself retires not from his eye.  
 But whence, oh muse, celestial voice ! rehearse,  
 That speak'st the theme, and aid'st the sacred verse,  
 Whence this progressive now, untaught to stay,  
 This glimmering shadow of eternal day ?  
 When first th' Almighty from the womb of night,  
 Bade infant-nature hear, and spring to light,  
 Her place he sever'd from the boundless waste,  
 And, from eternity, her time to last;  
 'Twas then it issu'd on the new-form'd stage,  
 With her coeval, and itself her age;  
 Ordain'd o'er ether, air, and earth, to range,  
 The scope of every life, and every change.  
 Its progress note ; th' illustrious globes above,  
 Shine in its shade, and in its shadow move ;  
 With stated pace around their orbits play,  
 And waste th' impatient moments on their way ;  
 While to a new eternity consign'd,  
 They haste from that before, to that behind.  
 So where some freight its every channel draws,  
 From main to main th' impetuous waters pass ;  
 Yet rush but to return from whence they came,  
 The mighty ocean's diff'rent, and the same.  
 See time launch'd forth in solemn pomp proceed,  
 And man on man advance, and deed on deed !  
 No pause, no rest, in all the world appears,  
 Ev'n live-long patriarchs waste their thousand years.  
 If Babel's tower no more with heaven contends,  
 In spiry heights a Nineveh ascends :



See in their fires each future nation stray,  
 And or desert, or meet the morning ray !  
 Or visit Lybia's sands, or Scythia's snows,  
 And brethren scatter that must soon be foes ;  
 See other kings hold other crouds in chains !  
 And Nimrod but the first of monarch reigns.  
 These suns behold a Cyrus lord of all ;  
 These view young Ammon triumph o'er the ball :  
 Now haughty Rome in martial rigor frowns,  
 And bears down powerful states, and treads on crowns ;  
 Bids mighty cities in a flame expire,  
 Nor dreams of Vandal rage, and Gothic fire.  
 Mankind and theirs possess one common thrall ;  
 And, like the gods that sway them, empires fall.  
 Some periods void of science, and of fame,  
 Scarce e'er exist, or leave behind a name ;  
 Mere sluggish rounds to let succession climb ;  
 Obscure and idle expletives of time.  
 Lo, earth smiles wide, and radiant heaven looks down,  
 All fair, all gay, and urgent to be known !  
 Attend, and here are sown delights immense,  
 For ev'ry intellect and ev'ry sense.  
 With adoration think, with rapture gaze,  
 And hear all nature chaunt her Maker's praise.  
 With reason stor'd, by love of knowledge fir'd,  
 By dread awaken'd, and by hope inspir'd,  
 Can we, the product of another's hand,  
 Nor whence, nor how, nor why we are, demand ?  
 And, not at all, or not aright, employ'd,  
 Behold a length of years, and all a void ?

Happy,

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Happy, thrice happy he ! whose conscious heart  
 Enquires his purpose, and discerns his part ;  
 Who runs with heed th' involuntary race,  
 Nor lets his hours reproach him as they pass ;  
 Weighs how they steal away, how sure, how fast,  
 And, as he weighs them, apprehends the last :  
 Or vacant, or engag'd, our minutes fly ;  
 We may be negligent, but we must die.

#### T H E   W A R N I N G .

**A**LL you who leap religion's sacred fence,  
 And hunt th' ignoble chace of lust and sense ;  
 Whose impious breasts some hellish fiend inspires !  
 And tongues, and eyes, confess adult'rous fires ;  
 Who drown your wretched souls in floods of wine,  
 And to the beast the nobler man resign ;  
 Who with loud oaths and curses rend the sky,  
 And dare th' Almighty's dread authority :  
 With earnest speed your darling vice forego,  
 Which else will prove your certain overthrow.  
 For since heaven's awful king is just and pure,  
 You must the lashes of his wrath endure ;  
 Must ere 'tis long, to your confusion find,  
 That GOD, tho' injured, is not deaf nor blind.

## A CONTEMPLATION ON NIGHT.

BY MR. GAY.

**W**HETHER amid the gloom of night I stray,  
 Or my glad eyes enjoy revolving day,  
 Still nature's various face informs my sense,  
 Of an all-wise, all powerful providence.

When the gay sun first breaks the shades of night,  
 And strikes the distant eastern hills with light,  
 Colour returns, the plains their livery wear,  
 And a bright verdure clothes the smiling year;  
 The blooming flow'rs with op'ning beauties glow,  
 And grazing flocks their milky fleeces show;  
 The barren cliffs with chalky fronts arise,  
 And a pure azure arches o'er the skies.  
 But when the gloomy reign of night returns,  
 Stript of her fading pride all nature mourns:  
 The trees no more their wonted verdure boast,  
 But weep in dewy tears their beauty lost:  
 No distant landscapes draw our curious eyes,  
 Wrapt in night's robe the whole creation lies.  
 Yet still, ev'n now, while darkness clothes the land,  
 We view the traces of th' Almighty hand;  
 Millions of stars in heaven's wide vault appear,  
 And with new glories hang the boundless sphere:  
 The silver moon her western couch forsakes,  
 And o'er the skies her nightly circle makes;  
 Her solid globe beats back the sunny rays,  
 And to the world her borrow'd light repays.

Whe-

Whether those stars that twinkling lustre send,  
 Are suns, and rolling worlds those suns attend,  
 Man may conjecture, and new schemes declare,  
 Yet all his systems but conjectures are;  
 But this we know, that heaven's eternal KING,  
 Who bade this universe from nothing spring,  
 Can at his WORD bid numerous worlds appear,  
 And rising worlds th' all-pow'rful WORD shall hear.

When to the western main the sun descends,  
 To other lands a rising day he lends;  
 The spreading dawn another shepherd spies,  
 The wakeful flocks from their warm folds arise;  
 Refresh'd, the peasant seeks his early toil,  
 And bids the plough correct the fallow soil.  
 While we in sleep's embraces waste the night,  
 The climes oppos'd enjoy meridian light:  
 And when those lands the busy sun forsakes,  
 With us again the rosy morning wakes;  
 In lazy sleep the night rolls swift away,  
 And neither clime laments his absent ray.

When the pure soul is from the body flown,  
 No more shall night's alternate reign be known:  
 The sun no more shall rolling light bestow,  
 But from th' Almighty streams of glory flow.  
 Oh, may some nobler thought my soul employ,  
 Than empty, transient, sublunary joy!  
 The stars shall drop, the sun shall lose his flame,  
 But thou, O God, for ever shine the same.

A THOUGHT



## A THOUGHT ON ETERNITY.

BY THE SAME.

**E**RE the foundations of the world were laid,  
 Ere kindling light th' almighty word obey'd,  
 Thou wert; and when the subterraneous flame  
 Shall burst its prison, and devour this frame,  
 From angry heaven when the keen lightning flies,  
 When fervent heat dissolves the melting skies,  
 Thou still shalt be; still, as thou wert before,  
 And know no change, when time shall be no more.  
 O endless thought! divine eternity!  
 Th' immortal soul shares but a part of thee;  
 For thou wert present when our life began,  
 When the warm dust shot up in breathing man.

Ah! what is life? with ills encompass'd round,  
 Amidst our hopes, fate strikes the sudden wound:  
 To-day the statesman of new honor dreams,  
 To-morrow death destroys his airy schemes;  
 Is mouldy treasure in thy chest confin'd?  
 Think all that treasure thou must leave behind;  
 Thy heir with smiles shall view thy blazon'd hearse,  
 And all thy hoards with slavish hand disperse.  
 Should certain fate th' impending blow delay,  
 Thy mirth will sicken and thy bloom decay;  
 Then feeble age will all thy nerves disarm,  
 No more thy blood its narrow channels warm.

Who

Who then would wish to stretch this narrow span,  
To suffer life beyond the date of man?

The virtuous soul pursues a nobler aim,  
And life regards but as a fleeting dream :  
She longs to wake, and wishes to get free,  
To launch from earth into eternity.  
For while the boundless theme extends our thought,  
Ten thousand thousand rolling years are nought.

## A REASONABLE QUESTION.

FROM PRIOR'S SOLOMON.

**I**F, when the branch cut off, a wither'd rod  
Should at a word pronounc'd revive and bud :  
Is this more strange than that the mountain's brow,  
Strip'd by December's frost, and white with snow,  
Should push, in spring, ten thousand thousand buds,  
And boast returning leaves, and blooming woods ?  
That each successive night, from opening heaven,  
The food of ANGELS shall to MAN be given ;  
Is this more strange, than that with common bread  
Our fainting bodies every day are fed ;  
Than that each grain and seed consum'd in earth,  
Raises its store, and multiplies its birth ;  
And from the handful which the tiller sows,  
The labor'd fields rejoice, and future harvest flows ?

T H E

## THE CHRISTIAN HERO.

**I**MMORTAL God ! whom men and angels own,  
 Thro' boundless first and last, I AM, alone !  
 Who shall, approv'd, thy searching test endure ?  
 Or in thy blissful realms a place secure——  
 He, who with care the word divine surveys,  
 And by the gospel-rule directs his ways ;  
 Who looks to JESUS as his only guide,  
 And hopes to live because his SAVIOUR died :  
 O power supreme ! whence every gift proceeds,  
 Assist my muse to sing his wond'rous deeds :  
 Say, whence such courage to the CHRISTIAN given,  
 As spurns the earth, and bursts the gates of heaven ?  
 Asham'd so long a slave to fiends below,  
 And forc'd the downward way to endless woe ;  
 He breaks his bands, and snaps th' infernal chain,  
 And back for happier regions turns again.  
 Now conquest after conquest greets his eyes,  
 And battle after battle SATAN flies ;  
 Till the whole man is to obedience brought,  
 And CHRIST, as Lord, presides in every thought.  
 Now love, zeal, fear—dart forth their pow'rful rays,  
 Add beam to beam, and croud into a blaze ;  
 Mortals admiring, every virtue scan,  
 Revere th' ALMIGHTY, and approve the MAN ;  
 Get round, in list'ning throngs to hear him tell,  
 How bright the truth that guides his steps so well ;  
Pleas'd

Pleas'd he relates the deeds his Lord hath done,  
 His high atchievements, and his battles won :  
 How he subdu'd the proud infernal king,  
 And took from grisly DEATH his baneful sting ;  
 In their own regions triumph'd o'er his foes,  
 Then left the darksome shades and greatly rose.  
 Next, he ecstatic tells the bliss above,  
 The immediate vision, the seraphic love,  
 The growing raptures of that sacred place,  
 Where saints behold JEHOVAH face to face.  
 And while he sings transcendent glories there,  
 The heavenly music charms th' attentive ear ;  
 Mortals attend, renounce the ways of sin,  
 Weep o'er past faults, and upright lives begin.

Nor does his goodness end in things above,  
 For earthly things alike display his love ;  
 His lib'ral hands to others wants extend,  
 And while he has, the POOR can't want a friend ;  
 The wounded soul in him finds kind redress,  
 Th' afflicted widow, and the fatherless ;  
 All he can give his needy brethren share,  
 And what he cannot give, he begs in prayer.  
 These pious deeds alarm the realms of dread,  
 And SATAN, trembling, rears his frightful head ;  
 Sees the bold HERO skim the heavenly way,  
 And thro' his regions scatter deep dismay ;  
 Nor dares approach in this surprising strait,  
 To quell the foe, or save his sinking state :  
 Yet dreadful counsels, dreadful fears impart,  
 And forces vanquish'd, strength gives place to art.

The



The serpent's seed is summon'd from below,  
 To intercept the SAINT, and work his woe;  
 Storms after storms arise!—the HERO's griev'd  
 By MEN his bounteous hands have oft reliev'd;  
 By MEN, their hellish parents perfect spawn,  
 Who, like him know, when best to frown or fawn:  
 Now, seeming friends would balmy sweets afford,  
 Now, raging foes whirl round the glitt'ring sword;  
 Here, wily HYPOCRITES intreat to turn,  
 And there, true sons of ROME cry——do, or burn.  
 Yet, tho' in murd'rous hands with woes oppress'd,  
 No object dread, no rage disturbs his breast;  
 But, while they scorn, he's singing heavenly lays,  
 And while they loud blaspheme—behold, he prays!

If GOD, to prove him, wonted aid denies,  
 Afflicts with scorpions, or the scourge applies;  
 He owns his hand, submissive, like a SON,  
 And says no more, but—LORD, thy will be done!  
 'Tis true, he's plunged into deepest woes  
 When JESUS frowns, and wrath eternal glows;  
 'Tis then he pours out all his soul in tears,  
 'Tis then his GOD dispels his gloomy fears.

Thus does th' immortal man of heavenly birth,  
 Pursue his warfare thro' this venal earth:  
 Forgetting what's behind, he looks before,  
 And longs, and strives, to reach the blissful shore;  
 Nor longs nor strives in vain;—the prize is won!  
 His race is finish'd, and his work is done!  
 Swift on a cherub's wings the HERO flies,  
 And flaming legions guard him thro' the skies:

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The blazing portals of the realms of day,  
 At his approach, fly ope' to speed his way;  
 And shining SAINTS in joyful crouds appear,  
 Commend his deeds, and bid him welcome there.  
 At last, before IMMANUEL's throne he's brought,  
 And hears—WELL DONE—for every battle fought.  
 Receives the crown, and takes his blest abode,  
 Where streams of life make glad the SONS of GOD.  
 Nor are his glories to that world confin'd,  
 But an exalted splendor stays behind;  
 His worthy deeds, age does to age proclaim,  
 And childrens children join to bless his name:  
 Or, if a FEMALE thus obtains the prize,  
 Hark! how her fame thro' future ages flies!  
 —There's many daughters worthy deeds have done,  
 But thou, in thine, excell'st them every one.

### ON CHARITY.

**T**HOU heaven-born gift of more exalted kind!  
 Thou spotless virtue of the christian mind!  
 Each other act inferior far to thee,  
 Shrinks with its causes, and refrains to be:  
 But thou assert'st thy kindred birth from high,  
 Sublimely bright, beyond the power to die.

THOUGHTS

## THOUGHTS ON PHILIP. I. XXIII.

I AM IN A STRAIGHT BETWEEN TWO, HAVING A DESIRE TO  
BE DISSOLVED, AND TO BE WITH CHRIST.

FROM HUGO.

**H**OW shall I do to fix my doubtful love?  
Shall I remain below, or soar above?  
HERE, earth detains me, and retards my flight,  
THERE, heaven invites me to sublime delight:  
Heaven calls aloud, and bids me haste away,  
While earth allures, and gently whispers, stay!  
But hence thou fly inchantress of my heart!  
I'll break thy fetters, and despise thy art.  
Haste, haste, kind fate, unlock my prison door!  
Were I releas'd, my soul aloft should soar?  
See, LORD! my struggling arms tow'rd's thee are sent,  
And strive to grasp thee in their wide extent.  
Oh! had I power to mount above the pole,  
And touch the centre of my longing soul!  
Tho' torn in sunder as I raptur'd flee,  
I'd lose one half, might t'other reach but thee.  
But thou above derid'st my weak designs,  
And still oppos'st what thy word enjoins.  
Vainly I beg what thou dost still deny,  
And stretch my hands to reach what's plac'd too high.  
Oft to myself false hopes of thee I feign,  
And think thou kindly com'st to break my chain.  
Now,

Now, now, I cry, my soul shall soar above!  
 But this alas! was all dissembled love.  
 Sure this belief some pity might obtain;  
 Thou should'st at least for this have broke my chain.  
 But if I'm still confin'd, my wings I'll try;  
 And if I fail, in great attempts I die.

But see! he comes, and as he glides along,  
 He waves his hand, and seems to say, Come on.  
 I'll rise, and flee into his lov'd embrace,  
 And snatch a kiss, a thousand, from his face.  
 Now, now he's near, his sacred robe I touch,  
 And I shall grasp him at the next approach:  
 But he, alas! has mock'd my vain design,  
 And fled these arms, these slighted arms of mine:  
 For tho' the distance ne'er so little be,  
 It seems th' extremes of the vast globe to me.  
 Thus does my love my longings tantalize,  
 And bids me follow, while too fast he flies.

As a chain'd mastiff begging to be loose,  
 With restless clamors fills the deafen'd house;  
 But if deny'd, his teeth the chain engage,  
 And vents on that their inoffensive rage:  
 So I complain, petition to be freed,  
 And humbly prostrate beg the help I need.  
 But when my love my earnest suit denies,  
 Deaf as the rocks to my repeated cries,  
 Then I against my hated CLOG exclaim,  
 And on my CHAIN lay all the guilty blame.  
 Thus grief pretends, by giving passion vent,  
 To ease the pain of my imprisonment.

M

But



But I unjustly blame the CHAIN alone,  
 And spare the cruel hand that ty'd it on.  
 Well might the heavy load of chains I bear,  
 Become a Renegado slave to wear;  
 But why this harsh ill usage, Love, to me,  
 Whose whole endeavor is to come to thee?  
 But when my soul attempts that lofty flight,  
 'Tis still suppress'd by a gross body's weight.  
 So fare young birds, by nature wing'd in vain,  
 Whom sportful boys with scanty threads restrain;  
 When eager to retrieve their native air,  
 They rise a little height, and flutter there:  
 But having to their utmost limits flown, [down.  
 The more they strive to mount, they fall the faster  
 Each, tho' it sleeps in its young tyrant's breast,  
 And is with banquets from his lips carest;  
 Yet prizes more the freedom of the wood,  
 Than all the dainties of its costly food.  
 Could TEARS dissolve my CHAINS, O with what ease  
 I'd weep a deluge for a quick release!  
 But tears are vain; reach, LORD! thy hands to me,  
 And in return I'll stretch my CHAINS to thee.  
 Thou, only thou canst loose my bands; for none  
 Can take them off, but he who put them on.

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SACRED CONTENTMENT.

DEDICATED TO THE AFFLICTED MIND.

G[beam,REAT source of bliss, send down a gracious  
To clear his thoughts, who makes content his  
theme.

Content transcends a crown, 'tis wisdom's mark;  
Choice manna treasur'd in religion's ark:  
A perfect watch, whose motions firmly hold,  
A chymic stone that lead converts to gold:  
An olive branch brought in a turtle's bill,  
An anchor which at sea secures us still:  
A calm in storms; a peace where wars invade;  
In frosts a sun-shine, and in heats a shade:  
That high-tun'd harmony for which we long,  
A sweet præludium to an heavenly song:  
A Canaan that with streams of honey flows,  
A graft whereon the fruit of life-tree grows:  
Th' embroid'ry that the king's fair daughter wears,  
When she all-glorious in her soul appears:  
The heart's bright ruby—who's with this endu'd,  
Shines like a star of the first magnitude.

But discontent the active mind withdraws  
From sacred duties, and from reason's laws:  
Changeth to dismal night sweet comfort's day,  
Prolongeth crosses, and doth blessings stay.

'Tis a dry dropfy that consumes life's powers,  
 A lump of leaven that all sweetness sours;  
 A prickly thorn that festers in the mind,  
 A breach where all temptations entrance find.  
 This lies in labor of its own distress,  
 Brought forth by pride, brought up by peevishness.  
 That Nabal-heart in which it makes abode,  
 Like Issachar doth couch 'twixt double load.  
 For discontent, not miseries, weigh us down,  
 Water within, not that without, doth drown.  
 While to life's moments all our care we bend,  
 We live unmindful of a deathless end.

Content, rejecting toys, minds things to come,  
 Assur'd to have enough to bring her home.  
 She bids the worldling not for wealth aspire,  
 The greatest wealth is to contract desire:  
 She treasures mercies in a grateful heart,  
 Content and thankfulness all bliss impart.

Thrice happy he who on his God relies,  
 And, slighting earth, to heaven erects his eyes;  
 Who, free from care, is pleas'd with what is his,  
 The world's whole lott'ry proves a blank to this:  
 Vexation is a sin, for that lament,  
 Most discontented for thy discontent.

THOUGHTS

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THOUGHTS ON PSALM XLII. II.

WHEN SHALL I COME AND APPEAR BEFORE THE PRESENCE  
OF GOD?

FROM HUGO.

**W**ITH promis'd joys my ears thou oft did'st fill,  
But they are only joys of PROMISE still.  
Did'st thou not say thou soon would'st call me home?  
Be just, my Love, and kindly whisper, Come!  
“ Expecting lovers count each hour a day,  
“ And death to them's less dreadful than delay.”  
A tedious train of months and years is gone,  
Since first thou bid'st me hope, yet gave me none.  
Why with delays dost thou so damp my love,  
And fail my vain expectancies above?  
While thus th' insulting croud derides my woe,  
Where's now thy Love? how well he keeps his vow?  
Haste then, and home thy longing lover take,  
If not for mine, yet for thy PROMISE sake.

When shall I come before thy throne, and see  
Thy glorious sceptre kindly stretch'd to me?  
For THEE I pine, for THEE I am undone,  
As drooping flow'rs that want their parent sun.  
O cruel tort'rer of my wounded soul,  
Grant me thy presence, and I shall be whole!  
O when, thou author of my plaintive moan,  
When shall I see thee on thy blissful throne?



Soon as unwelcome night begins its sway,  
 And throws its sable mantle o'er the day;  
 The withering glories of the garden fade,  
 And weeping groves bewail their lonely shade;  
 To melancholy silence men retire,  
 And no sweet note sounds from the feather'd choir:  
 But hardly can the rising morn display  
 The purple ensigns of approaching day,  
 But the glad gardens deck themselves anew,  
 And groves refresh'd shake off their heavy dew:  
 To daily labor man himself devotes,  
 And birds in anthems strain their little throats.  
 So without THEE, I grieve, I pine, I mourn;  
 So triumph, so revive, at thy return.  
 But THOU, unkind, bid'st me delight my eyes  
 With other beauties, other rarities.  
 Sometimes thou bid'st me mark the flow'ry field,  
 What various scent and shews the meadows yield;  
 Then to the STARS thou dost direct my sight,  
 For they from THINE derive their borrow'd light.  
 Then say'st, contemplate MAN! in him thou'lt see  
 The great resemblance of thy LOVE and ME.  
 Why would'st thou thus deceive me with a shade,  
 A trifling image, that will quickly fade?  
 My fancy stoops not to a mortal aim,  
 Thou, thou hast kindled, and must quench my flame.  
 O glorious face, worthy a power divine,  
 Where love and awe with equal mixture shine!  
 Triumphant majesty of that bright ray  
 Where blushing angels prostrate homage pay!

We

We in thy works thy fix'd impressions trace,  
 Yet still but faint reflections of thy face.  
 When this enchanted world's compar'd with thee,  
 Its boasted beauty's all deformity :  
 The truth of this the sages best declare,  
 Who on the mount thy blest spectators were :  
 Thy shining visage all the God confess,  
 And lambent flames thy sacred temples dress.

Nor can we blame thy great apostle's zeal,  
 To whom thou did'st that pleasing sight reveal ;  
 Who, fighting all before accounted dear,  
 Was straight for building tabernacles there.  
 Yet he beheld thee clouded with a veil,  
 The killing rays thou kindly did'st conceal :  
 He saw a milder flame thy face surround,  
 And all thy glories with less glory crown'd :  
 As when the silver moon's reflected beam,  
 In some clear evening gilds the smiling stream :  
 Or cloud-born lightning in its nimble race  
 Paints on a trembling wave its blushing face.

Oh ! when shall I behold thee all serene,  
 Without one envious cloud to intervene ?  
 When will that happy day of vision be,  
 When I shall near approach, great God, to thee ?  
 When distant faith shall in near vision cease,  
 And with my sight my fervent love increase ?  
 That happy day, dear as these eyes shall be,  
 And more than all the dearest things, but THEE.

'Tis true, the sacred elements impart  
 Thy virtual presence to my faithful heart ;

This, tho' a great, is an imperfect bliss,  
T' embrace a cloud for the bright God I wish;  
To nobler joys my longing soul would fly,  
And view thee in the heights of majesty.

E P I G R A M

ON THE EXCELLENCY OF THE MARRIAGE STATE.

" MARRIAGE IS HONORABLE IN ALL."

**H**AIL, wedded love! by gracious GOD design'd  
At once the source and glory of mankind!  
'Tis this, can toil and grief and pain assuage,  
Secure our youth, and dignify our age;  
'Tis this, fair fame and guiltless pleasure brings,  
And shakes rich plenty from its brooding wings;  
Gilds duty's roughest paths with friendship's ray,  
And strews with roses sweet the narrow way.  
Not so the harlot—if it lawful be  
To mention vice, when praising chastity—  
Not so the harlot plights her venal vow,  
With heart obdurate, and Corinthian brow,  
She fawns unfriendly, practis'd to beguile,  
Stings while she weeps, and murders in a smile.  
Fame, peace, and virtue, she at once destroys,  
And damns, most surely, whom she most enjoys.

THOUGHTS

THOUGHTS ON CANT. VIII. XIV.

MAKE HASTE, MY BELOVED, AND BE LIKE THE ROE OR THE  
YOUNG HART UPON THE MOUNTAINS OF SPICES.

FROM HUGO.

**H**ASTE, my bright sun ! haste from my dazzl'd  
Too weak to bear thy too refulgent light : [sight,  
How does my tongue my love-sick soul betray ?  
THIS bids him fly, whom THAT would beg to stay.  
Why should I then his absence thus engage,  
The grant will make one tedious hour an age ?  
Yet his too beauteous beams forbid his stay ;  
Fly then, my Love, or lay those beams away !  
Hadst thou on me this harsh injunction laid,  
The killing sound at once had struck me dead :  
But thy own flame, not mine, would have it so,  
I should be ages in pronouncing GO !  
I would not wish what now I do intreat ;  
Then stay, and let me not persuade thee yet !  
Stay, stay my Life, and turn the deafen'd ear !  
Sure what I would not speak, thou should'st not hear.  
Hence let the wind my feign'd petition bear !  
'Twas urgent fear, that form'd the hasty pray'r.  
Yet oh ! this melting heat forbids thy stay ;  
Fly, fly, my Love, I burn if thou delay.

Oh !



Oh! let thy haste outstrip the hunted hind;  
 But that's too slow; fly like the swifter wind!  
 Fly till thou leav'st ev'n flagging thought behind!  
 Yet in thy flight a longing look bestow,  
 A parting glance, that speaks thee loth to go.  
 When that is done, renew thy speed away;  
 Fly, fly, my Love, there's death if thou delay!  
 Behold those lofty sky-saluting hills,  
 Where rich perfume from weeping trees distills  
 Where laurels, cedars, and soft myrtles grow,  
 And all the spice Arabia can bestow:  
 To their high tops direct thy nimble flight,  
 Till thou, like them, art vanish'd from my sight!  
 Fly to the heights where raptur'd seraphs sing,  
 And smiling cherubs exercise their wing!  
 Fly till the stars appear as much below  
 Thy humble station, as above it now!  
 Those places are inur'd to heat and fire,  
 And what I dread, is what they most desire.  
 One spark's sufficient to inflame my soul;  
 Impart a ray, nor once transmit the whole.  
 Then let thy haste the hunted hind out go,  
 And yet, methinks, thou should'st not leave me so!  
 Fly where thou may'st with pleasure oft look back,  
 Nor from my sight too far a journey take:  
 Keep such a distance as yon glorious sun,  
 When most he lights and gilds the paler moon!  
 But oh! the treach'ry of my soul forgive!  
 I cannot with thee, nor without thee, live.

If

If thou art near, I burn ; remote, I freeze ;  
 And either distance does alike displease.  
 Then so approach me, LORD, I thee desire,  
 That I may feel thy WARMTH, but not thy FIRE.  
 Fly, then, my Life ! fast as the hunted deer ;  
 But neither go too far, nor stay too near !  
 And when thou'rt gone, on reedy pipes I'll play,  
 Sing loud thy praises, then alternate pray ;  
 And when I've wearied out the tedious night,  
 With a new task I will myself delight.  
 I'll carve at large on every spreading tree  
 Our Love's original and history.  
 What time remains I'll dedicate to sleep,  
 But thou, my waking thoughts lov'd object keep.  
 See while I speak, behold, I melt away !  
 Hasten thy ungrateful flight, nor thus delay !  
 Go, wing'd with speed, yet thy departure mourn,  
 And let thy haste imply a swift return.

# ON ST. PAUL'S CONVERSION.

PRAISE to the power whose love's unerring dart  
 Transfix'd a SAUL, and rent his Jewish heart !  
 His darkness scatter'd and his mind inform'd,  
 While sweet remorse his melting bosom warm'd.  
 Such was the man ! whom mercy's eye severe  
 Struck to the earth, and stop't his mad career.  
 Bid him—" arise"—and rising from the ground,  
 " Go forth and preach the mercy he had found !"

PART

PART OF PSALM XC. PARAPHRASED.

**N**O sooner time his hasty flight began,  
And the warm clod was moulded into man,  
Than man commenc'd his God's peculiar care,  
Fled to his arms, and smil'd serenely there :  
And the same goodness and almighty power  
Beam on the race, which beam'd on one before.

Before the skies their ambient arch display'd,  
Or the foundations of the world were laid,  
JEHOVAH fill'd his everlasting throne,  
In boundless bliss unrivall'd and alone :  
And when the sun forgets to rule the day,  
And nature's rolling wheels shall cease to play,  
In undiminish'd pomp he shall remain,  
And vast eternity shall be his reign.

Lord ! as our lives were kindled by thy breath,  
So at thy pleasure we resign to death,  
Quit all the gay distinctions once we wore,  
Sink to our dust, and rise to earth no more.

The tedious travel of a thousand years  
Before thine all-enfolding view appears  
Short as the transient hours of yester-light,  
Or the last watch that bolts the gates of night.

As rivers, swoln with fierce descending rains,  
O'ertop their banks, and rush into the plains,  
Bound, foam, and thunder with tempestuous force,  
And spread resistless ravage in their course,

So

So from life's careless walks with headlong sway  
DEATH's sudden torrent sweeps our lives away.

When sleep has hush'd the day's sad cares to rest,  
What vain illusions revel in our breast !

Yet, big with truth, and weighty import, seem  
The air-dress'd phantoms of the shad'wy dream :  
Thus through our span gay scenes of bliss beguile,  
But vanity's the harvest of the toil. [skies,

As flow'rs, when morn's first splendors gild the  
Charm in the dew-drops, and in verdure rise,  
So, while our race their youthful beauties wear,  
Vigor and joy on every brow appear;  
But, ere the sun withdraws his ev'ning ray,  
They droop and wither in their last decay.

Urg'd by necessity, with painful feet  
The broken rock, and gloomy vale we beat,  
Meet the dark frown of an offended God,  
And groan beneath the vengeance of his rod.  
Our sins that red with flagrant horrors rise,  
Stretch to the lowest hell, and scale the skies,  
Num'rous, as stars that strew th' etherial plain,  
Or sands that bound the billows of the main,  
Stand all unfolded to JEHOVAH's sight,  
Though wrapt from mortals in impervious night.

Admit it, heaven should check the stroke of fate  
Till life protracted reach'd its utmost date,  
Or to the vital glass new sands should pour,  
Till, seventy winters past, we fill'd the score,  
A weary pilgrimage we still must go,  
And pant beneath a growing load of woe ;

Till



Till nature, with her toils and griefs oppress,  
Would sigh impatient for the hour of rest.

O dread JEHOVAH, who can ever know  
The weight of vengeance in thine angry brow?  
Ev'n fear scarce images thy funds of ire,  
And thought flies slower than thy darted fire.  
Then teach me, Maker, the celestial skill  
To measure life, and life's demands fulfil,  
That death for me may take the seraph's charms,  
And I enraptur'd rush into his arms,  
Shake off this cumb'rous clod, and wing my way  
To a blest mansion in the realms of day.

# THOUGHTS IN HEALTH.

**W**HEN sickness shall assail my noblest part,  
And rush impetuous on my throbbing heart;  
When pain possess'd of every nerve appears,  
And nought but paleness my fall'n visage wears;  
When every earthly wish shall fade away,  
And death shall chill the stiff'ning corse to clay;  
Do thou, GREAT GOD! in that surprizing hour,  
Sustain my soul by thy almighty power:  
Let faith, let hope, let ecstasy of love,  
Wing me to reach the blissful scenes above;  
To join the choir where each thy glory sings,  
And hail triumphant THEE, blest KING of kings.

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## C H A R I T Y.

I COR. CHAP. XIII. PARAPHRASED.

BY MR. PRIOR.

**D**ID sweeter sounds adorn my flowing tongue,  
 Than ever man pronounc'd, or angel sung:  
 Had I all knowledge, human and divine,  
 That thought can reach, or science can define;  
 And had I power to give that knowledge birth,  
 In all the speeches of the babbling earth:  
 Did Shadrach's zeal my glowing breast inspire,  
 To weary tortures and rejoice in fire;  
 Or had I faith like that which Israel saw,  
 When Moses gave them miracles, and law;  
 Yet gracious CHARITY, indulgent guest,  
 Were not thy power exerted in my breast,  
 Those speeches would send up unheeded pray'r;  
 That scorn of life would be but wild despair:  
 A cymbal's sound were better than my voice:  
 My faith were form: my eloquence were noise.

CHARITY, decent, modest, easy, kind,  
 Softens the high, and rears the abject mind;  
 Knows with just reins, and gentle hand to guide,  
 Betwixt vile shame, and arbitrary pride,  
 Not soon provok'd, she easily forgives:  
 And much she suffers, as she much believes.  
 Soft peace she brings where-ever she arrives;  
 She builds our quiet, as she forms our lives:

I

Lays

Lays the rough paths of peevish nature ev'n;  
And opens in each heart a little heaven.

Each other gift, which God on man bestows,  
Its proper bounds, and due reflection knows:  
To one fix'd purpose dedicates its power;  
And finishing its act, exists no more.  
Thus in obedience to what heaven decrees,  
Knowledge shall fail, and prophecy shall cease:  
But lasting CHARITY's more ample sway,  
Nor bound by time, nor subject to decay,  
In happy triumph shall for ever live,  
And endless good diffuse, and endless praise receive.

As thro' the artist's intervening glass,  
Our eye observes the distant planets pass;  
A little we discover; but allow,  
That more remains unseen, than art can show;  
So whilst our mind its knowledge would improve  
(Its feeble eye intent on things above)  
High as we may, we lift our reason up,  
By faith directed, and confirm'd by hope:  
Yet are we able only to survey  
Dawnings of beams, and promises of day.  
Heaven's fuller effluence mocks our dazzled sight;  
Too great its swiftness, and too strong its light,

But soon the mediate clouds shall be dispell'd,  
The sun shall then be face to face beheld,  
In all his robes, with all his glory on,  
Seated sublime on his meridian throne.

Then constant faith, and holy hope shall die,  
One lost in certainty, and one in joy:

Whilst

Whilst thou, more happy power, fair CHARITY,  
 Triumphant sister, greatest of the three,  
 Thy office, and thy nature still the same,  
 Lasting thy lamp, and unconsum'd thy flame,  
 Shalt still survive——  
 Shalt stand before the host of heaven confest,  
 For ever blessing and for ever blest.

# THE FOLLY OF LAUGHING AT SIN.

BY THE LATE MR. JOSEPH STENNETT.

FOOLS MAKE A MOCK AT SIN. PROVERBS XIV. IX.

**W**HOLaugh at sin, laughs at his Maker's frowns;  
 Laughs at the sword of vengeance o'er his head:  
 Laughs at the great Redeemer's tears and wounds,  
 Who but for sin had neither wept nor bled.

Who laughs at sin, laughs at the num'rous woes  
 That have the guilty world so oft beset;  
 Laughs at the whole creation's groans and throes,  
 At all the spoils of death and pains of hell.

Who laughs at sin, laughs at his own disease,  
 Welcomes approaching torments with his smiles;  
 Dares at his soul's expence his fancy please,  
 Affronts his GOD, himself of blifs beguiles.

Who laughs at sin, sports with his guilt and shame,  
 Laughs at the errors of his senseless mind;  
 For so absurd a fool there wants a name,  
 Expressive of a folly so refin'd.

N

PART



PART OF VI. CHAP. MATTHEW,

PARAPHRASED BY MR. THOMSON.

**W**HEN my breast labors with oppressive care,  
And o'er my cheek descends the falling tear,  
While all my warring passions are at strife,  
Oh, let me listen to the words of life !  
Raptures deep-felt his doctrine did impart,  
And thus he rais'd from earth the drooping heart.

Think not, when all your scanty stores afford,  
Is spread at once upon the sparing board ;  
Think not, when worn the homely robe appears,  
While, on the roof, the howling tempest bears ;  
What farther shall this feeble life sustain,  
And what shall cloath these shiv'ring limbs again.  
Say, does not life its nourishment exceed ?  
And the fair body its investing weed ?

Behold ! and look away your low despair—  
See the light tenants of the barren air :  
To them, nor stores, nor granaries belong,  
Nought, but the woodland, and the pleasing song ;  
Yet, your kind heavenly Father bends his eye  
On the least wing that flits along the sky.  
To him they sing, when spring renews the plain ;  
To him they cry, in winter's pinching reign ;  
Nor is their music, nor their plaint in vain :  
He hears the gay, and the distressful call,  
And with unsparing bounty fills them all.

I

Observe

Observe the rising lily's snowy grace;  
 Observe the various vegetable race;  
 They neither toil, nor spin, but careless grow,  
 Yet see how warm they blush! how bright they glow!  
 What regal vestments can with them compare!  
 What king so shining! or what queen so fair!  
 If, ceaseless thus the fowls of heaven he feeds;  
 If o'er the fields such lucid robes he spreads;  
 Will he not care for you, ye faithless, say!  
 Is he unwise? or, are ye less than they?

A THOUGHT AT WAKING.

**A**TTEND, my soul, the early birds inspire  
 Thy grov'ling thoughts with pure celestial fire;  
 They from their temp'rate sleep awake, and pay  
 Their thankful anthems, for the new-born day.  
 See how the tuneful lark is mounted high,  
 And, poet like, salutes the eastern sky;  
 He warbles thro' the fragrant air his lays,  
 And seems the beauties of the morn to praise:  
 But MAN! more void of gratitude, awakes,  
 And gives no thanks for that sweet rest he takes;  
 Looks on the glorious sun's new-kindled flame,  
 Without one thought of Him from whom it came;  
 The wretch unhallow'd does the day begin,  
 Shakes off his SLOTH, but shakes not off his SIN.

## KNOW YOURSELF.

BY THE LATE DR. ARBUTHNOT.

**W**HAT am I? how produc'd? and for what end?  
 Whence drew I being? to what period tend?  
 Am I the abandon'd orphan of blind chance;  
 Dropt by wild atoms in disorder'd dance?  
 Or from an endless chain of causes wrought?  
 And of unthinking substance, born with thought?  
 By motion which began without a cause,  
 Supremely wise, without design or laws?  
 Am I but what I seem, mere flesh and blood;  
 A branching channel, with a mazy flood?  
 The purple stream that through my vessel glides,  
 Dull and unconscious flows like common tides:  
 The pipes through which the circling juices stray,  
 Are not that thinking I, no more than they:  
 This frame compacted with transcendent skill,  
 Of moving joints obedient to my will,  
 Nurs'd from the fruitful glebe, like yonder tree,  
 Waxes and wastes; I call it mine, not me:  
 New matter still the mould'ring mass sustains,  
 The mansion chang'd, the tenant still remains:  
 And from the fleeting stream, repair'd by food,  
 Distinct, as is the swimmer from the flood.  
 What am I then? sure, of a nobler birth  
 By parents right: I own as mother, earth;

But

But claim superior lineage by my SIRE,  
 Who warm'd th' unthinking cold with heavenly fire:  
 Essence divine, with lifeless clay allay'd,  
 By double nature, double instinct sway'd;  
 With look erect, I dart my longing eye,  
 Seem wing'd to part, and gain my native sky;  
 I strive to mount, but strive, alas! in vain,  
 Ty'd to this massy globe with magic chain.  
 Now with swift thought I range from pole to pole,  
 View worlds around their flaming centers roll:  
 What steady powers their endless motions guide,  
 Thro' the same trackless paths of boundless void!  
 I trace the blazing comet's fiery tail,  
 And weigh the whirling planets in a scale:  
 These godlike thoughts, while eager I pursue,  
 Some glitt'ring trifle offer'd to my view,  
 A gnat, an insect, of the meanest kind,  
 Erase the new-born image from my mind;  
 Some beastly want, craving, importunate,  
 Vile as the grinning mastiff at my gate,  
 Calls off from heavenly truth this reas'ning me,  
 And tells me I'm a brute as much as he.  
 If on sublimer wings of love and praise,  
 My soul above the starry vault I raise,  
 Lur'd by some vain conceit, or shameful lust,  
 I flag, I drop, and flutter in the dust.  
 The tow'ring lark thus from her lofty strain,  
 Stoops to an emmet, or a barley grain.  
 By adverse gusts of jarring instincts tost,  
 I rove to one, now to the other coast;



To bliss unknown my lofty soul aspires,  
My lot unequal to my vast desires.  
As 'mongst the hinds a child of royal birth  
Finds his high pedigree by conscious worth;  
So man, amongst his fellow brutes expos'd,  
Sees he's a king, but 'tis a king depos'd:  
Pity him, beasts! you by no law confin'd,  
Are barr'd from devious paths by being blind;  
Whilst man, through op'ning views of various ways  
Confounded, by the aid of knowledge strays;  
Too weak to choose, yet choosing still in haste,  
One moment gives the pleasure and distaste;  
Bilk'd by past minutes, while the present cloy,  
The flatt'ring future still must give the joy.  
Not happy, but amus'd upon the road,  
And, like you, thoughtless of his last abode,  
Whether next sun his being shall restrain,  
To endless nothing, happiness, or pain.

Around me, lo, the thinking thoughtless crew,  
Bewilder'd each, their diff'rent paths pursue ;  
Of them I ask the way ; the first replies,  
Thou art a God ; and sends me to the skies.  
Down on this turf (the next) thou two-legg'd beast,  
There fix thy lot, thy blifs, and endless rest :  
Between these wide extreams the length is such,  
I find I know too little or too much.

“ Almighty power, by whose most wise command,  
“ Helpless, forlorn, uncertain here I stand ;  
“ Take this faint glimmering of thyself away,  
“ Or break into my soul with perfect day !”

This

This said, expanded lay the sacred text,  
 The balm, the light, the guide of souls perplex'd :  
 Thus the benighted traveller who strays  
 Through doubtful paths, enjoys the morning rays ;  
 The nightly mist, and thick descending dew,  
 Parting, unfold the fields, and vaulted blue.  
 " O truth divine ! enlighten'd by thy ray,  
 " I grope and guess no more, but see my way ;  
 " Thou clear'dst the secret of my high descent,  
 " And told me what those mystic tokens meant ;  
 " Marks of my birth, which I had worn in vain  
 " Too hard for worldly sages to explain ;  
 " ZENO's were vain, vain EPICURUS' schemes,  
 " Their systems false, delusive were their dreams ;  
 " Unskill'd by two-fold nature to divide,  
 " One nurs'd by pleasure, and one nurs'd by pride :  
 " Those jarring truths which human art beguile,  
 " Thy sacred page thus bids me reconcile."  
 Offspring of God, no less thy pedigree,  
 What thou once wast, art now, and still may be, }  
 Thy God alone can tell, alone decree :  
 Faultless thou dropt from his unerring skill,  
 With the bare power to sin, since free of will :  
 Yet charge not with thy guilt, his bounteous love,  
 For who has power to walk, has power to rove :  
 Who acts by force impell'd, can nought deserve ;  
 And wisdom short of infinite, may swerve.  
 Borne on thy new-imp'd wings, thou took'st thy flight,  
 Left thy Creator, and the realms of light :

Disdain'd his gentle precept to fulfil,  
 And thought to grow a GOD by doing ill :  
 Though by foul guilt thy heavenly form defac'd,  
 In nature chang'd, from happy mansions chac'd,  
 Thou still retain'st some sparks of heavenly fire,  
 Too faint to mount, yet restless to aspire ;  
 Angel enough to seek thy bliss again,  
 And brute enough to make thy search in vain.  
 The creatures now withdraw their kindly use,  
 Some fly thee, some torment, and some seduce ;  
 Repast ill suited to such diff'rent guests,  
 For what thy sense desires, thy soul distastes ;  
 Thy lust, thy curiosity, thy pride,  
 Curb'd, or deferr'd, or balk'd, or gratify'd,  
 Rage on, and make thee equally unblest'd,  
 In what thou want'st, and what thou hast possess'd ;  
 In vain thou hop'st for bliss on this poor clod,  
 Return, and seek thy Father, and thy God :  
 Yet think not to regain thy native sky,  
 Borne on the wings of vain philosophy ;  
 Myst'rious passage ! hid from human eyes,  
 Soaring you'll sink, and sinking you will rise :  
 Let humble thoughts thy wary footsteps guide,  
 Regain by meekness what you lost by pride.

B E D L A M.

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## B E D L A M.

BY THE REV. MR. FITZGERALD.

**W**HERE proud Augusta, blest with long repose,  
 Her ancient wall and ruin'd bulwark shows;  
 Close by a verdant plain, with graceful height  
 A stately fabric rises to the sight.  
 Yet though its parts all elegantly shine,  
 And sweet proportion crowns the whole design;  
 Though art, in strong expressive sculpture shown,  
 Consummate art informs the breathing stone;  
 Far other views than these within appear,  
 And woe and horror dwell for ever here.  
 For ever from the echoing roofs rebounds  
 A dreadful din of heterogeneous sounds;  
 From this, from that, from every quarter rise  
 Loud shouts, and sullen groans, and doleful cries;  
 Heart-soft'ning plaints demand the pitying tear,  
 And peals of hideous laughter shock the ear.

Thus, when in some fair human form we find  
 The lusts all rampant, and the reason blind,  
 Griev'd we behold such beauty given in vain,  
 And nature's fairest work survey with pain.

Within the chambers which this dome contains,  
 In all her frantic forms distraction reigns.  
 For when the sense from various objects brings,  
 Through organs craz'd, the images of things;  
 Ideas,



Ideas, all extravagant and vain,  
 In endless swarms croud in upon the brain :  
 The cheated reason true and false confounds,  
 And forms her notions from fantastic grounds.  
 Then, if the blood impetuous swells the veins,  
 And choler in the constitution reigns,  
 Outrageous fury straight inflames the soul,  
 Quick beats the pulse, and fierce the eye-balls roll ;  
 Rattling his chains the wretch all raving lies,  
 And roars, and foams ; and earth and heaven defies.  
 Not so, when gloomy the black bile prevails,  
 And lumpish phlegm the thick'ned mafs congeals :  
 All lifeless then is the poor patient found,  
 And fits for ever moping on the ground ;  
 His active powers their uses all forego,  
 Nor senses, tongue, nor limbs, their functions know.  
 In melancholy lost, the vital flame  
 Informs, and just informs the listless frame.  
 If brisk the circulating tides advance,  
 And nimble spirits through the fibres dance,  
 Then all the images delightful rise,  
 The tickled fancy sparkles through the eyes ;  
 The mortal, all to mirth and joy resign'd,  
 In every gesture shews his freakish mind ;  
 Frolic and free, he laughs at fortune's power,  
 And plays ten thousand gambols in an hour.

Now ent'ring in, my muse, thy theme pursue,  
 And all the dome, and each apartment view.

Within this lonely lodge, in solemn port,  
 A shiv'ring monarch keeps his awful court,

And

And far and wide, as boundless thought can stray,  
Extends a vast imaginary sway.

Utopian princes bow before his throne,  
Lands unexisting his dominion own,  
And airy realms, and regions in the moon. }

The pride of dignity, the pomp of state,  
The darling glories of the envy'd great,  
Rise to his view, and in his fancy swell,  
And guards and courtiers croud his empty cell.  
See how he walks majestic through the throng !  
(Behind he trails his tatter'd robes along)  
And cheaply blest, and innocently vain,  
Enjoys the dear delusion of his brain,  
In this small spot expatiates unconfin'd,  
Supreme of monarchs, first of human kind.

Such joyful ecstasy as this possess  
On some triumphal day great Cæsar's breast ;  
Great Cæsar, scarce beneath the gods ador'd,  
The world's proud victor, Rome's imperial lord,  
With all his glories in their utmost height,  
And all his power display'd before his sight ;  
Unnumber'd trophies grace the pompous train,  
And captive kings indignant drag their chain.  
With laurell'd ensigns glitt'ring from afar,  
His legions, glorious part'ners of the war,  
His conqu'ring legions march behind the golden car: }  
Whilst shouts on shouts from gather'd nations rise,  
And endless acclamations rend the skies.  
For this to vex mankind with dire alarms,  
Urging with rapid speed his restless arms,

From

From clime to clime the mighty madman flew,  
Nor tasted quiet, nor contentment knew,  
But spread wild ravage all the world abroad,  
The plague of nations, and the scourge of GOD.

Poor Cloe—whom yon little cell contains,  
Of broken vows and faithless man complains:  
Her heaving bosom speaks her inward woe;  
Her tears in melancholy silence flow.  
Yet still her fond desires tumultuous rise,  
Melt her sad soul, and languish in her eyes,  
And from her wild ideas as they rove,  
To all the tender images of love;  
And still she sooths and feeds the flatt'ring pain,  
False as he is, still, still she loves her swain,  
To hopeless passion yields her heart a prey;  
And sighs and sings the livelong hours away.

So mourns th' imprison'd lark his hapless fate,  
In love's soft season ravish'd from his mate,  
Fondly fatigues his unavailing rage,  
And hops and flutters round and round his cage,  
And moans and droops, with pining grief oppress'd,  
Whilst sweet complainings warble from his breast.

Lo! Here a wretch to avarice resign'd,  
'Midst gather'd scraps, and shreds, and rags confin'd;  
His riches these—for these he rakes and spares,  
These rack his bosom, these engross his cares;  
O'er these he broods, for ever void of rest,  
And hugs the sneaking passion of his breast.  
See, from himself the fordid niggard steals,  
Reserves large scantlings from his slender meals;

Scarce

Scarce to his bowels half their due affords,  
 And starves his carcase to increase his hoards,  
 'Till to huge heaps the treasur'd offals swell,  
 And stink in every corner of his cell.  
 And thus with wondrous wisdom he purveys  
 Against contingent want, and rainy days,  
 And scorns the fools that dread not to be poor,  
 But eat their morsel, and enjoy their store.

Behold a sage! immers'd in thought profound;  
 For science he, for various skill renown'd.  
 At no mean ends his speculations aim,  
 (Vile pelf he scorns, nor covets empty fame)  
 The public good, the welfare of mankind  
 Employ the generous labor of his mind.  
 For this his rich imagination teems  
 With rare inventions and important schemes;  
 All day his close attention he applies,  
 Nor gives he midnight slumbers to his eyes;  
 Content of this, his toilsome studies crown,  
 And for the world's repose neglects his own.  
 All nature's secret causes he explores,  
 The laws of motion, and mechanic powers:  
 Hence ev'n the elements his art obey,  
 O'er earth, o'er fire, he spreads his wond'rous sway,  
 And thro' the liquid sky, and o'er the wat'ry way. }  
 Hence, ever pregnant with some vast design,  
 He drains the moor-land, or he sinks the mine,  
 Or levels lofty mountains to the plain,  
 Or stops the roaring torrents of the main;

Forc'd



Forc'd up by fire he bids the water rise,  
 And points his course reverted to the skies:  
 His ready fancy still supplies the means,  
 Forces his tools, and fixes his machines,  
 Erects his sluices, and his mounds sustains,  
 And whirls perpetual windmills in his brains:  
 All problems has his lively thought subdu'd,  
 Measur'd the stars, and found the longitude,  
 And squar'd the circle, and the tides explain'd;  
 The grand arcanum once he had attain'd,  
 Had quite attain'd, but that a pipkin broke,  
 And all his golden hopes expir'd in smoke.  
 And once, his soul inflam'd with patriot zeal,  
 A scheme he finish'd for his country's weal:  
 This in a private conference made known,  
 A statesman stole, and us'd it for his own,  
 And then, O baseness! the deceit so blind,  
 Our poor projector in this jail confin'd.

The muse forbears to visit every cell,  
 Each form, each object of distress to tell;  
 To shew the fopling curious in his dress,  
 Gaily trick'd out in gaudy raggedness:  
 The poet, ever wrapt in glorious dreams  
 Of Pagan gods, and Heliconian streams:  
 The wild enthusiast, that despairing sees  
 Predestin'd wrath, and heaven's severe decrees;  
 Thro' these, thro' more sad scenes she grieves to go,  
 And paint the whole variety of woe.

Mean time, on these reflect with kind concern,  
 And hence this just, this useful lesson learn:

If

If strong desires thy reasoning powers controul;  
 If arbitrary passions sway thy soul;  
 If pride, if envy, if the lust of gain,  
 If wild ambition in thy bosom reign,  
 Alas! thou vaunt'st thy sober sense in vain.  
 In these poor Bedlamites thyself survey,  
 Thyself, less innocently mad than they.

}

## A QUESTION TO MISERS.

" RICHES PROFIT NOT IN THE DAY OF WRATH."

SAY ye, whose heads decline with weight of years,  
 Where hoary time in snowy pomp appears;  
 Who wade thro' seas to grasp the idol ore,  
 And make religion centre in your store;  
 Will death, proud death, who's ambush'd in our frame,  
 Aw'd by your pond'rous bags, renounce his claim?  
 Can meagre mammon's million-making tribe,  
 Corrupt corruption with a glitt'ring bribe?  
 Your god, alas! how impotent to save,  
 Or gild the horrors of the gloomy grave;  
 Where dust confounds in dust the poor and proud,  
 And ermin'd honors dwindle to a shroud!

THOUGHTS

## THOUGHTS ON CONTENTMENT.

[spire

**B**RIGHT source of bliss! whose chearing rays in-  
 My tender muse, and tune the trembling lyre,  
 Accept, benign, this tributary lay,  
 The sole return the grateful muse can pay!  
 With thee, the boor who treads th' eternal snows  
 And dreary wilds of northern Lapland, glows  
 With rapt'rous joys; altho' the sun denies  
 His genial influence, and forsakes the skies,  
 Thy presence can his frozen bosom chear,  
 And make the gloom a pleasing aspect wear:  
 Whilst tasteless grandeur, and unbounded power,  
 Are void of charms to sooth the pensive hour;  
 Though fortune smiles, and fav'rite sons complain,  
 And pleasure tries her varied arts in vain,  
 To chase intruding cares, if thou deny  
 Thine heavenly aid, not Inda's stores supply  
 Our fanfy'd wants; we're poor'midst heaps of wealth,  
 We starve in plenty, and repine in health.

Tho' shunning oft the pageantry of state,  
 Thou seek'st with POVERTY, a calm retreat;  
 And ~~oft~~ beneath the hermit's moss-grown cell,  
 Far from the busy world delight'st to dwell;  
 Thou canst the rugged path of greatness smoothe,  
 Soften distress, or real anguish soothe.  
 With thee true bliss in every sphere we find,  
 Alike are blest the HERO or the HIND;

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Like joys attend the helm of state or plough,  
The MONARCH's crown sits easy on his brow;  
The captive SLAVE forgets his galling pains,  
Exults in bondage, and enjoys his chains:  
Not so the wretch deny'd thy cheering rays,  
Sullen he mourns the joyless tedious days;  
Incessant ills assault his forming eyes,  
And all around imagin'd horrors rise.

As through this life's uncertain course I steer,  
Celestial maid! in every varying sphere  
Vouchsafe thine aid; or, if I swiftly glide  
Down the smooth stream, or struggling stem the tide;  
If prosp'rous gales shall fill my swelling sail,  
Or adverse winds and raging storms assail  
My little BARK, of every wave the sport,  
Be then my guide, and teach me to support  
With care and modesty the pomp of state,  
Or meet, unmov'd, the harsh decrees of fate.

## ON JOHN THE BAPTIST,

WHO WAS BEHEADED BY HEROD ANTIPAS.

SUCH his reward! whose zeal had borne its test  
Against the monarch on his harlot's breast.  
Firm to his cost, he warn'd th' incestuous prince,  
Nor left his crimes a refuge or pretence.  
Anointed herald of his LORD he came;  
His GOD Elijah's, and his work the same.  
The first translated, and the last remov'd  
By death to banquet with the GOD they lov'd!

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7



## O N A W A T C H.

**A**LL men, like WATCHES, various periods share,  
 From thirty hours unto threescore year:  
 And which more true or good, 'tis hard to say,  
 An horologe of GOLD, or one of CLAY.  
 False and imperfect both alike we find,  
 In THAT the spring's in fault, in THIS the mind:  
 In their mechanic powers both agree,  
 Reason's a balance, wisdom a fusee:  
 But if in either the main spring should fail  
 Or over-aſt, theſe powers nought avail.  
 Thus if the will be ſtrong, the fabric weak,  
 The conſtitution then of courſe muſt break:  
 Or if the paſſions move or high or low,  
 The animal machine's too faſt or ſlow.  
 But when its active ſprings are duly coil'd,  
 And not an appetite or ſenſe is ſpoil'd;  
 When all life's movements mutually agree,  
 And ſoul with body aſts in harmony;  
 This human trinket then may go as true,  
 As any ſuch like kindred trinkets do.  
 And when at length each hath run out their chain, }  
 They ſilent and inactive both remain,  
 And with this difference, revive again:  
 An human hand ſhall THOSE awhile reſtore,  
 THESE one Almighty, and for evermore.

T O

TO THEOPHILUS AND UPHALAI.

ON THE DAY OF MARRIAGE. \* \* \*

**H**AIL! happy pair! 'tis friendship tunes the lay,  
That joys to see this kind auspicious day;  
This happy morn which crowns that mutual love,  
Unerring wisdom first ordain'd above.

Say, what inducement taught the breast to move,  
The soul to languish, and the heart to love?  
What native instinct, or exterior charms,  
First rais'd the tumult of love's soft alarms?

'Twas winning piety, and sense conjoin'd,  
That spoke the innate beauties of the mind:  
Cementing friendship also lent her aid,  
And crown'd the happy choice that prudence made.

No bribing wealth, nor base designing art,  
Urg'd on to flatter, or impell'd the heart;  
Spontaneous efforts fann'd the latent fire,  
And grace inherent, sanctify'd desire.

May CANA'S LORD attend your steps below,  
And smile propitious as you onward go;  
May he indulgent, bless your future days,  
And tune your grateful hearts, to sing his praise!

Behold, my friends ! a father's tender care,  
In all the blessings which in life ye share ;  
His goodness view, in all you daily prove,  
And own your mercies are the gift of love.

Should adverse providence your lives attend,  
And every sweet, with some kind bitter blend :  
With grateful hand, the friendly cup receive,  
And drink the potion heaven reserv'd to give.

If poverty or want await you here,  
The heavy stroke with resignation bear ;  
The God who sent them rules their potent sway,  
And by his presence smiles their frowns away.

The various ills in life, you're born to share,  
Are bounteous blessings of paternal care ;  
This each shall own, and both with joy confess,  
Nor even wish to find your trials less.

Like humble pensioners devoted stand,  
Imploring mercies from your father's hand ;  
With grateful hearts receive his kind supplies,  
Nor wish imparted, what his love denies.

If thus resolv'd, pursue your destin'd way,  
Nor stop to listen what the world might say ;  
Let nobler thoughts your conscious minds employ,  
And crown your interval of life with joy.

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But as ye journey on, expect to find,  
Those troubles incident to human kind;  
They fondly hope for happiness in vain,  
Who seek to find it without loss or pain.

In mazy paths must tread your wand'ring feet,  
Where ease with pain, where joy with sorrow meet;  
These, loving pilgrims, will alarm your fears,  
And prove a trial thro' life's vale of tears.

If love and harmony you would preserve,  
Avoid by careful steps, that fiend RESERVE;  
Let both alike, with conscious pleasure see,  
A gen'rous mind, from false deception free.

Let both in each, a meet companion find,  
Indulgent, tender, affable, and kind;  
Devoid of art, let each attempt to prove,  
A greater warmth of undissembled love.

In joy, in sorrow, or in pain or ease,  
Let each alike be studious how to please;  
In every trial take an equal share,  
Each bear a part, and strive to lessen care.

Let concord, harmony, and tranquil joy,  
Each future moment of your lives employ;  
Thus shall you both substantial bliss secure,  
And heaven indulgent, choicest blessings pour.



DECREPID AGE shall then with pleasure view,  
His snowy honors, crown'd with joys anew;  
With grateful heart survey the trials past,  
And hail the moment that shall bring the last.

Diviner bliss shall each fond breast inspire,  
And fill the soul with pure seraphic fire;  
With holy rapture make your latter days  
Resound the language of incessant praise.

Your SETTING SUN, when life's short day is o'er,  
Shall rise unclouded, and go down no more;  
His genial rays shall every care destroy,  
And stamp eternal, all your future joy.

Deign, happy pair, t' accept the feeble lay,  
The pleasing theme of this auspicious day;  
'Tis friendship speaks—if more she can declare,  
Be that the subject of devoted pray'r.

E P I G R A M

ON A MISER. \* \* \*

THE niggard miser, 'midst his hoarded store,  
Grows richer daily, yet grows daily poor;  
With pining want consumes the gift of health,  
And damns his soul for sordid heaps of wealth.

E L E G Y

E L E G Y \*

WRITTEN AT THE APPROACH OF SPRING.

BY JOHN SCOTT, ESQ.

**S**TERN winter hence with all his train removes;  
And chearful skies and limpid streams are seen;  
Thick-sprouting foliage decorates the groves;  
Reviving herbage robes the fields in green.

Yet lovelier scenes shall crown th' advancing year,  
When blooming spring's full bounty is display'd;  
The smile of beauty every vale shall wear;  
The voice of song enliven every shade.

O fancy, paint not coming days too fair!  
Oft for the prospects sprightly MAY should yield,  
Rain-pouring clouds have darken'd all the air,  
Or snows untimely whiten'd o'er the field:

But should kind spring her wonted bounty show'r,  
The smile of beauty and the voice of song;  
If gloomy thought the human mind o'erpow'r,  
Ev'n vernal hours glide unenjoy'd along.

\* The pamphlet from whence I have taken this and the following Elegy, is sold by Buckland in Paternoster Row. The late ingenious Dr. Young, writing to a friend of mine says, "I have read Mr. Scott's four Elegies, and shall do myself the credit to recommend them to every person of my acquaintance."

I shun the scenes where madd'ning passion raves,  
Where pride and folly high dominion hold,  
And unrelenting avarice drives her slaves  
O'er prostrate virtue in pursuit of gold :

The grassy lane, the wood-surrounded field,  
The rude stone fence with fragrant wall-flowers gay,  
The clay-built cot, to me more pleasure yield  
Than all the pomp imperial domes display :

And yet ev'n here amid these secret shades,  
These simple scenes of unprov'd delight,  
Affliction's iron hand my breast invades,  
And death's dread dart is ever in my sight.

While genial suns to genial show'rs succeed ;  
(The air all mildness, and the earth all bloom ;)  
While herds and flocks range sportive o'er the mead,  
Crop the sweet herb, and snuff the rich perfume ;

O why alone to hapless man deny'd  
To taste the bliss inferior beings boast ?  
O why this fate that fear and pain divide  
His few short hours on earth's delightful coast ?

Ah cease—no more of providence complain !  
'Tis sense of guilt that wakes the mind to woe,  
Gives force to fear, adds energy to pain,  
And palls each joy by heaven indulg'd below :

Why

Why else the smiling infant-train so blest,  
Ere dear-bought knowledge ends the peace within,  
Or wild desire inflames the youthful breast,  
Or ill propension ripens into sin ?

As to the bleating tenants of the field,  
As to the sportive warblers on the trees,  
To them their joys sincere the seasons yield,  
And all their days and all their prospects please ;

Such joys were mine when from the peopled streets,  
Where on THAMESIS' banks I liv'd immur'd,  
The new-blown fields that breath'd a thousand sweets,  
To SURRY'S wood-crown'd hills my steps allur'd :

O happy hours, beyond recov'ry fled !  
What share I now " that can your loss repay,"  
While o'er my mind these glooms of thought are spread,  
And veil the light of life's meridian ray ?

Is there no power this darkness to remove ?  
The long-lost joys of EDEN to restore ?  
Or raise our views to happier seats above,  
Where fear and pain and death shall be no more ?

Yes, those there are who know a SAVIOUR'S love  
The long-lost joys of EDEN can restore,  
And raise their views to happier seats above,  
Where fear and pain and death shall be no more :

These



These grateful share the gift of nature's hand ;  
 And in the varied scenes that round them shine,  
 (The fair, the rich, the awful, and the grand)  
 Admire th' amazing workmanship divine,

Blows not a flow'ret in th' enamell'd vale,  
 Shines not a pebble where the riv'let strays,  
 Sports not an insect on the spicy gale,  
 But claims their wonder and excites their praise,

For them ev'n vernal nature looks more gay,  
 For them more lively hues the fields adorn ;  
 To them more fair the fairest smile of day,  
 To them more sweet the sweetest breath of morn.

They feel the blifs that hope and faith supply ;  
 They pass serene th' appointed hours that bring  
 The day that wafts them to the realms on high,  
 The day that centers in eternal spring.

# EXTRACT.

BY THE SAME.

**I**N diff'rent seasons diff'rent joys we place,  
 And these shall spring supply, and summer these ;  
 Yet frequent storms the bloom of spring deface,  
 And summer scarcely brings a day to please.

ELEGY

E L E G Y

WRITTEN AT THE APPROACH OF WINTER.

BY THE SAME.

**T**HE sun far southward bends his annual way,  
The bleak north-east wind lays the forests bare,  
The fruit ungather'd quits the naked spray,  
And dreary winter reigns o'er earth and air.

No mark of vegetable life is seen,  
No bird to bird repeats his tuneful call;  
Save the dark leaves of some rude evergreen,  
Save the lone red-breast on the moss-grown wall.

Where are the sprightly scenes by spring supply'd,  
The May-flower'd hedges scenting every breeze;  
The white flocks scatt'ring o'er the mountain side,  
The woodlarks warbling on the blooming trees?

Where is gay summer's sportive insect train,  
That in green fields on painted pinions play'd?  
The herd at morn wide-pasturing o'er the plain,  
Or throng'd at noon-tide in the willow shade?

Where is brown autumn's ev'ning mild and still,  
What time the ripen'd corn fresh fragrance yields,  
What time the village peoples all the hill,  
And loud shouts echo o'er the harvest fields?

To

To former scenes our fancy thus returns,  
To former scenes that little pleas'd when here !  
Our winter chills us and our summer burns,  
Yet we dislike the changes of the year.

To happier lands then restless fancy flies,  
Where INDIAN streams thro' green Savannahs flow;  
Where brighter suns and ever-tranquil skies  
Bid new fruits ripen and new flow'rets blow.

Let truth these fairer happier lands survey,  
There half the year descends in wat'ry storms;  
Or nature sickens in the blaze of day,  
And one brown hue the sun-burnt plain deforms,

There oft as toiling in the maizey fields,  
Or homeward passing on the shadeless way,  
His joyless life the weary lab'rer yields,  
And instant drops beneath the deathful ray.

Who dreams of nature free from nature's strife ?  
Who dreams of constant happiness below ?  
The hope-flush'd ent'rer on the stage of life;  
The youth to knowledge unchastis'd by woe.

For me, long toil'd on many a weary road,  
Led by false hope in search of many a joy;  
I find in earth's bleak clime no blest abode,  
No place, no season sacred from annoy:

For

For me, while winter rages round the plains,  
With his dark days I'll human life compare;  
Not those more fraught with clouds and winds and rains,  
Than this with pining pain and anxious care.

O whence this wond'rous turn of mind our fate!  
Whate'er the season or the place posselt,  
We ever murmur at our present state;  
And yet the thought of parting breaks our rest:

Why else, when heard in ev'ning's solemn gloom,  
Does the sad knell that sounding o'er the plain,  
Tolls some poor lifeless body to the tomb,  
Thus thrill my breast with melancholy pain?

The voice of reason echoes in my ear,  
Thus thou ere long must join thy kindred clay;  
No more these "nostrils breathe the vital air,"  
No more these eyelids open on the day.

O winter, round me spread thy joyless reign,  
Thy threat'ning skies in dusky horrors drest;  
Of thy dread rage no longer I'll complain,  
Nor ask an EDEN for a transient guest.

Enough has heaven indulg'd of joy below,  
To tempt our tarriance in this lov'd retreat;  
Enough has heaven ordain'd of useful woe,  
To make us languish for a happier seat.

There



There is, who deems all climes, all seasons fair,  
 There is, who knows no restless passion's strife;  
 Contentment smiling at each idle care;  
 Contentment thankful for the gift of life;

She finds in winter many a scene to please;  
 The morning landscape fring'd with frost-work gay,  
 The sun at noon seen thro' the leafless trees,  
 The clear calm ether at the close of day:

She marks th' advantage storms and clouds bestow,  
 When blust'ring CAURUS purifies the air,  
 When moist AQUARIUS pours the fleecy snow,  
 That makes th' impregnate glebe a richer harvest bear:

She bids for all our grateful praise arise,  
 To Him whose mandate spake the world to form;  
 Gave spring's gay bloom, and summer's chearful skies,  
 And autumn's corn-clad field and winter's founding  
 storm.

#### ON SEEING THE SUN SHINE. \* \* \*

**Y**ON lucid beam revives the verdant field,  
 That bounteous nature may her increase yield,  
 The hill, the dale, the purling currents prove,  
 The warmth and power of God's diffusive love;  
 No fav'rite mead can boast a partial care,  
 But all alike his genial influence share.

A F A-

A FATHER'S SOLILOQUY OVER HIS  
DEAD CHILD. \* \* \*

**D**EAR infant babe! thou lovely smiling boy,  
Thou first fond pledge of pure connubial joy;  
Thou spring of pleasure, thou dear source of pain,  
My child, my ISAAC, thus untimely slain!

Thou gracious answer to a father's prayers!  
But now the object to excite his tears;  
These cold remains are all I weeping see,  
Thou'rt gone forever----gone, alas! from me.

Forever gone!---no;---cease the plaintive moan,  
Suppress the tear and check the rising groan;  
Swift flies the moment that dissolves my pain,  
And brings thee welcome to these arms again!

O loit'ring death! come wing thy destin'd way,  
Why art thou absent---why this long delay!  
Come dread usurper, who my hopes beguil'd,  
And bear me swiftly to my only child!

And thou dear babe! with tending angels wait  
To hail me welcome to thy blest estate;  
Rush to my arms---soft whisper---"I am thine,"  
And lead me to the GOD who made thee mine!

L I N E S

## L I N E S

WRITTEN AFTER HEARING A SERMON PREACHED  
FROM II TIM. II. III. \* \*

THOU, THEREFORE, ENDURE HARDNESS AS A GOOD SOLDIER  
OF CHRIST JESUS.

**T**O shew the matchless worth of truth divine,  
Grace, love, and reason, all in one combine :  
To plead its cause, all hail the man of sense,  
And add to THAT---the charms of eloquence.  
Go on, great champion in thy CAPTAIN'S cause,  
Support his standard, and maintain his laws ;  
Impel by argument the heedless throng,  
Teach what is RIGHT, and shew them what is WRONG.  
For this, kind reason lends her noblest aid,  
And prompts thee on, resistless to persuade.  
Prolific Grace her stronger influence sends,  
And makes thy greatest foes the best of friends.

Hence, reason's boasting sons, no more exclaim,  
A system wrong, irrational and vain :  
The charge is false---why, impious, thus deride ?  
Let conscious reason here as judge preside—  
Hark ! bold intruder---something speaks within,  
And softly whispers---“ Thou art nought but sin.”  
Yet louder still, methinks, I distant hear,  
The moving accents of some friend sincere :  
'Tis P\*\*\*\*\* speaks---he tells thee just the same,  
What now thou art, whence thy pollution came.

But yet more kind, he bids thee not despair,  
And mildly tells thee of a SAVIOUR's care;  
Shews what he is, for whom he liv'd and dy'd,  
For what he suffer'd, and why crucify'd.  
I hear him say---“ For wretches worse than you,  
“ He cry'd, Forgive, they know not what they do:  
“ For guilty souls, who, bold rejoicing stood,  
“ With impious hands to shed THEIR SAVIOUR's  
“ For these, for you, for all the happy race, [blood;  
“ Who live the subjects of redeeming grace.”

ON THE ENTRANCE OF A  
NEW YEAR.

**G**REAT God! to thee what gratitude I owe,  
Thou source of ALL that I enjoy below;  
Past blessings not thy gracious care suffice,  
New mercies still with each new moment rise;  
Nor this the least (for which my thanks I pay)  
To live to see another new-year's day!  
With the old year, may the OLD MAN be gone,  
And with the new, may I the NEW put on!  
Oh, to supply new time, new grace be thine,  
New heart, new spirit, and new life be mine.



## A M O R A L O D E.

**H**AIL, glorious AUTHOR of creation's frame!  
 In all things various, yet in all the same.  
 Whom nature owns her fountain, and her end;  
 Creation's FATHER, and his creature's FRIEND.

Once more revolv'd, revolving periods prove  
 Thy dread inspection and thy watchful love;  
 Whose quick'ning Sp'rit still animates our breath,  
 Defends from danger, or preserves from death.  
 By pain instructed, or from pain secur'd,  
 Unhoped averted, or in hope endur'd.  
 Held yet in life, tho' oft of strength bereft,  
 Behold, "one taken, and another left!"  
 Stupendous act, that mocks created ken!  
 Alike abstruse to seraphs and to men.  
 Why, this permitted; or, why that decreed;  
 The murderer riots, and the guiltless bleed.  
 Why, conscious virtue sees her foes prevail,  
 While justice lingering---aids the rising scale.  
 Why, deeper still, the men of guilt should find,  
 E'en rigorous vengeance placable or kind:  
 And why, revers'd, the moral proud may feel,  
 E'en mercy reckless, and themselves in hell!

Say ye, who can (if such as **can**, there be)  
 What meaneth this, and whence the mystery?  
 Go, span the mountains, and exhaust the clouds,  
 Or, bind their influence, and repel the floods.

There go, assay, and at thy sole command,  
 Turn rocks to oceans, and the seas to sand.  
 Bid the keen lightning scath the ætherial plain,  
 Let thunder whisper, and the comet rain :

Bid SINAI's mass from off its base remove ;  
 Bid angels envy, and bid demons love :  
 Awake the tempest, or compose the wind :  
 Make turtles savage, or the savage kind.  
 Speak meteors cool, or frozen arctics warm ;  
 Divert the whirlwind, or direct the storm.  
 Calm the loud din of wrath's infernal rage ;  
 Make wisdom folly, or its scorers sage.  
 Let death be life, their life the dead retrieve ;  
 Make darkness shine, and infidels believe.  
 Again stand forth, invert creation's powers ;  
 Make time eternal, and then count its hours.  
 Let worlds unborn attest thy sovereign word ;  
 And know thee MAKER, as they call thee LORD.  
 To sum the whole, and consummate the plan ;  
 Go try the reins, and search the heart of man.  
 Deprav'd its bent, corrupted every thought,  
 Is nought it should, and all that it should not.  
 Go watch its movements, and its mazy wile,  
 Its artful meanness, and its selfish guile.  
 Its sordid avarice, or ambitious flame,  
 The gust of flattery and the lust of fame.  
 Its love of all that stains the human breast,  
 Sinks man to brute, and makes his name a jest.  
 Its hate, revenge, concupiscence, or spleen,  
 The zest of pride and quintessence of sin.

Fountain of death! whence issues all in one,  
 That soils a dunghill, or torments a throne.  
 The penal woe of want's bewilder'd care,  
 The tyrant's horror, or the traitor's fear.  
 The lash of conscience, and the trembling dread,  
 Who crush the living, or defraud the dead.  
 Deprive the orphan, or despise the poor,  
 And thrust the stranger from the pathless door.  
 Who dance, carouse---debauch'd their vernal prime,  
 The waste of mercy, and the waste of time.  
 Lay up in store, against its period come,  
 The dreadful harvest of a death-bed doom!

There---go---begin---its complex windings trace,  
 Restrain its fury, and its pride abase.  
 Deep in the dust before thee let it lie,  
 Hang on thy hand, and watch the speaking eye.  
 Next, purge its dross from lucre's filth refin'd,  
 Transform its passions, and its ardor bind.  
 Command its motions, and subdue its will,  
 Arrest the stars, and bid the sun stand still.  
 Till then be mute; nor rash presume to arraign  
 Unerring wisdom, or its acts restrain.  
 As tho' thy skill could mark where she had stray'd,  
 Should stand corrected, or be disobey'd.  
 As error's form had duped her vagrant eye,  
 Impos'd its own, and made her stamp a lye.  
 This right; this wrong; now shake the reptile rod;  
 While worms, abandon'd, criminate their GOD.  
 Judge him unwise, unrighteous, or unjust,  
 Tho' winds his chariots, and the stars as dust:

His

His paths mysterious, and his face unseen,  
E'en angels ideots, and the heavens unclean !

Turn then thine eyes on wisdom's fairer plan,  
To frailty suited, and design'd for man.  
To teach him wisdom, and in that to know  
His fall how deep, his wretchedness how low !  
To save from ruin, as she makes him wise,  
And hide destruction from the stranger's eyes.

REDEMPTION's scheme ; mysterious, yet benign ;  
Where equal grace and equal glory shine.  
Where all is mild, compassionate, and free,  
Its burthen, light ; its bondage, LIBERTY.  
Where mercy's bowels with compassion roll,  
And more than move with pity to the soul.  
For this her patience, and her meek delay,  
Her firm resolve ; her aim to turn away  
The impending sword from off the victim's head,  
Mark'd by its point, and counted as for dead.  
For this in heaven ten thousand ardors rise,  
Form here our hope, and there its paradise.  
Point to the CROSS from whence salvation flows ;  
A GOD incarnate, and in HIM repose !

Hail, GOLGOTH', hail ! and hail, thou CALVARY !  
All hail the CROSS, and hail its mystery !  
Hail HIM who suffer'd, and by suffering freed  
A convict world, whom justice doom'd to bleed !  
Eviotive faith ! the sum of things unseen,  
God's high attest and evidence to men ;  
Medium of fight that cheers the fullen breast,  
Turns doubt to vision and despair to rest.



Conveys remission, and its seal confirms,  
While grateful love the conscious bosom warms.  
Compassion's hand dries up the falling tear,  
Forbids confusion, and precludes his fear.  
With trembling joy the convert hides his face,  
And gives the glory where he found the grace.  
Demonstrate this (where-e'er it deigns to fall)

“ That man is nothing, and that THOU art ALL!”

Thus from THYSELF, and from thy will proceeds  
Whate'er protects us, or whatever feeds:  
From thee, the fountain, all our blessings come,  
The martyr's laurel, or th' apostate's doom.  
All things that life, all things that death inspire;  
The first aversion, and the last desire.

“ O let me die, the son of Peor said,  
(And as he spake he bow'd his hoary head)

“ O let me die, the righteous death divine;

“ My hope with ISRAEL, and his end be mine!”

Yet once again---from THY all sovereign boon,  
E'en they yet live, whose lives affront thy throne,  
Who spurn thy being, or its power defy,  
Shock their own sense, and give that sense the lye,  
Base to dispute, what reason might impart,  
Truth to the head, and terror to the heart.  
Whose impious breasts, ingrate, disdain to know,  
From whence their beings, or their blessings flow:  
Tho' from thy hand, alike on all bestow'd  
The partial evil, or the impartial good.

No difference here; alike on each; on all  
Thy suns arise, thy showers prolific fall.

COM-

COMPLAINT! be mute---the future must decide  
 Great wisdom's plan, and each his fate divide.  
 Difference immense! immense their different lot,  
 Who serv'd their GOD, from theirs who serv'd him not!  
 In that last day, when justice ends the strife,  
 Marks these for ruin, and seals those to life!  
 Mean time, as weigh'd in heaven's eternal scales,  
 Now vengeance triumphs, and now love prevails.  
 Each poisoning each preserves the balance still,  
 Shews the design, and executes her will.  
 The threat'ning bolt, that glowing in her hand  
 (Redden'd with wrath) appalls a guilty land.  
 The heart-felt panic that pervades the whole  
 (Electric stroke that shocks the double pole)  
 War's baleful thunders, bellowing their alarms,  
 The clang of clarions, and the clash of arms.  
 Plague, earthquake, famine, pestilence, and pain,  
 That speak his justice, and his laws maintain.  
 Engines of wrath, and magazines of ire,  
 A second deluge, or Gomorrah's fire;  
 (Fierce as it burns, and fiercer still to feel)  
 From Ætna's summit to the lowest hell,  
 Are but the shades of her vindictive doom,  
 Prophetic preludes of yet worse to come!

But heaven relents; repeals her own decree,  
 And nature shouts her rescued destiny.  
 Who smote her sons, now bids their terrors cease;  
 And with a world's, restores Britannia's peace.  
 Whose hope reviv'd for future blessings sues,  
 And every morn her every suit renews.

Hail, genial hope ! the balm of all our care ;  
 Strong as its rock, and as its fountain clear,  
 Consistent act ; that as it trusts, obeys ;  
 Whose meek compliance is its surest praise :  
 Repentant hope ; more studious to perform,  
 Than rashly vow ; or with presumption warm  
 On her own strength, for safety to depend,  
 Whose boast is shame, and shame shall be its end.

Hail, wond'rous grace ! of love the art divine !  
 Her judgments, MERCIES ; and her threats, benign,  
 Pierc'd with her cries, she left her radiant seat,  
 To bless her foes, and raise them at her feet :  
 Bids them arise, but take the warning given,  
 Nor once ungrateful, war again with heaven.

Such warning OURS, to save from foul despair ;  
 Who spar'd the last, now spares another year.  
 But tried once more, and once more tried in vain,  
 All hope is dash'd ; justice remounts again  
 Her penal throne ; presenting from afar  
 The scourge of famine, and the sword of war.  
 Bids death advance in all its ghastly forms,  
 The whirlwind rattles, and the tempest storms,  
 Red Æther's lightning streams along the vale,  
 The skies roll thunder, and the clouds drop hail.

Huge piles of smoke the hemisphere becloud ;  
 The sun shines darkness, and its rival blood.  
 The falling stars desert the spangled sphere,  
 And, faint, expire amidst the kindling air.  
 The impetuous ocean from its centre roars,  
 And o'er the land a distant deluge pours,

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Her barriers shake, the Alpin'd cliffs divide,  
 Rush from their height, and plunge the embillow'd  
 Suffusive blasts from mines sulphureous blow; [tide.  
 Rocks whirl o'er rocks, and seas to mountains grow.  
 The eternal hills, convulsive on their base,  
 Rise with the storm, and quit their natal place.  
 A horrid gloom o'er nature's face is spread,  
 And Tophet rous'd prepares to meet her dead.  
 Mens hearts for fear of greater evils fail,  
 While guilt o'er hope, and death o'er life prevail.  
 Old Time aghast, now rends his hoary hairs;  
 Yields his domain, and dies amidst his years.  
 The final trump, of seven-fold thunder sound,  
 Blows, "Cut it down; why cumpers it the ground?  
 "Too long already has the land been spar'd;  
 "Double their guilt, be doubled its reward!"

Thus nature staggers, and creation fails!  
 While mercy, hopeless, drops the o'er-balanc'd scales;  
 Turns from her charge, and pointing to the rod,  
 Cries, "There, ye rebels, go and meet your GOD!"

ON SEEING A GROUP OF TREES. \* \* \*

**F** AINT emblem that, of EDEN's happy shade,  
 For purest love and contemplation made:  
 Where sacred goodness, manifest, began  
 To shine distinguish'd in the creature man:  
 Where evil first of innocence took place,  
 And, but for Christ, had damn'd a ruin'd race!

ABRAHAM'S



## ABRAHAM'S SACRIFICE.

FROM the third morning dawn'd the orient light,  
When Abraham gain'd the destin'd mountain's  
height;

And Isaac, now their journey's period found,  
Had thrown his cumbrous burthen to the ground,  
His load of wood, with solemn right assign'd  
To burn the sacrifice by GOD enjoin'd.  
And now the ready care and zealous toil  
Of fire and son had rear'd the sacred pile,  
When thus (yet oft' with sighs his utt'rance broke,  
And oft' with gushing tears) the patriarch spoke.

“Thou, in whom heaven's best love to me was  
Kind, good, and duteous; O my darling son! [shown,  
Firm to my soul, whom all dear ties engage,  
Crown of my hopes, and comfort of my age;  
Now be the ardor of thy faith display'd,  
And summon all my virtue to thy aid,  
To hear the doom by GOD's own voice decreed,  
That thou, O can I speak it! thou must bleed:  
Thy harmless life, so runs the dread command,  
Must here be offer'd by thy father's hand.  
Fain, fain, heaven knows, by strong reluctance prest,  
And partial nature pleading in my breast,  
Fain would I have mistook the sacred call:  
'Twas dream, 'twas fancy, 'twas illusion all.  
Can GOD, I reason'd, his own law controul,  
Impress'd so deeply on the human soul;

His

His law, which as the wrath divine they dread,  
 Prohibits man man's vital blood to shed?  
 Did he establish this a rule to bind  
 Through all successive ages all mankind?  
 And can he, faithful, gracious, just, and mild,  
 Can he command me to destroy my child?  
 Alas! why not? who shall maintain the strife  
 With him, sole sov'reign, arbiter of life?  
 On these plain terms he gives us all to see  
 New-born th' æth'ial light, and bids us be;  
 That wh'er soever he, or soon, or late,  
 Shall summon us to leave our earthly state,  
 The body its congenial dust must claim,  
 The soul return to GOD from whom it came.  
 And sure for this, the time, the means, the way,  
 'Tis his to choose, his providential sway  
 Inflicts the sudden stroke, or slow decay:  
 To each inferior cause he gives its weight,  
 And arms with all its darts the hand of fate.

" Then, great Creator, since 'tis thy decree  
 That Isaac now must fall, and fall by me,  
 Prostrate and mute, I bow before thy throne,  
 Thy name be hallow'd, and thy will be done.  
 Oft' thy dread voice has fill'd me with delight,  
 Or in the trance, or vision of the night;  
 And still as I obey'd it hast thou shed  
 Riches, and peace, and honor round my head.  
 And shall I now resist the well-known call?  
 And grudge one gift to thee who gav'st me all?

Hast

Hast thou so blest my whole long life-time past,  
 And shall I now forsake thee at the last?  
 Yet, my good GOD, all gracious as thou art,  
 Forgive the yearnings of a parent's heart;  
 That my poor service may be rightly paid,  
 Support my frailness with thy heavenly aid,  
 And suffer not, by this hard instance try'd,  
 My stedfast faith in thee to start aside."

'Thus far his grief the rev'rend sire express'd,  
 A spacious flood of tears forbade the rest.

When Isaac thus; " Ill must it surely suit,  
 When GOD commands, for mortals to dispute;  
 His will once spoke the whole creation awes,  
 And what am I, to make a moment's pause?  
 But here so plainly stands his love express'd,  
 Here to obey, is only to be blest;  
 'Tis only earlier to be call'd away  
 To GOD's own presence, and the realms of day,  
 Snatch'd from the ill to come, nor doom'd to know  
 The various bitterness of human woe.  
 Can I beneath good Abraham's forming hand,  
 In heavenly truth and steady virtue train'd,  
 Taught, O my GOD, with one perpetual aim,  
 To love thy service, and to fear thy name;  
 Can I not hope, unbodied when I roam  
 Where sp'rits immortal find their destin'd home  
 In that new world thy goodness still to share,  
 And praise and bless my kind preserver there?  
 Can I thy mercy not securely trust  
 To hide my human frailties in the dust,

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And there admit me, one short struggle o'er,  
Where death, and sin, and sorrow are no more?  
But, O my father! how shall he sustain  
This load of woe, this heart-oppressing pain!  
Cancell'd at once to view high heaven's decree  
Of blessings to his future race in me!  
His hopes all blasted, all his comforts fled,  
Grief to the grave must bow his hoary head.  
Him, though the op'ning scenes my thoughts employ,  
Of heaven and raptures of immortal joy:  
Yet him with deep affliction I condole,  
And feel his anguish in my inmost soul."

With just rebuke the patriarch mild replies,  
"In vain, my son, thy anxious terrors rise.  
Think'st thou that change affects th' eternal will?  
Hath GOD once said, and shall not he fulfil?  
Revolving time must bring the dreadful day  
When heaven and earth dissolv'd shall pass away:  
At once the glorious universal flame  
Shall shrink like parchment crackling in the flame;  
Ruin o'er total nature shall prevail,  
But not one tittle of his word can fail.  
Thee, the just heir of all my hopes to come,  
His goodness gave me from the barren womb:  
Thee, the same goodness, sacrific'd and slain,  
Can raise and quicken into life again.  
Or as the seed, though from the sower's hand  
It dies and rots beneath the furrow'd land,  
Soon with new strength reviv'd, essays to rise,  
And seeks the genial influence of the skies;

The



The rip'ning ears a rich abundance yield,  
 And golden harvests crown the smiling field.  
 So from what here the hallow'd pile must burn,  
 Ev'n from thy ashes sleeping in their urn,  
 A new corporeal system he may frame,  
 And re-inspire the animating flame.

Events to come, and fate by GOD design'd,  
 The counsels of his own omniscient mind,  
 Himself alone surveys; but here we rest,  
 That what he wills must be, and must be best.  
 'Tis his to man his pleasure to display:  
 Ours to adore, to tremble, and obey.  
 Yet, had it rather pleas'd the will divine  
 To spare my Isaac's life, and call for mine,  
 In her own tenor to let nature run,  
 Nor bid the fire survive the slaughter'd son;  
 How had I then (my course all faithful found,  
 My end by GOD's express acceptance crown'd)  
 How had I joy'd to hear his orders spoke?  
 Bow'd my old head submissive to the stroke:  
 In praise resign'd my last expiring breath,  
 And met with transport the embrace of death!"

He said, and both the sacred rite prepare,  
 And both pour out their souls in ardent pray'r,  
 And humbly hope heaven's mightiest aid to find,  
 To wake each latent virtue in their mind.  
 And now the altar blaz'd, and now display'd  
 Abraham advanc'd aloft his glitt'ring blade,  
 With strenuous zeal repress'd his inward woe,  
 And rais'd his trembling hand to strike the blow:

When

When lo ! effulgent with amazing light,  
 A form celestial stood before his sight ;  
 Less glorious shines, his rapid race to run  
 Forth issuing from his eastern goal, the sun ;  
 The patriarch gaz'd, nor speech nor motion found,  
 And dropt his lifted weapon to the ground.  
 A sweet regard the pitying angel show'd,  
 And thus his solemn words complacent flow'd :  
 " Sheath, Abraham, sheath the sword ; in gracious part  
 Accepts th' Almighty thy obedient heart,  
 For the full forfeit takes thy service done,  
 And freely gives thee thy devoted son.  
 Now hear, thou faithful man, whilst I unfold  
 Successive scenes, illustrious to behold,  
 Of fame to thee, and wond'rous love design'd,  
 In thy distinguish'd race to human-kind.  
 Try if thou canst by numb'ring to explore  
 All the loose atoms on the sandy shore ;  
 Or upwards turn thy penetrating eye,  
 And count the radiant spangles of the sky :  
 Like these shall Isaac's progeny outgo  
 What bounds or thought can reach or number show.  
 From his sam'd seed, as heaven its aid supplies,  
 Shall states be form'd, and mighty empires rise,  
 And kings, ordain'd in future realms to shine,  
 Shall boast their royal stock deriv'd from thine.

But one fair branch GOD's larger love must share,  
 His chosen people, his peculiar care :  
 Himself confess, shall own their favor'd cause,  
 Conduct their counsels, and prescribe their laws.

Him-

Himself shall raise, inspir'd with matchless might,  
 In rule their judges, and their chiefs for fight.  
 How oft' for them shall his fierce wrath confound  
 The faithless nations gather'd all around !  
 How oft' shall raise his wonder-working sway,  
 And turn old nature from her destin'd way,  
 To crush whoe'er their conqu'ring arms withstand,  
 And plant his people in the promis'd land !

Whilst the vain world to impious rites resign'd,  
 To lusts abandon'd, and to reason blind,  
 Stray in the dark ; to them, to them alone  
 Shall heaven's pure will and genuine truth be known :  
 Religion shall be theirs, her sacred ray  
 Shall wisdom pour to guide them in the way.  
 For this shall rev'rend seers, divinely taught,  
 God's great designs impress upon their thought,  
 From age to age his gradual word display,  
 And shed the chearful dawning of the day ;  
 Till in full light MESSIAH's self shall rise,  
 Sprung from thy seed, descending from the skies ;  
 Stupendous union ! heaven and earth combin'd !  
 Incarnate GOD, to rescue lost mankind !  
 With him, erst fled from sin's polluting stain,  
 Shall ancient virtue visit earth again ;  
 Peace sent from heaven shall bless the world below,  
 And like the spreading sea shall knowledge flow.  
 Mercy divine MESSIAH shall bring down  
 To sinful man, and mighty in renown  
 Shall break hell's power and death's tyrannic chain,  
 And end the long approach of Satan's reign."

He

He said : and instant, pleas'd whilst they pursue  
 The great ideas, vanish'd from their view;  
 A thousand thoughts their reas'ning powers controul,  
 And deep amazement fills the lab'ring soul.  
 Yet all they could to shew their just regard,  
 A beast they bring, for sacrifice prepar'd,  
 And, his free grace with holy vows implor'd,  
 Burn the vicarious victim to the LORD.  
 Then pond'ring all the wonders of the day,  
 With hearts exulting, homeward bend their way.

WRITTEN UNDER AN HOUR GLASS,  
 IN A GROTTO NEAR THE SIDE OF A RIVER.

BY THE REV. MR. GRAVES.

**T**HIS bubbling stream not uninstruative flows,  
 Nor idly loiters to its distant main,  
 Each flower it feeds that on its margin grows,  
 And bids thee blush, whose days are spent in vain.

Nor void of moral, tho' unheeded, glides  
 Time's current stealing on with silent haste;  
 For lo! each falling sand his folly chides,  
 Who lets one precious moment run to waste.



## ON THE WORKS OF CREATION.

BY MRS. ROWE.

**B**EAUTY complete, and majesty divine,  
 In all thy works, ador'd Creator, shine.  
 Where'er I cast my wond'ring eyes around,  
 The God I seek in every part is found.  
 Pursuing thee, the flow'ry fields I trace,  
 And read thy name on every spire of grass.  
 I follow thee thro' many a lonely shade,  
 And find thee in the solitary glade.  
 I meet thee in the kind refreshing gale,  
 That gently passes thro' the dewy vale.  
 The pink, the jess'min, and the purple rose,  
 Perfum'd by thee, their fragrant leaves disclose.  
 The feather'd choir that welcome in the spring,  
 By thee were taught their various notes to sing.  
 By thee the morning in her crimson vest,  
 And ornaments of golden clouds is drest.  
 The sun, in all his splendor, wears thy beams,  
 And drinks in light from thy exhaustless streams.  
 The moon reveals thee by her glimm'ring ray;  
 Unnumber'd stars thy glorious paths display.  
 Amidst the solemn darkness of the night,  
 The thoughts of God my musing soul delight.  
 Thick shades and night thy dread pavilion form,  
 In state thou rid'st upon the flying storm;  
 While thy strong hand its fiercest rage restrains,  
 And holds the wild unmanag'd winds in reins.

What

What sparklings of thy majesty appear,  
 When thro' the firmament swift lightnings glare!  
 When peals of thunder fill the skies around,  
 I hear thy voice in the tremendous sound.  
 But, oh! how small a part is known of thee,  
 From all thy works immense variety?  
 Whatever mortal men perfection name,  
 Thou, in an infinite degree, dost claim.

And while I here thy faintest shadows trace,  
 I pine to see the glories of thy face;  
 Where beauty in its never changing height,  
 And uncreated excellence shines bright.  
 When shall the heavenly scene, without controul,  
 Open in dazzling triumph on my soul?  
 My powers with all their ardor shall adore,  
 And languish for terrestrial charms no more.

#### ON A CLERGYMAN'S GAMING AT BATH.

**D**ID Christ or his apostles ever play?  
 Or did they rather chuse to preach and pray?  
 If you from them your sacred power derive,  
 From them take also holy rules to live;  
 Declare yourself an enemy to vice,  
 To things that give offence---to box and dice.  
 If you love tables, Moses will produce  
 Tables more proper for a Levite's use.

## S E R I O U S   T H O U G H T S

ON A LATE CORONATION.

**F**ROM finish'd prayer the flock disperse apace,  
 And each glad foot forsakes the dreary place;  
 The hooded prebend plods along before,  
 And the last verger claps the sounding door.  
 In thoughtful pensiveness I stray'd alone,  
 In the dark temple, when they all were gone;  
 No noise invades my ear, no murmuring breath,  
 Not one low whisper in the hall of death.  
 No trampling sound swims o'er the silent floor,  
 But the slow clock, that counts the sliding hour.  
 Lead on, my muse! while trembling I essay  
 To trace the footstep thro' the cloister'd way.  
 Cast a thick veil about thy radiant head,  
 And lead me thro' the dwellings of the dead.  
 Where the still banner, faded and decay'd,  
 Nods pendent o'er its mould'ring master's head.  
 Where love's transform'd to marble, angels mourn,  
 And weeping cherubs seem to sob in stone.  
 To mount their thrones---here monarchs bend their  
 O'er pavements where their predecessors lay. [way,  
 O sons of empire, who, in pompous hour,  
 Attend to wear the cumb'rous robes of power,  
 When ye proceed along the crouded way,  
 Think, there's a second visit here to pay;  
 Now, purple pride, and shouting joy appears,  
 Then, black processions, and attending tears;

And

And when in state on buried kings ye tread,  
 And swelling robes sweep o'er th' unnotic'd dead,  
 While, honor'd thus, ye cast your eyes around,  
 Think then, O think, ye tread on treach'rous ground.  
 Tho' firm the chequer'd pavement seems to be,  
 'Twill surely open, and give way to thee;  
 And while the crouding lords address you near,  
 Th' anointing prelate, and the kneeling peer;  
 While with obsequious diligence they bow,  
 And spread the careful honors o'er thy brow;  
 While the high-rais'd spectators shout around,  
 And the long isles and vaulted roofs resound;  
 Then snatch a sudden thought, and turn thy head  
 From the loud living to the silent dead.  
 With careful eye the neighb'ring tombs survey,  
 These will instruct thee better far than they;  
 Thou from vast crowds thy present power may'st see,  
 But these inform thee what thou'rt sure to be;  
 Think these, like thee, were once ordain'd to wear  
 Imperial robes, and fill the antique chair.  
 One wore the weighty diadem, like thee  
 Receiv'd the solemn kifs and bended knee;  
 Heard the same loud applauses rend the sky,  
 And lastly, think they dy'd, as thou must die.  
 Like DAMOCLES thou sit'st, a dangerous show,  
 His menace hung above, but thine below:  
 The fate of all thy brother monarchs scan,  
 And own, tho' stil'd a God, thou'rt still a man.



# ON THE DEATH OF MR. THOMAS ROWE.

BY MRS. ROWE.

**I**N what soft language shall my thoughts get free,  
My dear Alexis, when I talk of thee?  
Ye muses, graces, all ye gentle train  
Of weeping loves, assist the pensive strain!  
But why should I implore your moving art?  
'Tis but to speak the dictates of my heart.  
And all that knew the charming youth will join  
Their friendly sighs, and pious tears to mine:  
For all that knew his merit must confess,  
In grief for him there can be no excess.

His soul was form'd to act each glorious part  
Of life, unstain'd with vanity, or art.  
No thought within his gen'rous mind had birth,  
But what he might have own'd to heaven and earth.  
Practis'd by him, each virtue grew more bright,  
And shone with more than its own native light.  
Whatever noble warmth could recommend  
The just, the active, and the constant friend,  
Was all his own—but oh! a dearer name,  
And softer ties my endless sorrow claim;  
Lost in despair, distracted, and forlorn,  
The lover I, and tender husband mourn.  
Whate'er to such superior worth was due,  
Whate'er excess the fondest passion knew,

I felt

I felt for thee, dear youth; my joy, my care,  
 My prayers themselves were thine, and only where }  
 Thou wast concern'd, my virtue was sincere.  
 Whene'er I begg'd for blessings on thy head,  
 Nothing was cold, or formal, that I said;  
 My warmest vows to heaven were made for thee,  
 And love still mingled with my piety.

O thou wast all my glory, all my pride!  
 Thro' life's uncertain paths, my constant guide:  
 Regardless of the world, to gain thy praise,  
 Was all that could my just ambition raise.

Why has my heart this fond engagement known?  
 Or why has heaven dissolv'd the tie so soon?  
 Why was the charming youth so form'd to move?  
 Or why was all my soul so turn'd for love?  
 But virtue here a vain defence had made,  
 Where so much worth and eloquence could plead.  
 For he could talk---'twas ecstacy to hear,  
 'Twas joy, 'twas harmony to every ear!  
 Eternal music dwelt upon his tongue,  
 Soft and transporting as the muse's song:  
 List'ning to him, my cares were charm'd to rest,  
 And love, and silent rapture fill'd my breast;  
 Unheeded the gay moments took their flight,  
 And time was only measur'd by delight,  
 I hear the lov'd, the melting accents still,  
 And still the kind, the tender transport feel:  
 Again I see the sprightly passions rise,  
 And life and pleasure sparkle in his eyes.

Q 4

My

My fancy paints him now with every grace,  
 But, ah! the dear delusion mocks my fond embrace;  
 The smiling vision takes its hasty flight,  
 And scenes of horror swim before my sight,  
 Grief and despair in all their terrors rise,  
 A dying lover pale and gasping lies;  
 Each dismal circumstance appears in view,  
 The fatal object is for ever new:

His anguish, with the quickest sense I feel,  
 And hear this sad, this moving language still.

My dearest wife! my last, my fondest care!  
 Sure Heaven for thee will hear a dying prayer:  
 Be thou the charge of sacred providence,  
 When I am gone, be that thy kind defence;  
 Ten thousand smiling blessings crown thy head,  
 When I am cold, and number'd with the dead.  
 Think on thy vows, be to my mem'ry just,  
 My future fame and honor are thy trust.  
 From all engagements here I now am free,  
 But that which keeps my ling'ring soul with thee,  
 How much I love, thy bleeding heart can tell,  
 Which does, like mine, the pangs of parting feel:  
 But haste to meet me on those happy plains,  
 Where mighty love in endless triumph reigns.

He ceas'd; then gently yielded up his breath,  
 And fell a blooming sacrifice to death:  
 But, oh! what words, what numbers can express,  
 What thought conceive the height of my distress!  
 Why did they tear me from thy breathless clay?  
 I should have staid, and wept my life away.

Yet, gentle shade, whether thou now dost rove,  
Thro' some blest vale, or ever-verdant grove;  
One moment listen to my grief, and take  
The softest vows that constant love can make.

For thee all thoughts of pleasure I forego,  
For thee my tears shall never cease to flow;  
For thee at once I from the world retire,  
To feed, in silent shades, a hopeless fire.  
My bosom all thy image shall retain,  
The full impression there shall still remain.  
As thou hast taught my constant heart to prove  
The noblest height and elegance of love;  
That sacred passion I to thee confine,  
My spotless faith shall be for ever thine.

EPIGRAM ON CANT. I. III. \* \*

" THY NAME IS AS OINTMENT POURED FORTH."

**O** BALMY name! O source of lasting joy!  
Dwell on these lips and every thought employ;  
Dwell on these lips!--no; onward still pursue,  
My SOUL, my BODY, my WHOLE SELF renew.  
Saviour divine! I something feel within,  
A heart of stone!--a heart made up of sin!  
A rebel heart, devoid of blushing shame,  
Which nought can soften but thy balmy name;  
O let that name, like precious ointment prove,  
Flow round my heart and melt it into love.

T H E



## THE RESIGNATION.

BY MRS. ROWE.

**T**IS done! the darling idol I resign,  
 Unfit to share a heart so justly thine;  
 Nor can the heavenly call unwelcome be,  
 That still invites my soul more near to thee;  
 Thou dost but take the dying lamps away,  
 To bless me with thy own unmingled day.  
 Ye shades, ye phantoms, and ye dreams, adieu!  
 With smiles I now your parting glories view.  
 I see the hand, I worship, I adore,  
 And justify the great disposing power.  
 Divine advantage! O immortal gain!  
 Why should my fond, ungrateful heart complain?  
 Whate'er of beauty in his ample round  
 The sun surveys, in thee is brighter found;  
 Whate'er the skies, in all their splendid cost,  
 Their beamy pride, and majesty can boast;  
 Whate'er the restless mind of man desires;  
 Whate'er an angel's vaster thought admires;  
 In thee 'tis found in its unchanging height,  
 Thou first great spring of beauty and delight!  
 What have I lost of excellent, or fair,  
 Of kind, or good, that thou canst not repair?  
 What have I lost of truth or amity,  
 But what deriv'd its gentle source from thee?

What

What is there here of excellence or grace,  
Which one bright smile from thee would not efface?  
At one kind look, one sparkling glance of thine,  
Created pride must languish and decline.

'Tis done, at last, the great deciding part !  
The world's subdu'd, and thou hast all my heart ;  
It pants for joys which that can ne'er bestow,  
And spreads itself too wide for all below ;  
It leaves the vast creation far behind,  
And presses forward free and unconfin'd :  
I see a boundless prospect still before,  
And dote upon my former joys no more ;  
Celestial passions kindle in my soul,  
And every low, inglorious thought controul.  
O come ! ye sacred gifts, ye pure delights,  
Ye heavenly sounds, ye intellectual fights ;  
Ye gales of paradise that lull to rest,  
And fill with silent calms the peaceful breast ;  
With you, transporting hopes, that boldly rise,  
And swell, in blissful torrents, to the skies ;  
That soar with angels on their splendid wings,  
And search th' arcana of celestial things.  
Here let me dwell, and bid the world adieu,  
And still converse, ye glorious scenes, with you.  
Keep far away, for ever far from hence,  
Ye gaudy shews, and flatt'ring snares of sense :  
Ye gay varieties on earth, adieu !  
However soft, and pleasing to the view :  
And all ye dazzling wonders of the skies,  
Ev'n you my now aspiring thoughts despise ;

No

No more your blandishments my heart detain,  
 Beauty and pleasure make their court in vain;  
 Objects divine and infinite in view,  
 Seize all my powers, ye fading toys, from you.  
 'Tis finish'd now, the great deciding part!  
 The world's subdu'd, and thou hast all my heart;  
 It triumphs in the change, it fixes here,  
 Nor needs another separation fear.  
 No fatal chance thro' endless years shall rise,  
 The series of my pleasures to surprise;  
 No various scenes to come, no change of place,  
 Shall e'er thy image from my soul efface;  
 Nor life, nor death, nor distant height above,  
 Nor depths below, shall part me from thy love.

#### THE STATE OF OLD AGE.

**T**HE seas are quiet when the winds give o'er,  
 So calm are we when passions rage no more;  
 Clouds of affection from our younger eyes,  
 Conceals that emptiness which time describes.  
 The soul's dark cottage, batter'd and decay'd,  
 Lets in new light thro' chinks that time has made.  
 Stronger by weakness wiser men become,  
 As they draw nearer to their latest home.  
 Leaving the old, both worlds at once they view,  
 Who stand upon the threshold of the new.

CHAP.

## CHAP. VII. OF JOB, PARAPHRASED.

BY THE LATE MR. SAMUEL BOYSE.

**H**AS not kind heaven, regarding human woe,  
 Set a fix'd period to our race below?  
 Known to th' All-wise is our uncertain stay,  
 And we, like hirelings, toil but by the day:  
 Then when the busy tedious dream is o'er,  
 We sink into the grave, and are no more.  
 And is then death our slumber? our repose?  
 Oh! when shall death job's weary'd eye-lids close!  
 As with desiring eyes the harrafs'd swain  
 Expects the evening-shade to quit the plain;  
 So with impatience to the grave I bend,  
 And long to see my numerous sorrows end:  
 For crush'd, O LORD! beneath thy powerful arm,  
 What balm can cure my griefs? what music charm?  
 While in a thousand shapes thy wrath I know,  
 And feel a strange variety of woe!

When will my long protracted troubles cease?  
 And this tormented sufferer be at peace!  
 Each ling'ring night in agonies I lie,  
 And oft I wish, but wish in vain, to die;  
 In silent woe I lengthen out the night,  
 Then curse the gloom, and wait the dawning light:  
 The dawning light returns---but not to me,  
 And all but I its kindly aspect see:

To



To me no friendly seasons e'er return,  
Nor gives the evening ease, nor joy the morn.

With-hold at length thy wrath, and set me free,  
For what is JOB, O God! to strive with thee?  
Than thought more swift my fleeting moments pass;  
Consum'd, I wither as the fading grass.  
Remember, LORD, my transient life, like wind,  
Blows off unseen, nor leaves a trace behind:  
Short as it is, why is it then oppress'd,  
Curst by that Being who once made it blest?  
Oh close the scene---and let my sorrows cease,  
Dissolve the chain, and frown me into peace!

Each evening yields the sun to sable night,  
But every morn returns again as bright;  
Within earth's lap the yearly seed is thrown,  
And nature's bounteous hand repays the loan:  
But man within the grave for ever lies,  
Till nature's death permitted not to rise;  
Till then forbid the faintest glimpse of day,  
Or re-ascend the long forgotten way;  
No more indulg'd to see the chearful light,  
Or sweet vicissitudes of day and night:  
Here look, vain men, and human greatness see,  
Dust once ye were, and dust again must be!

Oh! why should tortur'd JOB his sighs refrain?  
Or suffering thus, why should he not complain?  
Allow him prostrate then to ask his God,  
Why thus thou break'st this animated clod?  
Why watchest thou my steps severely just?  
And while I bend me groaning to the dust,

Forbid'st me one short interval of rest,  
 And emptiest all thy quiver in my breast !  
 In vain for rest I to my couch repair,  
 And hope in sleep to dissipate my care ;  
 For there in awful visions I behold  
 My terrors heighten'd, and my hopes controul'd :  
 How can I then this wretched life sustain,  
 When sleep, death's image, but augments my pain ?

Oft when alone, and in the ev'ning shade,  
 I call for death—but call in vain for aid :  
 For thou unmov'd still lengthen'st out my pains,  
 And whom thy wrath torments, thy power sustains.  
 Oh finish, gracious Lord ! th' unequal strife,  
 And I to buy my peace will quit my life.  
 What did I say of life ?---that galling chain !  
 By thee afflicted, what is life but pain ?  
 I would not live, nor bear the dreadful load ;  
 I sink, I faint, beneath thy chast'ning rod !  
 Oh cease to urge what nature cannot bear !  
 Nor fill me thus with anguish and despair ;  
 Withdraw thy cruel all-supporting power !  
 And lo ! I perish in that gracious hour !

Then humbly in thy sight I lay me down,  
 At once thy justice and my crimes I own.  
 To thee for mercy and relief I come ;  
 Oh take this late repenting rebel home.  
 Oh let thy pity ease and set me free,  
 And give me in destruction rest to see :  
 So shall the voice of my complaining cease,  
 And Job's last breath shall bless thee for his peace.

## CHAP. III. OF JOB, TRANSLATED.

BY THE SAME.

**T**HUS JOB began——Curst be the fatal morn,  
 In which distinguish'd wretchedness was born!  
 From the fair round of the revolving year  
 Perish that day! nor let the night appear,  
 In which this wretched being first began  
 To swell to misery and promise man!  
 Let darkness stain it o'er, no friendly ray  
 Pierce thro' the gloom of that accursed day!  
 But shades of terror o'er its circuit spread,  
 And fold it in the mantle of the dead!  
 May all its stars with rays diminish'd show,  
 And thro' the dusky air obscurely glow!  
 No glimpse of hope the dreadful scene adorn,  
 Nor let it see the promise of a morn!—  
 Because it shut not up my mother's womb,  
 Nor join'd at once my cradle and my tomb:  
 Why dy'd I not? why did preventive care  
 My destin'd life for future sorrows spare?  
 Then had I found that ease I seek in vain,  
 Nor known this load of unexampled pain!  
 O grave! thou refuge of the soul distress'd!  
 When shall I sink into thy downy rest?  
 There kings and mighty ones neglected rot,  
 In their own mould'ring monuments forgot:

(Tho'

(Tho' once of grandeur and of power posselt,  
 And all the treasures of the shining East)  
 There near th' oppressor sleeps th' oppress'd in peace,  
 And there the pris'ner's cries for ever cease.  
 Levell'd by death, the victor and the slave  
 Lie mix'd and undistinguish'd in the grave.  
 The wicked there no more the just molest,  
 And there the weary find eternal rest!

Why sparest thou, O LORD! a life like mine?  
 While with incessant prayers for death I pine:  
 Why is that blessing given to wealth and pride,  
 But to the wretch distress'd like me, deny'd?  
 While o'er my head thy awful terrors brood,  
 Beset my path, and mingle with my food.  
 In vain my cries and groans continual rise,  
 In vain my tears I pour, and waste my sighs!  
 While yet I knew the softest hours of ease,  
 My ill-prefaging thoughts disturb'd my peace;  
 And now the storm that at a distance lowr'd,  
 On me has its collected vengeance pour'd.

## E P I T A P H

ON A YOUNG LADY.

**M**ARK how, ere eve, the morning honors fade!  
 What stood in glory, see in ruins laid!  
 By birth we die:---our fate we draw with breath,  
 And life beginning teems with seeds of death.

R

DAVID's



DAVID's LAMENTATION OVER SAUL  
AND JONATHAN.

II SAMUEL I, XIX.

**T**HY glory, Israel, and thy beauty mourn !  
They're vanish'd, never, never to return !  
Ah ! who in feeble mortals strength would trust,  
Whose glory is so near ally'd to dust ?

O tell it not in Gath's triumphant gate,  
Nor Israel's shame in Askelon relate,  
Lest proud Philistia should insulting cry,  
Where's now the boasted Ruler of the sky ?

O fatal Gilboa, where my friend was slain,  
No dew on thee descend, no kindly rain !  
No corn nor wine thy blasted mountains yield ;  
For there was lost the chosen warrior's shield,  
The shield of SAUL ! profan'd his sacred head,  
The monarch blended with the vulgar dead !  
How did thy shafts through battle's dread array,  
O JONATHAN, unerring urge their way !  
By SAUL's destroying sword what armies fell,  
Let Ammon's sons, and vanquish'd Nahash tell.

O most majestic, all-accomplish'd pair,  
Of peace the wonder, and the pride of war,  
Lovely in life, in death too near ally'd !  
With his bold fire the blooming hero dy'd !  
Mourn, all ye matrons, all ye virgins, mourn ;  
Your flow'ry wreaths to cypress garlands turn ;

Your

Your much lov'd king with grateful tears deplore !  
 Let rich Sidonian robes delight no more,  
 For SAUL who gave them, gen'rous SAUL is lost ;  
 Dead are your heroes, perish'd Israel's boast !

How are the mighty fall'n ! their strength how vain !  
 O JONATHAN, O friend untimely slain !  
 Weak are all words, how shall I thee commend,  
 My more than brother, and my more than friend !  
 My life, my JONATHAN ! and must we part ?  
 Ah ! who can speak this bitterness of heart ?  
 Sore, sore within me is my soul distress'd ;  
 Thine image bleeds for ever in my breast,  
 With fond remembrance, whilst my thoughts o'erflow,  
 And friendship past survives in present woe :  
 That friendship which once breath'd celestial fire,  
 More pure than woman's love and soft desire.

How are the mighty fall'n, their fate deplore !  
 Thy sword and shield, O Israel, are no more !

## AN INSCRIPTION,

DESIGNED FOR THE STATUE OF EDWARD THE  
 SIXTH, IN ST. THOMAS'S HOSPITAL.

ON Edward's brow no laurels cast a shade,  
 Nor at his feet are warlike spoils display'd ;  
 Yet here, since first his bounty rais'd the pile,  
 The lame grow active, and the languid smile :  
 See this, ye chiefs, and, struck with envy, pine,  
 To kill is brutal, but to save, divine.

## PSALM CXXXVII. PARAPHRASED.

**W**HERE the fair streams of fam'd Euphrates  
 And make the vales of Babylonia gay, [stray,  
 On the green borders of the silver flood,  
 Judea's exil'd mournful children stood :  
 A pensive land, oppress'd with grief severe,  
 For Zion's fate they shed the frequent tear ;  
 Their silent harps, so tuneful late, unstrung,  
 High on the branches of the willows hung ;  
 When lo ! their enemies demand the strains  
 That erst resounded sweet on Judah's plains.  
 How shall these songs, Jehovah, sovereign king !  
 In this strange clime thy captive people sing ?  
 Let my right hand forget the note to play,  
 Let my mute tongue forget to tune the lay,  
 If e'er my thought neglectful, faithless, roves  
 From thee, O Salem ! and thy sacred groves :  
 But, mighty Lord ! remember thou their seed  
 Who bade thy city mourn, thy people bleed !  
 Shall not ere long proud Babel's turrets fall,  
 And in her streets the noisome reptiles crawl :  
 Her haughty warriors pale and breathless lie,  
 Dash'd on the stones her helpless infants die ;  
 The woes we suffer be to her repaid,  
 And all her glory sunk in everlasting shade !

JONAH.

## J O N A H. A P O E M.

BY MR. JOSEPH MITCHELL.

**I**N early times, well known to public fame,  
 A city flourish'd----NINEVEH by name;  
 First built and peopled by Assyrian bands,  
 Who spread their conquests o'er the eastern lands.

But, ah! how basely men dominion use,  
 And providence's liberal gifts abuse!  
 What dire effects from ease and plenty flow!  
 And to what heights does vice, unpunish'd, grow!  
 Lust, rapine, blood, idolatry and strife,  
 (The sure attendants of luxurious life)  
 Like floods, unbounded, pour'd their forces in,  
 And NINEVEH was delug'd o'er with sin.  
 What foreign foes could not by force obtain,  
 Thro' many a long and hazardous campaign,  
 Was basely yielded by themselves in peace,  
 As they grew more effeminate by ease.  
 Now, losing sense of honor and of fame,  
 They reign in vice, and triumph in their shame;  
 Like savage brutes ungovern'd, wanton rove,  
 And act whate'er their fancies most approve.  
 Here, adoration to the stones is paid;  
 There, guilty lovers in the streets are laid:  
 Riot and death in every corner reign,  
 And the whole city turn'd a horrid scene.

R 3

Now,



Now, nigh an end appears the day of grace,  
 And judgment ripens to destroy the place;  
 On wings of wind, the ministers of wrath  
 Equip themselves, to scatter gen'ral death;  
 When soothing mercy thus, for patience cry'd,  
 ' Must NINEVEH be then at once destroy'd?  
 ' True, she has sinn'd, and merits dreadful woe;  
 ' But, does heaven always treat offenders so?  
 ' Perhaps, were they instructed in thy law,  
 ' They'd serve thee better, and stand more in awe:  
 ' Or, were they warn'd, before the woe is sent,  
 ' They'd hear thy voice, and as they hear, repent.  
 ' O let thy goodness still its sway maintain,  
 ' And prove the kindness of th' Almighty's reign.'

'Th' Almighty hearken'd with a gracious ear,  
 And had regard to the prevailing prayer;  
 By it o'ercome, aside his wrath he laid,  
 And, full of pity, threat'ning angels staid.

Then soon to Jonah, old Amittai's son,  
 In Judah's land, was God's commission known.  
 ' Haste, prophet, haste to Nineveh the great,  
 ' And warn the people of approaching fate;  
 ' Tell them from me, that ere the night and day  
 ' Twice twenty times, by turns, assert their sway;  
 ' Their boasted numbers, to destruction doom'd,  
 ' Shall sudden be, like Sodom's sons, consum'd;  
 ' Unless by speedy penitence and prayer,  
 ' They gain admittance to my gracious ear.'

The prophet's mind a sudden terror fill'd,  
 And, thro' his veins, a trembling horror thrill'd;

O'er all his vitals dire confusion hung,  
 And falt'ring accents die upon his tongue.  
 His limbs turn feeble, hairs as bristles rise,  
 Pale grows his face, and darkness strikes his eyes.  
 This way and that he turns his thoughtful mind,  
 Now loves, now flights, the purpose he design'd.  
 Sometimes resolves his message to perform;  
 Sometimes he dreads to plunge in such a storm.  
 Pensive in doubt his wayward mind remains,  
 Till slavish fear the government obtains.  
 The dastard passion drives him blindly on,  
 Till sense of shame and gratitude was gone.  
 Lo! he distracted now attempts to fly,  
 And hide himself from the omniscient eye.  
 Vain man! to think there was a distant land  
 Beyond the reach of an almighty hand:  
 Or he who knows the inward heart of man,  
 Does weigh each word, and every action scan,  
 Could not pursue the sinner where he goes,  
 And overtake him with avenging woes.

In th' utmost coasts of Judah is a scene,  
 Where Taurus' cliffs o'erlook the spacious main,  
 That Dan's blest'd offspring in their portion got,  
 When Jacob's race did Canaan share by lot.  
 Hither the flying prophet came and found,  
 E'en to his wish, a ship for Tarshish bound;  
 Distrusting heaven, sought safety from the sea,  
 And hop'd to 'scape the dangerous Nineveh.

The passage hir'd, the shouting fellow-train  
 Their canvas spread, and launch into the main.

Assisted by a gentle gale of wind,  
 They skim the deep, and hope the port assign'd.  
 Then from his high empyreal abode,  
 In storms and tempests down Jehovah rode.  
 A dark pavilion o'er the deep he spread,  
 And, from the awful gloom, he threat'ning said :  
 ' Does rebel Jonah try t' elude my sight,  
 ' Or ward my vengeance by his speedy flight ?  
 ' Tho' from the land where I am known he flies,  
 ' Hopes he to flee from my omniscient eyes ?  
 ' And were he safely landed on the shore,  
 ' Could Tarfus hide him from avenging power ?  
 ' But soon as I confound the spacious main,  
 ' He'll know that universal is my reign.'  
 He said, and sudden from their noisy cave,  
 Th' imprison'd winds in hasty tumult rave.  
 Dread hurricanes and raging tempests rise,  
 Embroil the deep, and dash the distant skies.  
 A gloom of clouds the face of day o'erspreads,  
 And wild confusion fills the oozy beds.  
 Now Alps of water bears the vessel high;  
 Then buried in th' abyss she seems to lie.  
 The sails are torn, the ropes asunder break,  
 The sides are bruised, and slipp'ry is the deck.  
 A ghastly paleness in each face appears,  
 And death portended, aggravates their fears.  
 To their deaf gods the sailors turn their eyes,  
 And tell their case in disregarded cries.  
 Some on their knees old Ocean's grace implore,  
 And, to appease him, sacrifice their store.

To

To Leda's sons some tell their mournful tale,  
And some with Jove endeavor to prevail.  
Like Baalam's priests, they cry aloud in vain,  
No fanfy'd god or knew, or cur'd their pain.  
Relentless justice heightens still the storm,  
And ruin stares in every frightful form.

But Jonah, harden'd in his dire offence,  
And thoughtless of the turn of providence;  
Altho' the cause of all the threaten'd woe,  
Retir'd alone, and hid himself below.  
Asleep, or stunn'd, no dangers could awake  
His senseless mind, 'till thus the master spake:

'Thou sluggard, who amidst our common woes  
'Canst thus, unmov'd, thyself to death expose;  
'What art thou? Where are all thy senses gone?  
'Hast thou no God? Or know'st thou there is one?  
'Shake off thy slumber, and devoutly sue  
'For common safety to thyself and crew.  
'Perhaps thy guardian, for thy sake, may send  
'Relief to thee, that may us all befriend.'

Mean while the sailors hold a long debate  
About the cause of their impending fate.  
One reckons murder is the fatal spring;  
Another treason 'gainst the state or king.  
But all agreed some impious wretch was there,  
On whose account the gods were so severe:  
And all resolv'd to find him out by lot,  
Whoe'er he was, or whatsoe'er his fault.

Now one by one their trembling hands advance!  
Each sore afraid the lot should prove his chance.

Each



Each looks with terror on his actions past,  
 And, at the thoughts of dying, stands aghast.  
 Each thought the tempest for his crimes was sent,  
 And all look'd pale about the dire event.

Vain were their fears; for Jonah was to come,  
 Jonah! the cause, the subject of the doom.  
 The trembling wretch no sooner shook the urn,  
 Than all their eyes on him, the guilty, turn.  
 All curious, press to learn from whence he came,  
 What his condition was, and what his name.  
 Conscious of ill, he feels an inward smart,  
 And sad distraction rages in his heart.  
 His outward form declares his secret pain,  
 For looks the language of the soul explain.

O, easy task for men to murder fame!  
 But who can stifle his own sense of shame?  
 The wretch that to an abject state is thrown,  
 Than mankind's favor, loses more his own.

There is a judge in every human breast,  
 The source of constant trouble, or of rest,  
 This inmate friend, or foe, will still appear,  
 And 'rest the sinner in his mad career:  
 Swifter than wind it flies where'er he goes,  
 And bears along a train of cutting woes.  
 No crime so secret, but it ponders well,  
 And reprehends with an interior hell.  
 This guest, unseen, now dreadfully appears,  
 To hollow "Rebel" thro' the prophet's ears.  
 Prompted by this, he frank confession made,  
 And, after silence was commanded, said;

" 'T would

' 'Twould be in vain for me, with fly deceit,  
 ' To plead not guilty, and my cause debate.  
 ' He, whom the jarring elements obey,  
 ' Who governs all things with despotic sway,  
 ' To whom all nature's open at a view,  
 ' Would soon my crime, as now he does, pursue.  
 ' Favor'd as others of that chosen race,  
 ' The seed of Jacob, objects of his grace;  
 ' My lot was cast in Judah's pleasant land,  
 ' Where join'd I was to a distinguish'd band,  
 ' That knows God's mind, and bears his high com-  
 ' mand.

' Long had I dwelt in Sion's holy hill,  
 ' And prophesy'd to men my master's will.  
 ' When, by commission, I was charg'd to go,  
 ' And warn th' Assyrians of approaching woe;  
 ' Yet, much distrustful providential care,  
 ' I rather chose to fly, than perish there.  
 ' Unthinking wretch! to disobey my God,  
 ' Since sad destruction waits his awful nod;  
 ' And they who sin against the clearest light,  
 ' Provoke him most t' exert his vengeful might.  
 ' Now here I stand an object of his wrath,  
 ' And, for my sake, you're all expos'd to death.  
 ' Ye charge the horrors of the deep in vain,  
 ' And, to deaf idol deities, complain.  
 ' His word, that turn'd these wat'ry worlds to flame,  
 ' That flame to tempest, can the tempest tame.'

The sailors now with this account amaz'd,  
 All trembling stood, and on each other gaz'd.

A deadly

A deadly cold ran shiv'ring through their hearts,  
 Thrill'd in their veins, and froze their inward parts.  
 All, for the prophet, utmost pity show'd,  
 And, as they could, the sinking vessel row'd.  
 But winds rage furious, swelling billows roar,  
 Clouds clasp with clouds, and lightnings play the more.  
 All nature wore confusion in her face,  
 And seem'd as jostled from her proper place.

Now hopes were lost, and all essays thought vain,  
 To Jonah thus the sailors turn again :

‘ Since by thy fault (as thou didst now confess)  
 ‘ We labor, helpless, in this sad distress,  
 ‘ Tell, if thou know’st th’ Almighty’s sov’reign will,  
 ‘ How we may best the raging tempest still ;  
 ‘ What means are needful to appease his wrath,  
 ‘ And save ourselves, if possible, from death.’

The prophet, trembling, made a faint reply ;  
 ‘ T’ atone for guilt, the guilty soul must die.  
 ‘ For me alone hath happen’d all this woe ;  
 ‘ The storm is mine, not your avenging foe.  
 ‘ Make haste to plunge me in the swelling deep,  
 ‘ And all your cares, and all the winds shall sleep.  
 ‘ Soon as the ship of such a weight is eas’d,  
 ‘ A calm shall spread, and justice be pleas’d.’

Again, the pitying sailors ply’d their oars,  
 With skill and strength to reach the Tarsian shores.  
 But ceas’d, at length, t’ employ a fruitless care,  
 And thus to heaven address’d their pious prayer :

‘ O pow’rful Being ! of all Gods the best !  
 ‘ Regard, we pray, regard our sad request.

‘ Thou

'Thou know'st we thirst not for thy servant's life,  
 'Nor are we prompted by revengeful strife;  
 'We covet not the riches he enjoys,  
 'Nor is his death our pleasure, but his choice.  
 'Thee, by his crimes, he has enrag'd, and now  
 'Thy justice threatens to inflict the blow.  
 'We instruments are only in thy hand,  
 'To execute what justice does demand.  
 'Then from the guilt of blood, thy suppliants save,  
 'Nor satisfaction in thy fury crave.'

With strange reluctance the obedient crew,  
 Into the deep the rebel Jonah threw.  
 Lo! he descends; and o'er his destin'd head  
 The waters close---he's number'd with the dead.

O, sudden change! the sea is all serene,  
 And gladness in each countenance is seen.  
 All seize their oars, and, with elated minds,  
 To urge their haste, invite the willing winds:  
 The willing winds the spreading sail supply,  
 While from each side the yielding waters fly.  
 Upon the tide the wanton dolphins play,  
 And fair in sight appears the Tarsian bay.

Now struck with wonder, all the sailors raise  
 Their grateful voices to th' Almighty's praise:  
 Are taught with humble reverence to view  
 His wond'rous work, and to his wisdom bow.  
 No more they vainly pious tribute bring  
 To their false gods, but to th' eternal King.  
 Him they adore, and beg his friendly hand,  
 To guide 'em safe to the long-wish'd-for land.

But



But Jonah, whom of late no ship could save,  
 By care divine, rests in a living grave.  
 With ardent soul to heaven for help he pray'd,  
 And heaven, in pity, sent him speedy aid.  
 The word was giv'n, and soon the scaly herd  
 Forgot their hunger, and the prey rever'd.  
 Proud to attend the stranger, all draw near,  
 Till their huge king, Leviathan, appear,  
 That, as a mountain of enormous size,  
 Confounds the deep, and laves the distant skies;  
 O'er finny shoals maintains despotic reign,  
 And rolls in state thro' the capacious main.  
 As yawns an earthquake, he, at God's command,  
 Strange to relate! does his large jaws expand;  
 Disclose the hideous cavern of his womb,  
 And there, alive, the trembling seer entomb.

Now safe within the monstrous whale he lies,  
 And all the force of winds and waves defies.  
 Where light ne'er enter'd, now he draws his breath,  
 And glides serene thro' liquid paths of death.

Yet, whilst our prophet is in prison hurl'd  
 Thro' all the lab'rins of the wat'ry world,  
 By powerful faith he overcomes despair,  
 And, as from hell, puts up this pious prayer;

' To thee, my God, enthron'd above the sky,  
 ' From dismal caverns of the deep I cry.  
 ' Amidst the horrors of this dreadful place  
 ' I hope for mercy, and implore thy grace.  
 ' While thou canst pardon, tho' thou look'st severe,  
 ' There's room for hope, as well as anxious fear.

' Why

' Why should I, helpless, in my ship-wreck, mourn,  
 ' Since faith a judge can to a Saviour turn ?  
 ' Tho' I'm confin'd in caverns of the main,  
 ' Amidst my woes, I'll faith and hope maintain.  
 ' Thou, who canst shake the centre, canst controul  
 ' The rebel powers of my tumultuous soul ;  
 ' Refrain the wild disorder of my blood,  
 ' And save me from the dangers of the flood.'

The prophet's suit, with faith and fervor join'd,  
 Soon reach'd the throne, and sooth'd th' Almighty's  
 mind.

Now thro' th' abyfs the restless monster roam'd,  
 And, flound'ring high, anew the billows foam'd.  
 In spite of nature's strong and common laws,  
 He's forced to expand his wide-devouring jaws,  
 And vomit forth, at the divine command,  
 Unhurt, the wond'ring prophet on the land.

Thrice had the sun his daily race renew'd,  
 E're Jonah, safe, his fellow creatures view'd.  
 A type of that far greater bliss to come,  
 When man's Redeemer, buried in a tomb,  
 Should ride victorious o'er infernal powers,  
 Lead captive death, and break his prison doors !

What can't th' almighty power of God perform ?  
 His word can raise, and sudden calm a storm.  
 The elements from nat'ral jars he keeps,  
 And makes unfrozen billows stand in heaps.  
 The dreadful monsters that infest the main  
 Are all obsequious subjects of his reign.

His

His word can frustrate hell's pernicious ends,  
And, out of cruel foes, make kind protecting friends.

Wet on the shore the wond'ring Jonah lay,  
When soon from heaven a voice forbid his stay:

' Haste, prophet, haste to Nineveh the great,  
' And warn the people of impending fate;  
' Let thy experience teach, that 'twould be vain  
' For thee, unpunish'd, to revolt again.'

Now Jonah, fearing God's displeasure more  
Than he had done the wrath of men before,  
To Nineveh directs his speedy pace,  
Nor stopp'd, till he had reach'd th' appointed place.  
A place so spacious, that the circling sun, [run.  
Ere it was travell'd round, might thrice his journey

Aurora now had just begun to gild  
The blushing skies, and animate the field,  
When Jonah enters at the opening gates,  
Nor for a crouded auditory waits;  
But, breaking silence, boldly thus begins  
To threaten judgments for their crying sins:

' Attend, ye destin'd citizens, and hear  
' The dreadful message I, a prophet, bear.  
' To you I'm sent by the supreme command,  
' Of him, whose sceptre governs sea and land;  
' Whose steady balance does the mountains sway,  
' Whose rein the wild voracious beasts obey;  
' Around whose throne, array'd in heavenly state,  
' Myriads of angels for their orders wait,  
' In flaming fire, as on the wings of wind,  
' To punish all who with presumption sinn'd.

' Thus,

\* Thus, o'er Gomorrah, ripe for weighty wrath,  
 \* At one dread nod, he spread a gen'ral death.  
 \* And now, ere yonder globe of radiant light  
 \* Twice twenty times dispels the shades of night,  
 \* Great Nineveh, whose crimes for vengeance cry,  
 \* In ruinous heaps, Gomorrah like, shall lie.  
 \* Impartial justice, with a hand severe,  
 \* No age, no sex, no quality will spare.  
 \* Riches and power shall prove a weak defence  
 \* Against the bolts of God's omnipotence.'

As boldly thus the prophet cry'd aloud,  
 The streets were thronged with the list'ning croud.  
 All sorts of people press his words to hear, [fear.  
 And, conscious of their guilt, the threaten'd vengeance

But who the pain the destin'd wretches feel,  
 Without a sorrow, like their own, can tell?  
 Up roar and noise the populous city fill'd,  
 And, thro' all veins, a trembling horror thrill'd.  
 Some rave with madness, and confirm'd despair,  
 Beat their swoln breasts, and tear their flowing hair;  
 Whilst others draw in still-born sounds their breath,  
 And shiver at the fearful thoughts of death.  
 All earnest turn to heaven their melting eyes,  
 And plead for mercy with united cries.  
 Distinctions vanish in the common woe;  
 All have deserv'd, and strive toward, the blow.  
 The king himself, the monarch of the east,  
 Of highest pomp and luxury possess'd,  
 Whose conquering arms, to distant nations spread,  
 Make princes slaves, and fill the world with dread;

S

Soon



Soon as the fatal tidings reach'd his ears,  
 Begins to think, and floops to humble fears,  
 No more his gilded royalty displays,  
 But, clad in sackcloth, most devoutly prays.  
 Low on the ground he prostrate made his bed,  
 Conven'd his council, and with haste decreed,  
 ' That all his people instantly should bend  
 ' Before th' Almighty, and their lives amend,  
 ' No more in ways of error loosely rove,  
 ' But converts to the rules of virtue prove ;  
 ' Instead of mirth, with a sincere design,  
 ' Make public vows t' atone the wrath divine ;  
 ' For many days, nor man, nor beast should taste  
 ' Their common fare, but keep a solemn fast ;  
 ' The costly robes to rags of sackcloth turn,  
 ' And know no pleasure, but repent and mourn ;  
 ' That heaven, perhaps, might shew a gentle face,  
 ' And justice yield to mercy's milder grace.'

Now Nineveh another scene appears ;  
 Where laughter reign'd, behold a flood of tears !  
 Afflicted all, with penal sackcloth clad,  
 In ashes, prostrate on the ground, are laid.  
 The stubborn minds that never bow'd before,  
 With earnest vows th' Almighty's grace implore.  
 They change their thoughts, their crooked ways amend,  
 And humbly strive to make their judge their friend ;  
 Push the last effort to revoke their doom,  
 And stop the judgments now foretold to come.

Mean while the prophet leaves the humbled town,  
 And waits for God to pour his vengeance down.

Alone

Alone he wanders, musing in the fields,  
 And on a hill, a simple lodging builds.  
 Impatient, oft he turns his gazing eyes  
 To Nineveh, the hideous scene of vice.  
 Sometimes he looks for ruin from the winds;  
 Sometimes from angels (those celestial minds,  
 That round the throne of the Eternal wait,  
 To bear salvation, or vindictive fate.)  
 But vain his anxious hopes! to see the doom,  
 His fate foretold was just prepar'd to come.  
 For now the cries of Nineveh for peace,  
 Prevail with heaven, and gain Jehovah's grace.  
 Mercy, scarce govern'd by eternal laws,  
 Exerts its force, and triumphs in their cause.  
 So sweet its air, so melting are its charms,  
 It oft with ease omnipotence disarms;  
 Changes his thoughts, his angry brow unbends,  
 And of a foe, can make the best of friends.

The prophet, as affronted, inly mourn'd,  
 His eyes with fire, his breast with fury burn'd.  
 Honor, a bubble which he vainly sought,  
 He fear'd would break, and he be set at nought.

Now discompos'd by over anxious care,  
 To heaven he thus address his hasty prayer:

' Had I not reason from thy face to fly,  
 ' And chuse, than be affronted thus, to die?  
 ' Did I not know thou would'st too soon repent,  
 ' And I should be a lying prophet, sent?  
 ' I knew my errand would at length prove vain,  
 ' And I return with sad disgrace again.

' Mercy with thee's an attribute belov'd,  
 ' By which ev'n fate unchangeable is mov'd.  
 ' Now since, as formerly I fear'd, my fame  
 ' Is, by this mercy, dash'd with endless shame,  
 ' What profits life? O let me rather die,  
 ' Than live on earth, and suffer infamy.  
 ' Take from me, take this hated life away;  
 ' Death is the debt that I'm prepar'd to pay.'

Th' Almighty heard, and thus with voice of peace  
 To Jonah spake, and reason'd on his case:

' 'Tis true, my prophet, Nineveh has sinn'd,  
 ' And judgments, as thou threaten'd'st, weredesign'd.  
 ' But at thy warning, all the people turn'd,  
 ' And, low in sackcloth, their condition mourn'd;  
 ' The conduct of my providence ador'd,  
 ' And mercy, with their earnest vows, implor'd.  
 ' Dost thou then well to chide my sov'reign grace,  
 ' And grudge the good of a repenting place?  
 ' Dost thou in mischief take a dear delight?  
 ' Have I done wrong, and art thou in the right?  
 ' Can anger help thee? better 'tis to fear,  
 ' And learn my dispensations to revere.'

This spoke—to sooth the gloomy prophet's mind,  
 And prove a shelter from the sun and wind,  
 He gave command, and sudden round his head,  
 A verdant gourd her shadowing honors spread.  
 The prophet, pleas'd, improv'd the sent relief,  
 Nor, whilst it lasted, more express'd his grief.  
 Secure beneath the fragrant fruit he sat,  
 To see the towers of Ninus bow to fate.

But

But at th' approach of next returning day,  
The plant just sprung, as sudden dy'd away.

Now eastern winds with blust'ring fury rise,  
Vex all the air, and agitate the skies.  
The scorching sun-beams play on Jonah's head,  
Exhaust his blood, and lay him almost dead.  
Fainting, he stretch'd his body on the ground,  
And spoke his sorrows in a broken sound.  
Weary of life he wish'd it had an end,  
And begg'd that God would death immediate send.

Again th' Almighty---' Does my servant well,  
' With rage, for losing of the gourd, to swell?'  
The hasty prophet, thoughtless, made reply,  
' Thou know'st I'm angry, and I wish to die.  
' Have I not cause, when life a burden grows,  
' To wish for death, to finish all my woes?  
' Who could such treatment patiently endure,  
' And not desire that most effectual cure?  
' When honor's lost, 'tis a relief to die;  
' For death's a sure retreat from wounding infamy.'

Once more to Jonah great Jehovah spake;  
' Dost thou, my servant, such compassion take  
' Upon a gourd, whose seed thou didst not sow,  
' Nor wert at costly pains to make it grow?  
' Dost thou, thus fondly, place thy dear delight  
' In what sprung up, and perish'd in a night?  
' For a frail plant could'st thou express such care,  
' And should not I a pop'lous city spare?  
' Canst thou for such a trifle mourn, and yet  
' Obdurate look upon a sinking state?



' Is mercy strange? Have I not often sworn,  
 ' To save the sinners who repent and turn?  
 ' To humor thee, and prop thy tott'ring fame,  
 ' Shall I my wonted love, and grace disclaim,  
 ' Upon an humbled people pour my wrath,  
 ' And, while they cry for pardon, stop their breath?  
 ' Rash man! thy wicked murmuring forbear,  
 ' And think how good, how glorious, 'tis to spare.  
 ' Consider Nineveh's prodigious round,  
 ' In which a world of innocents is found,  
 ' If harmless flocks thy pity cannot move,  
 ' (Tho' ev'n for them I feel my pleading love) .  
 ' Canst thou no bowels of compassion find,  
 ' For tender babes, who never proudly sinn'd?  
 ' Could'st thou see blended in one common fate,  
 ' The young, the old, the lowly, and the great?  
 ' Behold their looks, and hear their moving cries,  
 ' With harden'd heart, and with unmoisten'd eyes?'

Then Jonah, struck with sacred awe, adores  
 Jehovah's conduct, and his grace implores;  
 No longer for the city's safety mourns,  
 But, into triumph, all his sorrow turns.

Rouze, rouze, ye sinners, and reform betimes,  
 Ere threaten'd judgments seize you for your crimes.  
 Lo! injur'd justice mounts her awful throne,  
 Prepar'd to hurl the bolts of vengeance down.  
 Thro' every land are heard the dire alarms,  
 And heavenly hosts seem all to be in arms.  
 Mercy and grace arrest the thunder now,  
 But cannot long avert the threaten'd blow.

ON

## ON THE COMING OF THE MESSIAH.

BY THE REV. DR. J. FORTESCUE.

**H**EAR, all ye deaf, no more be hopeless sad,  
 Leap, all ye lame, ye dumb speak out, be glad.  
 The broken hearted are no more distress'd,  
 The wicked cease, the weary are at rest.  
 Lift up the hands that hang, the knees that fail;  
 No feeble joints, no crooked paths bewail.  
 No baneful star your stagg'ring sense bereaves,  
 No superstitious guile your mind deceives;  
 No glimm'ring taper points a doubtful way,  
 The light breaks on you in a flood of day.  
 No more, ye old, in tears dissolv'd, survey  
 Your temple shining with diminish'd ray,  
 Lost to all splendor, of all grace depriv'd:  
 See th' expectation of all lands arriv'd!  
 A nobler presence consecrates the shrine,  
 Ineffable effulgence! power divine!  
 Pleas'd ye shall see Jerusalem anew,  
 Nay heaven itself come opening on your view.  
 The Saviour comes—each boy, each suckling sings,  
 In exultation to the King of kings.  
 Hear the glad voice fly echoing through the air;  
 Thy Saviour comes, Jerusalem, prepare,  
 The highways level, palms and branches bring,  
 And where he treads, let od'rous flow'rets spring.

Him thro' thy gates, let issuing thousands meet,  
 Let loud hosannas sound through every street.  
 Open thy everlasting portals wide,  
 Let thousands, pouring like a mighty tide,  
 Hasten to conduct him, and his entry grace;  
 Rapt'rous each accent, joyous every face.  
 From port to port let each his fellow call,  
 And let thy myriads fill thy spacious wall.  
 See now, Jerusalem, thy king arrive,  
 Exult ye joyless, and, ye dead, revive!  
 Cry out, ye stones, ye harden'd hearts relent,  
 Soften ye sinners, reprobates repent.  
 He Gilead's balm shall on your conscience pour,  
 And streams of comfort in each living shower.  
 Ye thirsty drink, ye hungry eat, be full;  
 Your sins, tho' scarlet, shall be white as wool;  
 Your thoughts be chearful, and your prospects bright,  
 His yoke is easy, and his burden light.  
 Lift up your heads nor fear th' avenging rod,  
 See your salvation, say, Behold your God!  
 Ye heard the lyre the royal psalmist strung,  
 When with the solemn sounds your temples rung.  
 When Israel's tribes all join'd in loud acclaim  
 To celebrate the great Jehovah's name;  
 He chaunting forth the praises of the Lord,  
 And they responding hung on every word.  
 Ye saw when Solomon in awful state  
 In his full glory at the altar sate,  
 When the great king in all his grandeur knelt,  
 How vast the raptures that your thousands felt!

When

When the high God from heaven receiv'd the prayer  
 That saints might offer, angels joy to hear.  
 Never could majesty more glorious shine,  
 Than when most humble at the sacred shrine :  
 Never so amiable the royal zeal,  
 As when most fervent for the common weal.  
 Each eye his presence bless'd, his word each ear,  
 But see---a greater potentate appear !  
 Lo ! Salem's high-aspiring turrets nod,  
 The echoing temples cry a God, a God !  
 Hosanna in the highest !-----meek and mild,  
 Tho' cloath'd with power, yet humble as a child,  
 See him through gath'ring crowds in triumph pass,  
 Sitting, as eastern princes on an ass ;  
 Reproving, as he goes, a vicious age,  
 And while they learn, they hear away their rage.  
 The melting sounds, that Israel's prophets sung,  
 Like honied dews, flow sweetly from his tongue,  
 More than Hyblean sweets his lips distil,  
 More than all Hermon's dews the temples fill ;  
 Deep-hidden truths in every word reveal'd,  
 Mysterious truths for many an age conceal'd.  
 The gath'ring crowds, tumultuous in his praise,  
 From infidels grow zealous, as they gaze.  
 So (may I great with meaner things compare ?)  
 The sun, bright luminary, gilds the air.  
 Scatters his radiance, all beneath revive,  
 E'en things inanimate start up alive.

Hence error ! blindfold prejudice away !  
 Vanish ye clouds, before the rising day.

O ye



O ye that stray, by fires false-glaring led,  
 In vice deep-sunk, companions of the dead,  
 The light approach ; to the strait paths repair,  
 See your salvation, your Redeemer hear !  
 " Come, all ye weary, by your woes oppress'd,  
 " I will refresh you, I will give you rest."  
 Tho' in the flow'ry paths of sin you rang'd  
 Like sheep, all devious ; from the good estrang'd ;  
 Seek for the ancient paths, tho' long untrod,  
 He is your refuge, stay upon your God :  
 He is your shepherd, you can nothing need ;  
 He shall your cattle by green pastures feed ;  
 Gather your flocks, obedient to his voice ;  
 Under his care shall every herd rejoice.  
 Shout ye inhabitants of Zion, cry,  
 Great is his power, and his extraction high.  
 Let the glad tidings spread in every gale,  
 Let distant nations hear the wondrous tale !  
 At his command the lame their crutches break ;  
 The deaf all hear him, and the dumb all speak ;  
 The blind receive their sight, his word the poor,  
 And all believe, and all his name adore.  
 For him the winds, and elements obey ;  
 The dead are rais'd, all nature owns his sway ;  
 Demoniacs in his praise their tongues employ,  
 And the poor paralytic leap for joy ;  
 E'en devils his tremendous name revere,  
 Like saints believe him, but as fiends they fear.  
 No more foul fiends with terrors false molest,  
 Trouble the conscience, rack the wounded breast.

Now plague the body, now distract the soul,  
 With vile suggestions, and diseases foul;  
 Now headlong from a craggy mountain tost,  
 On raging waves, or burning quicksands lost;  
 On deserts wand'ring helpless, and forlorn,  
 A prey to tygers, or by wild beasts torn;  
 Now fierce and frantic on the ragged rocks,  
 Grazing with brutes, companion of the flocks;  
 Now all forsaken in a lonely vale,  
 Uttering to listless winds a moaning tale;  
 By comets, now by fiery meteors brush'd,  
 Now rack'd by engines, and to atoms crush'd;  
 Now from a precipice by demons hurl'd,  
 On fiery oceans midst a flaming world;  
 Now seeming on Volcano's mouths to roll  
 In all the dismal agonies of soul;—  
 Their pains He moves with soft and lenient hand,  
 "Be sound, ye cripples"---and behold they stand!  
 "Your sins are pardon'd"---strait they strength regain,  
 Bound like the roe, and leave the galling chain.  
 Both from their woes releas'd with pleasure find,  
 A firmer body, and a sounder mind;  
 The fiends expell'd; He purifies th' abode  
 An habitation fitted for the God.

Distress forgets to moan, and woe to wail,  
 His word endures, nor yet his mercies fail.  
 From age to age his kingdom shall increase,  
 His sceptre---equity; his blessing---peace.

Peace to our Israel; to her tribes, all health!  
 Peace to her seats; within each palace, wealth!

Long

Long may they prosper, who her faith approve,  
Espouse our int'rests, and our Zion love,  
Promote her sacred cause, her courts enlarge,  
And to her honor execute their charge.

In after ages, where good seed is sown [thrown  
Should rank weeds spring; should thunderbolts be  
Right-aiming; as a rolling fiery flood,  
Should persecution deluge her with blood.  
Shall not good angels hither wing their way  
To curb bold vice, her ruin to delay;  
'Till long-expected reformation spread,  
Arrest the sword impending o'er her head?

Should a destroying fiend, at God's command,  
Throw wasteful desolation o'er our land;  
Again, a CRANMER or a RIDLEY feel  
The pointed arrows of intemp'rate zeal:  
Though bigots rage, though protestants may bleed,  
The martyrs blood shall prove the church's seed.  
To infidels they may in flames expire;  
Triumphantly, on vehicles of fire.  
Some in a course more rapid, some more even  
Like good Elijah fly away to heaven,  
Bequeathing us their light, like them, to rise,  
Pursue their steps, and soar beyond the skies.

Ye martyr'd-saints, who tread th' ethereal plains,  
In joys eternal for your short-liv'd pains,  
Send one live-coal of your seraphic flame  
And touch our lips, to sing Jehovah's name.

And thou, Redeemer, thou whose lasting praise  
Creation speaks, the ancient fire of days.

And

And thou most Holy Spirit, mystic dove,  
 Thou emanation of eternal love,  
 Thy comfort pour, thy gracious aid infuse,  
 Better than Gilead's balms, than Hermon's dews.  
 Thou giver of all gifts, our souls illumine,  
 Let heavenly light irradiate our gloom !  
 He, who creation fills below, above,  
 By Jews, by Heathens, hail'd Jehovah, Jove,  
 The God, whose goings forth have been of old,  
 And in whose book is every act enroll'd,  
 Knows who are his, he will their cause defend,  
 Eternal happiness shall crown their end.

O N W I T.

**O** WIT! to human minds the dang'rous lure,  
 That wild distemper which admits no cure :  
 Of all our daring acts licentious guide,  
 In monarchs madness, and in statesmen pride ;  
 Unty'd by law, thy power spontaneous rules  
 Conceit in zeal, and impudence in fools.  
 In genuine truth for ever finds a flaw,  
 Makes knaves of priests, and greater knaves of law ;  
 The dang'rous wildfire of the giddy mind,  
 That leads and lights, and all its lights grow blind.  
 How happy he who can thy conquest claim,  
 Perverse opponent to the CHRISTIAN name !

A S O-



## A S O L I L O Q U Y.

WRITTEN IN A COUNTRY CHURCH-YARD.

BY THE REV. MR. MOORE, OF CORNWALL.

**S**TRUCK with religious awe, and solemn dread,  
 I view these gloomy mansions of the dead;  
 Around me tombs in mix'd disorder rise,  
 And in mute language teach me to be wise.  
 Time was, these ashes liv'd---a time must be  
 When others thus shall stand---and look at me;  
 Alarming thought! no wonder 'tis we dread  
 O'er these uncomfortable vaults to tread;  
 Where blendid lie the aged and the young,  
 The rich and poor, an undistinguish'd throng:  
 Death conquers all, and time's subduing hand  
 Nor tombs, nor marble-statues can withstand.  
 Mark yonder ashes in confusion spread!  
 Compare earth's living tenants with her dead!  
 How striking the resemblance, yet how just!  
 Once life and soul inform'd this mass of dust;  
 Around these bones, now broken and decay'd,  
 The streams of life in various channels play'd:  
 Perhaps that skull, so horrible to view!  
 Was some fair maid's, ye belles, as fair as you;  
 These hollow sockets two bright orbs contain'd,  
 Where the loves sported, and in triumph reign'd;  
 Here glow'd the lips; there white, as Parian stone,  
 The teeth dispos'd in beauteous order shone.

This

This is life's goal---no farther can we view,  
 Beyond it, all is wonderful and new:  
 O deign, some courteous ghost! to let us know  
 What we must shortly be, and you are now!  
 Sometimes you warn us of approaching fate;  
 Why hide the knowledge of your present state?  
 With joy behold us tremblingly explore  
 Th' unknown gulph, that you can fear no more?  
 The grave has eloquence---its lectures teach  
 In silence, louder than divines can preach;  
 Hear what it says---ye sons of folly hear!  
 It speaks to you---O give it then your ear!  
 It bids you lay all vanity aside,  
 O what a lecture this for human pride!

The clock striketh twelve---how solemn is the sound!  
 Hark, how the strokes from hollow vaults rebound!  
 They bid us hasten to be wise, and show,  
 How rapid in their course the minutes flow.  
 See yonder yew---how high it lifts its head!  
 Around, the gloomy shade their branches spread!  
 Old and decay'd it still retains a grace,  
 And adds more solemn horror to the place.  
 Whose tomb is this? it says, 'tis Myra's tomb,  
 Pluck'd from the world in beauty's fairest bloom.  
 Attend ye fair! ye thoughtless, and ye gay!  
 For Myra dy'd upon her nuptial day!  
 The grave, cold bridegroom! clasp'd her in its arms,  
 And the worm rioted upon her charms.  
 In yonder tomb the old Avaro lies;  
 Once he was rich---the world esteem'd him wise:

Schemes

Schemes unaccomplish'd labor'd in his mind,  
 And all his thoughts were to the world confin'd;  
 Death came unlook'd for---from his grasping hands  
 Down dropt his bags, and mortgages of lands.  
 Beneath that sculptur'd pompous marble-stone,  
 Lies youthful Florio, aged twenty-one;  
 Cropt like a flower, he wither'd in his bloom,  
 Tho' flatt'ring life had promis'd years to come:  
 Ye silken sons! ye Florios of the age,  
 Who tread in giddy maze life's flowery stage!  
 Mark here the end of man, in Florio see  
 What you, and all the sons of earth shall be!  
 There low in dust the vain Hortensio lies,  
 Whose splendor once we view'd with envious eyes;  
 Titles and arms his pompous marble grace,  
 With a long history of his noble race:  
 Still after death his vanity survives,  
 And on his tomb all of Hortensio lives.  
 Around me as I turn my wandering eyes,  
 Unnumber'd graves in awful prospect rise,  
 Whose stones say only when their owners dy'd,  
 If young, or aged, and to whom ally'd.  
 On others pompous epitaphs are spread  
 In memory of the virtues of the dead:  
 Vain waste of praise! since, flattering or sincere,  
 The judgment-day alone will make appear.  
 How silent is this little spot of ground!  
 How melancholy looks each object round!  
 Here man dissolv'd in shatter'd ruin lies  
 So fast asleep---as if no more to rise;

'Tis

'Tis strange to think how these dead bones can live,  
 Leap into form, and with new heat revive !  
 Or how this trodden earth to life shall wake,  
 Know its own place, its former figure take !  
 But whence these fears? when the last trumpet sounds  
 Thro' heaven's expanse to earth's remotest bounds,  
 The dead shall quit these tenements of clay,  
 And view again the long extinguish'd day :  
 It must be so---the same Almighty power  
 From dust who form'd us, can from dust restore.  
 Cheer'd with this pleasing hope, I safely trust  
 Jehovah's power to raise me from the dust,  
 On his unfailing promises rely,  
 And all the horrors of the grave defy.

TO A FRIEND ON RICHES.

**B**ELIEVE me, Sir, he's neither good nor great,  
 Who boasts of nothing but his vast estate :  
 Amidst his large possessions he is poor,  
 And more than they who beg from door to door.  
 True greatness lies in riches of the mind,  
 And happy he who can that treasure find :  
 It bears no lustre from descent of blood,  
 But he's made noble who was first made good :  
 All else will fail when life and time is o'er,  
 But this remain when both shall be no more.



## P S A L M CIV.

IMITATED BY MR. THO. BLACKLOCK \*.

**A**RISE, my soul ! on wings seraphic rise !  
 And praise th' Almighty Sovereign of the skies !  
 In whom alone essential glory shines, [confines !  
 Which not the heaven of heavens, nor boundless space  
 When darkness rul'd, with universal sway,  
 He spoke, and kindled up the blaze of day :  
 First fairest offspring of th' omnific word !  
 Which, like a garment, cleath'd its sovereign lord.  
 He stretch'd the blue expanse from pole to pole,  
 And spread circumfluent ether round the whole.  
 Of liquid air he bade the columns rise,  
 Which prop the starry concave of the skies.  
 Soon as he bids, impetuous whirlwinds fly  
 To bear his founding chariot thro' the sky :  
 Impetuous whirlwinds the command obey,  
 Sustain his flight, and sweep th' aerial way.  
 Fraught with his mandates, from the realms on high,  
 Unnumber'd hosts of radiant heralds fly

\* He became blind during his infancy, and indeed so early, that he does not remember to have seen the light. It will, no doubt, be matter of amusement to the curious reader, to remark, how well the poet describes objects which he never saw, and expresses, so as to be understood by others, those ideas of which one might think he could have no conception.

From orb to orb, with progress unconfin'd,  
 As lightning swift, resistless as the wind.  
 His word in air this ponderous ball sustain'd,  
 "Be fixt" he said---and fixt the ball remain'd.  
 Heaven, air, and sea, tho' all their storms combine,  
 Shake not its base, nor break the law divine.  
 At thy almighty voice old ocean raves,  
 Wakes all his force, and gathers all his waves;  
 Nature lies mantled in a watery robe,  
 And shoreless ocean rolls around the globe;  
 O'er highest hills the higher surges rise,  
 Mix with the clouds, and lave the vaulted skies.  
 But when in thunder the rebuke was given,  
 That shook th' eternal firmament of heaven,  
 The dread rebuke the frightened waves obey,  
 They fled, confus'd, along th' appointed way,  
 Impetuous rushing to the place decreed,  
 Climb the steep hill, and sweep the humble mead:  
 And now reluctant in their bounds subside;  
 Th' eternal bounds restrain the raging tide:  
 Yet still tumultuous, with incessant roar  
 It shakes the caverns, and assaults the shore.  
 By him, from mountains cloath'd in lucid snow,  
 Thro' verdant vales the mazy fountains flow.  
 Here the wild horse, unconscious of the rein,  
 That revels, boundless, o'er the wide campaign,  
 Imbibes the silver stream, with heat oppress'd,  
 To cool the fervor of his glowing breast.  
 Here verdant boughs, adorn'd with summer's pride,  
 Spread their broad shadows o'er the silver tide:

While, gently perching on the leafy spray,  
 Each feather'd songster tunes his various lay :  
 And while thy praise they symphonize around,  
 Creation echoes to the grateful sound,  
 Wide o'er the heavens the various bow he bends,  
 Its tincture brightens, and its arch extends :  
 At the glad sign aerial conduits flow,  
 The hills relent, the meads rejoice below :  
 By genial fervor, and prolific rain,  
 Gay vegetation cloaths the fertile plain :  
 Nature profusely good with blifs o'erflows,  
 And still she's pregnant, tho' she still bestows !  
 Here verdant pastures far extended lie,  
 And yield the grazing herd a rich supply !  
 Luxuriant, waving in the wanton air,  
 Here golden grain rewards the peasant's care !  
 Here vines mature in purple clusters glow,  
 And heaven above diffuses heaven below !  
 Erect and tall, here mountain-cedars rise  
 High o'er the clouds, and emulate the skies !  
 Here the wing'd crouds, that skim the yielding air,  
 With artful toil their little domes prepare ;  
 Here hatch their young, and nurse their rising care !  
 Up the steep hill ascends the nimble doe,  
 While timid conies scour the plains below ;  
 Or in the pendent rock elude the scenting foe !  
 He bade the silver majesty of night  
 Revolve her circle, and increase her light :  
 Assign'd a province to each rolling sphere ;  
 And taught the sun to regulate the year.

At

At his command, wide-hovering o'er the plain,  
 Primeval night resumes her gloomy reign.  
 Then from their dens, impatient of delay,  
 The savage monsters bend their speedy way,  
 Howl thro' the spacious waste, and chase the frightened  
 prey. }

Here walks the shaggy monarch of the wood,  
 Taught from thy providence to ask his food:  
 To thee, O Father! to thy bounteous skies,  
 He rears his mane, and rolls his glaring eyes.  
 He roars, the deserts tremble wide around!  
 And repercussive hills repeat the sound.  
 Now glowing gems the eastern skies adorn,  
 And joyful nature hails the opening morn;  
 The rovers, conscious of approaching day,  
 Fly to their shelters, and forget their prey.  
 Laborious man, with moderate slumber blest,  
 Springs cheerful to his toil from downy rest;  
 Till grateful evening, with her silver train,  
 Bids labor cease, and ease the weary swain.  
 Hail, sovereign goodness! all productive mind!  
 On all thy works thyself inscrib'd we find!  
 How various all! how variously endued!  
 How great their number! and each part how good!  
 How perfect then must the great parent shine!  
 Who, with one act of energy divine,  
 Laid the vast plan, and finish'd the design! }  
 Where-e'er the pleasing search my thoughts pursue,  
 Unbounded goodness opens to my view.



Nor does our world alone its influence share;  
 Exhaustless bounty, and unwearied care,  
 Extend thro' all th' infinity of space,  
 And circle nature with a kind embrace.  
 The wavy kingdoms of the deep below  
 Thy power, thy wisdom, and thy goodness show.  
 Here various beings without number stray,  
 Croud the profound, or on the surface play.  
 Leviathan here, the mightiest of the train!  
 Enormous! sails incumbent o'er the main,  
 And foams, and sports, and plays in spite of man. }  
 All these thy watchful providence supplies:  
 To thee alone they turn their waiting eyes:  
 For them thou openest thy exhaustless store,  
 Till the capacious wish can grant no more.  
 But if one moment thou thy face should'st hide,  
 Thy glory clouded, or thy smiles denied,  
 Then widow'd nature veils her mournful eyes,  
 And vents her grief in universal cries!  
 Then gloomy death, with all his meagre train,  
 Wide o'er the nations spreads his iron reign!  
 Sea, earth, and air, the boundless ravage mourn,  
 And all their hosts to native dust return!  
 Again, thy glorious quickening influence shed,  
 The glad creation rears her drooping head:  
 New rising forms thy potent smiles obey,  
 And life re-kindles at the genial ray;  
 United thanks replenish'd nature pays,  
 And heaven and earth resound their Maker's praise!  
When

When time shall in eternity be lost,  
 And hoary nature languish into dust,  
 For ever young thy glories shall remain,  
 Vast as thy being, endless as thy reign !  
 Thou, from the reign of everlasting day,  
 Seest all thy works at one immense survey !  
 Pleas'd at one view the whole to comprehend,  
 Part join'd to part, concurring to one end.  
 If thou to earth but turn'st thy wrathful eyes,  
 Her basis trembles, and her offspring dies.  
 Thou smit'st the hills ; and at th' almighty blow,  
 Their summits kindle, and their entrails glow.  
 While this immortal spark of heavenly flame  
 Distends my breast, and animates my frame,  
 To thee my ardent praises shall be borne,  
 On the first breeze that wakes the blushing morn ;  
 The latest star shall hear the pleasing sound,  
 And nature in full choir shall join around !  
 When, full of thee, my soul excursive flies  
 Thro' earth, air, ocean, or thy regal skies,  
 From world to world new wonders still I find !  
 And all the Godhead bursts upon my mind !  
 When, wing'd with whirlwinds, vice shall take her  
 To the wide bosom of eternal night, [flight  
 To thee my soul shall endless praises pay :  
 Join ! men and angels ! join th' exalted lay !

ELEGY WRITTEN IN A COUNTRY  
CHURCH-YARD.

BY MR. GRAY.

THE curfew tolls the knell of parting day,  
The lowing herd wind slowly o'er the lea,  
The ploughman homewards plods his weary way,  
And leaves the world to darkness and to me.

Now fades the glimmering landscape on the sight,  
And all the air a solemn stillness holds,  
Save where the beetle wheels his droning flight,  
Or drowsy tinklings lull the distant folds:

Save that from yonder ivy-mantled tower,  
The moping owl does to the moon complain  
Of such, as wand'ring near her secret bower,  
Molest her ancient solitary reign.

Beneath those rugged elms, that yew-tree's shade,  
Where heaves the turf in many a mould'ring heap,  
Each in his narrow cell for ever laid,  
The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep.

The breezy call of incense-breathing morn,  
The swallow twitt'ring from the straw-built shed,  
The cock's shrill clarion, or the echoing horn,  
No more shall rouse them from their lowly bed.

For

For them no more the blazing hearth shall burn,  
Or busy housewife ply her evening care :  
No children run to lisp their fire's return,  
Or climb his knees the envied kifs to share.

Oft did the harvest to their sickle yield,  
Their harrow oft the stubborn glebe has broke ;  
How jocund did they drive their team a-field !  
How bow'd the woods beneath their sturdy stroke !

Let not ambition mock their useful toil,  
Their homely joys, and destiny obscure ;  
Nor grandeur hear with a disdainful smile  
The short and simple annals of the poor.

The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power,  
And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,  
Awaits alike th' inevitable hour ;  
The paths of glory lead but to the grave.

Nor you, ye proud, impute to these the fault,  
If mem'ry o'er their tomb no trophies raise,  
Where thro' the long-drawn isle and fretted vault  
The pealing anthem swells the note of praise.

Can storied urn or animated bust  
Back to its mansion call the fleeting breath ?  
Can honor's voice provoke the silent dust,  
Or flatt'ry soothe the dull cold ear of death ?

Perhaps



Perhaps in this neglected spot is laid  
Some heart once pregnant with celestial fire :  
Hands, that the rod of empire might have sway'd,  
Or wak'd to ecstasy the living lyre.

But knowledge to their eyes her ample page,  
Rich with the spoils of time did ne'er unroll;  
Chill penury repress'd their noble rage,  
And froze the genial current of the soul.

Full many a gem of purest ray serene,  
The dark unfathom'd caves of ocean bear :  
Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,  
And waste its sweetness on the desert air.

Some village-Hamden, who with dauntless breast  
The little Tyrant of his fields withstood ;  
Some mute inglorious Milton here may rest,  
Some Cromwell guiltless of his country's blood.

Th' applause of list'ning senates to command,  
The threats of pain and ruin to despise,  
To scatter plenty o'er a smiling land,  
And read their hist'ry in a nation's eyes;

Their lot forbade : nor circumscrib'd alone  
Their growing virtues, but their crimes confin'd ;  
Forbade to wade thro' slaughter to a throne,  
And shut the gates of mercy on mankind,

The

The struggling pangs of conscious truth to hide,  
To quench the blushes of ingenuous shame,  
Or heap the shrine of luxury and pride  
With incense kindled at the muse's flame.

Far from the madding croud's ignoble strife,  
Their sober wishes never learn'd to stray;  
Along the cool sequester'd vale of life  
They kept the noiseless tenor of their way.

Yet ev'n these bones from insult to protect  
Some frail memorial still erected nigh,  
With uncouth rhimes and shapeless sculpture deck'd,  
Implores the passing tribute of a sigh.

Their name, their years, spelt by th' unletter'd muse,  
The place of fame and elegy supply;  
And many a holy text around she strews,  
That teach the rustic moralist to die.

For who to dumb forgetfulness a prey,  
This pleasing anxious being e'er resign'd,  
Left the warm precincts of the cheerful day,  
Nor cast one longing ling'ring look behind?

On some fond breast the parting soul relies,  
Some pious drops the closing eye requires;  
Ev'n from the tomb the voice of nature cries,  
Ev'n in our ashes live their wonted fires.

For

For thee, who mindful of th' unhonor'd dead,  
 Dost in these lines their artless tale relate,  
 If chance, by lonely contemplation led,  
 Some kindred spirit shall enquire thy fate;

Haply some hoary-headed swain may say,  
 ' Oft have we seen him at the peep of dawn  
 ' Brushing with hasty steps the dews away  
 ' To meet the sun upon the upland lawn.

' There at the foot of yonder nodding beech  
 ' That wreaths its old fantastic roots so high,  
 ' His listless length at noontide would he stretch,  
 ' And pore upon the brook that babbles by.

' Hard by yon wood, now smiling as in scorn,  
 ' Muttering his wayward fancies he would rove;  
 ' Now drooping, woful wan, like one forlorn,  
 ' Or craz'd with care, or cross'd in hopeless love.

' One morn I miss'd him on the custom'd hill,  
 ' Along the heath and near his fav'rite tree;  
 ' Another came, nor yet beside the rill,  
 ' Nor up the lawn, nor at the wood was he;

' The next with dirges due in sad array,  
 ' Slow thro' the church-way path we saw him borne;  
 ' Approach and read (for thou can'st read) the lay  
 ' Grav'd on the stone beneath yon aged thorn.'

T H E

T H E E P I T A P H.

**H**ERE rests his head upon the lap of earth,  
A youth to fortune, and to fame unknown:  
Fair science frown'd not on his humble birth,  
And melancholy mark'd him for her own.

Large was his bounty, and his soul sincere,  
Heaven did a recompence as largely send:  
He gave to mis'ry all he had, a tear,  
He gain'd from heaven ('twas all he wish'd) a friend.

No farther seek his merits to disclose,  
Or draw his frailties from their dread abode,  
(There they alike in trembling hope repose)  
The bosom of his father and his God.

E P I G R A M

ON SEEING THE MOON. \* \* \*

**T**RUE emblem that, of this much honor'd race  
Reserv'd for glory and preserv'd by grace;  
Both shine distinguish'd---both by light are known,  
And boast a lustre which is not their own.

WRITTEN



## WRITTEN IN A GARDEN.

**F**ROM busy scenes, with peace alone retir'd,  
 And the warm ray of gratitude inspir'd,  
 For blessings past, and mercies yet to come,  
 Here let me praise my God, and fix my home!  
 With Isaac, in the fields, for grace implore,  
 With Moses, in each beamy bush, adore!  
 His providence for all my wants provides,  
 His arm upholds me, and his right-hand guides.  
 His breezes fan me in the noontide hours,  
 Where coolness walks amid my shades and bowers:  
 His bounty in the silver current flows,  
 Smiles in the blossoms, in the fruitage glows:  
 His radiant finger gilds the vernal flowers,  
 Fed with his balm, and water'd with his showers:  
 He bids the rose its crimson folds unloose,  
 And blush, refulgent, in the purple dews:  
 The lily he arrays with spotless white,  
 Rich in its mantle of inwoven light;  
 (Go, Solomon, and cast thy gems aside,  
 Nor glory in thy poverty of pride!)  
 The painted tribes their sunny robes display,  
 And lend a lucid softness to the day.  
 Grateful, each flower to heaven its incense pays,  
 And breathes its fragrant soul away in praise.  
 Oh, thither may they teach my soul to soar,  
 Confess our Maker, and his steps adore!  
 Contented let me live, submissive die,  
 And hope a fairer paradise on high!

LEARNED

## LEARNED IGNORANCE.

FROM GROTIUS.

BY MR. NEEDLER.

NATURE ordains whilst here we dwell below,  
 That much we should admire and little know;  
 In secret labyrinths herself she hides,  
 And our defeated cares and fruitless search derides.  
 The curious man, who with ambition vain,  
 Would all within his narrow mind contain;  
 Who, with a greedy lust of knowledge fraught,  
 Disdains of his own ignorance the thought;  
 Beyond the lot of human kind aspires,  
 And fondly, things impossible desires.  
 Where this first error can admission gain,  
 It draws of worse mistakes a fatal train:  
 For he who rashly will of all decide,  
 Must oft with falsehood soothe his learned pride;  
 Ixion like, thin clouds of error chace,  
 And shadows clasp in his deceiv'd embrace.

Far more secure and peaceful is the mind,  
 Whose search, to plain and useful truth's confin'd,  
 Does dark uncertain subtilties despise,  
 Nor cares to follow what the seeker flies.  
 The wilful ignorance of trivial things  
 From wisdom oft, and well-pois'd judgment springs.

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